

FUGITIVE
PIECES,
ON
Various SUBJECTS.

By several AUTHORS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. Containing

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THE
PREFACE
ON
THE
VARIOUS SUBJECTS
BY
J. G. COLEMAN



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MDCCCXXI

CRITO:
OR, A
DIALOGUE
ON
BEAUTY.



By Sir HARRY BEAUMONT.



A
D I A L O G U E,
O N
B E A U T Y.

IT was on one of the most pleasing Mornings in the last Summer, that CRITO stole from the Noise and Bustle of the Town, to enjoy an agreeable Day, or Two, with his Friend TIMANTHES in the Country. TIMANTHES received him with all that Joy and Pleasure, which is usual between Friends, who love one another entirely; and who have not met for a considerable Time. He shewed him his new Grove, and Gardens; and, as they were walking in the latter, “ Since the Weather begins to be so warm (says he,) if you like it, we will dine under that open Tent. The Air there will be refreshing to you; and will bring us the Smell of the Orange and Lemon-Trees which surround it, without breaking that View of the Country, of which you used to be so fond, When I placed them there, I had you in my Thoughts; and imagined it might

be a favourite Seat of yours, whenever you came hither ; which I wish your Affairs would suffer to be much oftener." Indeed the Spot was so well chosen, that it made not only their Dinner, but even their Conversation together after it, the more agreeable ; and as they were still sitting and enjoying themselves there, for some Time into the Afternoon ; a Servant came to let TIMANTHES know, that MILESIVS was just alighted ; and was coming toward them. " Though in general I should not have chosen to be interrupted To-day (says TIMANTHES,) I am not sorry for MILESIVS's Visit at present ; because his Gaiety may serve a little to divert you." " And I, says CRITO, love every thing that you love ; and shall therefore go with Pleasure with you to meet him. MILESIVS came up to them with his usual Vivacity in his Face, and Behaviour ; and, after a short Compliment, or Two, they all sat down together again under the Tent.

They soon fell into a Conversation, which, though it might not be so solid, was at least more lively and joyous than their former. TIMANTHES could not help observing upon it. " You (says he) MILESIVS give Life to the Company wherever you come ; but I am particularly glad of your coming hither To-day, because my Friend CRITO, on his Arrival this Morning, seemed to have the Remains of something of a Melancholy on his Face ; but, since your joining us, the Cloud has been gradually clearing up, and seems now quite driven away. I would not then take any Notice of it to him, for fear of oppressing the Mind
of

of my Friend whilst too much afflicted; but as it now appears to have been only a passing Cloud, I could wish to ask the Cause of it; that I might endeavour to alleviate his Concern, if in my Power; and if not, that at least I might share it with him." "I am very much obliged to you (replied CRITO, with a Cast of the same Concern returning on his Face,) for your Tenderness for me, on this, and all other Occasions: But if you observed any thing of Sorrow about me on my First coming in, I can assure you, that it was not for any Misfortune that has happened to myself; nor any new Misfortune to any of our Friends: Whatever you saw in me of that kind, must have been occasioned by the Visit I made this Morning. You both know the Beauty and Merits of Mrs. B * * *, as well as what a Brute of a Husband she has the Misfortune to be married to. I just called there, before I set out; and, on the Servant's telling me, that his Lady had been up some time, and was sitting in the Room next the Garden; as my near Relation to her gave me the Liberty of going on without sending in my Name, I walked toward the Room; and found the Door only just open enough to let me see her leaning on a Couch, with her head rested negligently on one Hand, whilst, with the other, she was wiping away a Tear, that stole silently down her Cheek. The Distress in her Countenance, and the little Confusion that appeared about her Eyes, on her first discovering me (just as I was doubting whether I should retire or not,) added so much to the other Beauties of her Face, that I think I never saw her look so charm-

ing in my Life. “Stay, Sir (says she;) for you, I am sure, can excuse this little Overflow of Weakness in me. — My poor, dear, *Jacky*! — If Heaven had spared him to me, he would this very Day have been Seven Years old. What a pretty little Companion should I have had in him, to have diverted me in some of the many Hours that I now pass alone!” I dissembled my being but too well acquainted with the real Occasion of her Sorrows; joined with her in lamenting the Loss she had mentioned; and, as soon as I could, led the Conversation into another Channel; and said every thing I could think of, to divert her Mind from the Object that I knew afflicted her. By Degrees, she recovered her usual Behaviour; but, through all the Calmness and Pleasingness of it, there was still a Cloud hanging about her Eyes, which betrayed Part of the Uneasiness that she daily suffers under in her Heart. Good Heaven! how is it possible that any human Creature should treat so much Goodness, and so many Charms, with so much Barbarity of Behaviour!” — We all know the Vileness of the Man, cried MILESUS, as well as the Beauty and good Qualities of his Lady; but, pray, how come you to think, that her Sufferings should add to her Charms? or that a Distress, like her’s, could ever be pleasing to the Eye? Some People have got such strange, unintelligible Notions of Beauty! — “Was I to let you into all my Thoughts about Beauty, replied CRITO, what I happened to mention just now would, perhaps, appear far from being unintelligible to you. To own the Truth, I have thought on this Subject (which is usually rather viewed with
too

too much Pleasure, than considered with any thing of Judgment) more gravely at least, I dare say, than ever you have : And if you was to provoke me a little farther, I do not know whether I could not lay down to you a sort of Scheme on it ; which might go a good Way not only toward clearing up this, but most of the other Difficulties that so often occur in talking of it."—I should as soon think of dissecting a Rainbow, says MILESIUS, as of forming grave and punctual Notions of Beauty. Who, for Heaven's Sake, can reduce to Rules, what is so quick, and so variable, as to be shifting its Appearances every Moment, on the most delightful Faces?—"And why are those Faces the most delightful, in which that happens?" says CRITO.—Nay, that is one of the very things I could least pretend to account for, replied MILESIUS. I am satisfied with seeing that they are so ; 'tis a subject that I never yet had a single Desire to reason upon ; and I can very willingly leave it to you, to be a Philosopher in Love.—But seriously, interposed TIMANTHES, turning toward CRITO, if you have ever found Leisure and Calmness enough to think steadily on so uncertain, and so engaging a Subject ; why should not you oblige us with the Result of your Thoughts upon it ? Let me beg it of you, as a Favour to both of us ; for I am sure it will be agreeable to both : And if you refuse me, I am resolved to join with MILESIUS in believing, that it is incapable of having any thing said systematically, or even regularly, about it. — "You know, says CRITO, how little I love to have all the Talk to myself ; and what you propose may take me up an

Hour, or Two: But if I must launch out into so wide a Subject, it will be very necessary, that I should begin with telling you what I chiefly propose to consider, and what not.

EVERY Object that is pleasing to the Eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the Mind, on Recollection, may be called beautiful; so that Beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible Creation, or even as far as the Imagination can go; which is a sort of new or secondary Creation. Thus we speak not only of the Beauties of an engaging Prospect, of the rising or setting Sun, or of a fine starry Heaven; but of those of a Picture, Statue, or Building; and even of the Actions, Characters, or Thoughts of Men. In the greater Part of these, there may be almost as many false Beauties, as there are real; according to the different Tastes of Nations, and Men; so that if any one was to consider Beauty in its fullest Extent, it could not be done without the greatest Confusion. I shall therefore confine my Subject to visible Beauty; and of that, to such only as may be called personal, or human Beauty; and that again, to such as is natural or real, and not such as is only national or customary; for I would not have you imagine, that I would have any thing to do with the beautiful thick Lips of the good People of *Bantam*, or the excessive small Feet of the Ladies of Quality in *China*.

I am

I am apt to think, that every thing belonging to Beauty (by which I need not repeat to you, at every Turn, that I mean real personal Beauty,) would fall under one or other of these Four Heads; Color, Form, Expression, and Grace. The Two former of which I should look upon as the Body, and the Two latter as the Soul, of Beauty.

THO' Color be the lowest of all the constituent Parts of Beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking, and the most observed. For which there is a very obvious Reason to be given; that "every body can see, and very few can judge;" the Beauties of Color requiring much less of Judgment, than either of the other Three. I shall therefore have much less to say of it, than of each of the others; and shall only give you Two or Three Observations, relating to it.

As to the Color of the Body in general, the most beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which *Apelles* expressed in his famous *Venus*; and which, though the Picture itself be lost, *Cicero* has, in some Degree preserved to us, in his [a] excellent Description of it. It was (as we learn from him) a fine Red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated

[a] Illud video pugnare te, species ut quædam sit Deorum; quæ nihil concreti habeat, nihil solidi, nihil expressi, nihil eminentis: sitque pura, levis, perlucida. Dicemus ergo idem, quod in *Venere* Coâ; corpus non est, sed simile corpori: nec ille fusus et candore mixtus rubor sanguis est, sed quædam sanguinis similitudo. *Cicero de Naturâ Deor.* lib. i.

with White; and diffused, in its due Proportions, through each Part of the Body. Such are the Descriptions of a most beautiful Skin, in [b] several of the *Roman* Poets; and such often is the Coloring of *Titian*, and particularly, in his sleeping *Venus*, or whatever other Beauty that charming Piece was meant to represent.

The Reason why these Colors please so much is not only their natural Liveliness, nor the much greater Charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but is also owing in some Degree to the Idea they carry with them of good Health [c]; without which, all Beauty grows languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional Life and Lustre.

[b] Thus *Virgil*, in the Blush of his *Lavinia*;
 Accepit vocem lacrymis Lavinia matris,
 Flagrantes perfusa genas; cui plurimus ignem
 Subjecit rubor, & calefacta per ora cucurrit:
 Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
 Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
 Alba rosâ; tales virgo dabat ore colores. *Æn.* xii. 69.

Ovid, in his *Narcissus*;
 Impubesque genas, et eburnea colla, decusque
 Oris; & in nivio mistum candore ruborem. *Met.* iii. 423.

And *Tibullus*, in his *Apollo*;
 Candor erat, qualem præfert Latonia luna;
 Et color in niveo corpore purpureus.
 Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito
 Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas:
 Ut quum contextunt amaranthis alba puellæ
 Lilia; & autumnio candida mala rubent. *Lib.* ii. *El.* 3. 11.

[c] *Venustas et pulchritudo corporis secerni non potest à valetudine.*
Cicero de Officiis, lib. i. § 95.

As to the Color of the Face in particular, a great deal of its Beauty is owing (beside the Causes I have already mentioned) to Variety ; that being designed by Nature for the greatest Concourse of different Colors, of any Part in the human Body. Colors please by Opposition; and it is in the Face that they are the most diversified, and the most opposed.

You would laugh out perhaps, if I was to tell you, that the same Thing, which makes a fine Evening, makes a fine Face (I mean as to the particular Part of Beauty I am now speaking of;) and yet this, I believe, is very true.

The Beauty of an Evening Sky, about the Setting of the Sun, is owing to the Variety of Colors that are scattered along the Face of the Heavens. It is the fine red Clouds, intermixed with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the azure bottom appearing here and there between them, which makes all that beautiful Composition, that delights the Eye so much, and gives such a serene Pleasure to the Heart. In the same Manner, if you consider some beautiful Faces, you may observe, that it is much the same Variety of Colors, which gives them that pleasing Look ; which is so apt to attract the Eye, and but too often to engage the Heart. For all this Sort of Beauty is resolvable into a proper Variation of Flesh Color and Red, with the clear Blueness of the Veins pleasingly intermixed about the Temples and the Going off of the Cheeks, and set off by the
4 Shades

Shades of full Eyebrows; and of the Hair, when it falls in a proper Manner round the Face.

It is for much the same Reason, that the best Landscape-painters have been generally observed to chuse the autumnal Part of the Year for their Pieces, rather than the Spring. They prefer the Variety of Shades and Colors, though in their Decline, to all their Freshness and Verdure in their Infancy; and think all the Charms and Liveliness even of the Spring more than compensated by the Choice, Opposition, and Richness of Colors, that appear almost on every Tree in the Autumn.

Though one's Judgment is so apt to be guided by some particular Attachments (and that more perhaps in this Part of Beauty than any other,) yet I am a good deal persuaded, that a complete brown Beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one; the bright Brown giving a Lustre to all the other Colors, a Vivacity to the Eyes, and a Richness to the whole Look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent Skins. *Raphael's* most charming Madonna is a brunette Beauty; and his earlier Madonna's (those I mean of his middle Stile) are generally of a lighter and less pleasing Complexion. All the best Artists in the noblest Age of Painting, about *Leo* the Tenth's Time, used this deeper and richer Kind of coloring; and I fear one might add, that the glaring Lights introduced by *Guido*, went a great Way toward the Declension of that Art; as the enfeebling of the Colors by *Carlo Marat* (or, if you please

please, by his Followers) hath since almost completed the Fall of it in *Italy*.

I have but one thing more to mention, before I quit this Head; that I should chuse to comprehend some Things under this Article of Color, which are not perhaps commonly meant by that Name. As that appearing Softness or Silkeness of some Skins, that [d] Magdalen-look in some fine Faces, after weeping; that Brightness, as well as Tint, of the Hair; that Lustre of Health, that shines forth upon the Features; that Luminousness that appears in some Eyes, and that fluid Fire, or Glistening, in others: Some of which are of a Nature so much superior to the common Beauties of Color, that they make it doubtful whether they should not have been ranked under a higher Class; and reserved for the Expression of the Passions; but I would willingly give every thing it's Due, and therefore mention them here; because I think even the most doubtful of them belong partly to this Head, as well as partly to the other.

FORM takes in the Turn of each Part, as well as the Symmetry of the whole Body, even to the Turn

[d] The Look here meant is most frequently express'd by the best Painters in their *Magdalens*; in which, if there were no Tears on the Face, you would see, by the humid Redness of the Skin, that she had been weeping extremely. There is a very strong Instance of this in a *Magdalen* by *Le Brun*, in one of the Churches at *Paris*; and several by *Titian*, in *Italy*; the very best of which is at the *Barberigo* Palace at *Venice*: In speaking of which, *Rosalba* hardly went too far, when she said, "It wept all over;" or (in the very Words she used,) "Elle pleure jusqu' aux bouts de doigts."

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of an Eyebrow, or the Falling of the Hair. I should think too, that the Attitude, while fixt, ought to be reckoned under this Article: By which I do not only mean the Posture of the Person, but the Position of each Part; as the Turning of the Neck, the extending of the Hand, the Placing of a Foot; and so on to the most minute Particulars.

The general Cause of Beauty in the Form or Shape in both Sexes is a Proportion, or an Union and Harmony [e], in all Parts of the Body.

The distinguishing Character of Beauty in the Female Form, is Delicacy and Softness; and in the Male, either apparent Strength, or Agility.

The finest Exemplars that can be seen for the former, is the *Venus of Medici*; and for the Two latter, the *Hercules Farnese* and the *Apollo Belvedere*.

There is one thing indeed in the last of these Figures, which exceeds the Bounds of our present Enquiry; what I have heard an *Italian Artist* call *Il sovra umano*; and what we may call the Transcendent, or Celestial [f]. 'Tis something distinct from

[e] Pulchritudo corporis aptâ compositione membrorum movet oculos; & delectat hoc ipso, quod inter se omnes partes quodam lepore consentiunt. *Cicero de Off.* lib. i. § 91.

[f] This is mentioned, or hinted at, by several of the *Roman Writers*:

Humanam supra formam. — *Pædrus*, lib. iv. f. 23.

Forma nisi in veras non cadit illa Deas.

Ovid. Her. Epist. xviii. 68.

all human Beauty, and of a Nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an Air of Divinity: Which is exprest, or at least is to be traced out, in but very few Works of the Artists; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any Ray in their Descriptions (or perhaps even in their Imagination,) except *Homer* and *Virgil*, among the Antients; and our *Shakespear*, and *Milton*, among the Moderns.

The Beauty of the mere human Form is much superior to that of Color; and it may be partly for this Reason, that when one is observing the finest Works of the Artists at *Rome* (where there is still the noblest Collection of any in the World,) one feels the Mind more struck and more charmed with the capital Statues, than with the Pictures of the greatest Masters.

One of the old *Roman* Poets, in speaking of a very handsome Man, who was Candidate for the Prize in

— Hoc ære, Ceres; hoc, lucida Gnoſſis:

Illo Maia tholo; Venus hoc, non improba, saxo:

Accipiunt vultus non indignata decoros

Numina ——— *Statius*, lib. v. Sylv. i. 235.

In quiete ——— visa species viri majoris quàm pro humano habitu, augustiorisque. *Livy*, lib. viii. § 6.

Os humerosque Deo similis; namque ipsa decoram

Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ

Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:

Quale manus addunt ebori decus; aut ubi flavo

Argentum, Pariusve lapis, circumdatur auro. *Virg. Æn. i.* 593.

Magnæ mentis opus, ———

— Currus, et equos, faciesque Deorum

Aspicere. ——— *Juvenal. Sat. vii.* 63.

some

some of the public Games, says, that he was much expected and much admired by all the Spectators, at his first Appearance ; but that, when he flung off his Robes, and discovered the whole Beauty of his Shape altogether, it was so superior, that it quite [g] extinguished the Beauties they had before so much admired in his Face.

I have often felt much the same Effect in viewing the *Venus of Medici*. If you observe the Face only, it appears extremely beautiful ; but if you consider all the other Elegancies of her Make, the Beauty of her Face becomes less striking, and is almost lost in such a Multiplicity of Charms.

Whoever would learn what makes the Beauty of each Part of the human Body, may find it laid down, pretty much at large, by [b] *Felibien* ; or may study

[g] ——— Arcada Parthenopæum
Appellant, denique cuncta cava murmura Circi ;
Tandem expectatus volucris super agmina saltu
Emitat ; & torto chlamyden diffibulat auro :
Effulsere artus, membrorumque omnis aperta est
Lætitia, insignesque humeri, nec pectora nudis
Deteriora genis : latuitque in corpore vultus.

Statius Theb. vi. 573.

[b] In his *Entretiens*, vol. ii. p. 14—45. The chief of what he says there, on the Beauty of the different Parts of the Female Form is as follows.

That the *Head* should be well rounded ; and look rather inclining to small than large.

The *Forehead* white, smooth, and open (not with the Hair growing down too deep upon it ;) neither flat nor prominent, but like the Head, well-rounded ; and rather small in Proportion than large,

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it with more Pleasure to himself, in the finest Pictures and Statues; and I am forced to have recourse to

The *Hair*, either bright, black, or brown; not thin, but full and waving; and if it falls in moderate Curls, the better. The Black is particularly useful for setting off the Whiteness of the Neck and Skin.

The *Eyes*, black, chefnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively; and rather large in Proportion than small.

The *Eyebrows*, well divided, rather full than thin; semicircular, and broader in the Middle than at the Ends; of a neat Turn, but not formal.

The *Cheeks* should not be wide; should have a Degree of Plumpness with the Red and White finely blended together; and should look firm and soft.

The *Ear* should be rather small than large; well folded, and with an agreeable Tinge of Red.

The *Nose* should be placed so as to divide the Face into Two equal Parts; should be of a moderate Size, strait, and well-squared; though sometimes a little Rising in the Nose, which is but just perceivable, may give a very graceful Look to it.

The *Mouth* should be small; and the Lips not of equal Thickness: They should be well-turned, small rather than gross; soft, even to the Eye; and with a living Red in them. A truly pretty Mouth is like a Rose-bud that is beginning to blow.

The *Teeth* should be middle-sized, white, well-ranged, and even.

The *Chin*, of a moderate Size; white, soft, and agreeably rounded.

The *Neck* should be white, strait, and of a soft, easy, and flexible Make, rather long than short; less above, and encreasing gently toward the Shoulders: The Whiteness and Delicacy of its Skin should be continued, or rather go on improving, to the Bosom.

The *Skin* in general should be white, properly tinged with Red; with an apparent Softness, and a Look of thriving Health in it.

The *Shoulders* should be white, gently spread, and with a much softer Appearance of Strength, than in those of Men.

The *Arm* should be white, round, firm, and soft; and more particularly so from the Elbow to the Hands.

The *Hand* should unite insensibly with the Arm; just as it does in the Statue of the *Venus* of *Medici*. They should be long, and delicate; and even the Joints and nervous Parts of them should be without either any Hardness or Dryness.

them so often, because in Life we commonly see but a small Part of the human Body; most of it being either disguised, or altered, by what we call Dress.

I was acquainted, for some Years, with a Lady who has as pretty a made Head and Neck as can be conceived; and never knew any thing of the Matter, till I happened one Morning to catch her at her Toilet, before she had deformed herself by putting on her Headcloaths.

If that beautiful round Oak, with so fine and strait a Body, had a Tent or sloping Building, coming down from the Top of its Trunk to the Ground, all round it, and Two or Three Sheets flung over the greatest Part of its Head, we should scarce be able to know, whether it was a beautiful Tree or not: And such is the circling Hoop, that the Women wear in some Countries; and the vast Wad of Linen, that they carry upon their Head in others.

The *Fingers* should be fine, long, round, and soft; small, and lessening towards the Tips of them: And the Nails long, rounded at the Ends, and pellucid.

The *Bosom* should be white, and charming; and the Breasts equal in Roundness, Whiteness, and Firmness; neither too much elevated, nor too much depressed; rising gently, and very distinctly separated; in one Word, just like those of the *Venus of Medici*.

The *Sides* should be long, and the Hips wider than the Shoulders; and should turn off as they do in the same *Venus*; and go down rounding, and lessening gradually to the Knee.

The *Knee* should be even, and well-rounded; the *Legs* strait, but varied by a proper Rounding of the more fleshy Part of them; and the *Feet* finely turned, white, and little.

The

The old Heathens used to cover the finest Statues of their Gods all over with long Robes on their greatest Festivals: What a Figure would the *Venus of Medici*, or the *Apollo Belvedere*, make, in such a Dress?

I do not, to this Day, know, whether the famous Lady of *Loretto* be well or ill shaped; for, though I have seen her several times, I have never seen her without a sort of Hoop-petticoat, very much stiffened with Pearls and Jewels, and reaching all down her Body; quite from her Neck, to her Feet. Queen *Elizabeth* might have been well-shaped to as little Purpose, or ill-shaped with as much Security, in the vast Fardingal and puffed Robes, that we generally see her swell'd out with, in her Pictures.

And we do not only thus, in a great Measure, hide Beauty; but even injure, and kill it, by some Parts of our Dress. A Child is no sooner born into the World, than it is bound up, almost as firmly as an old *Egyptian* Mummy, in several Folds of Linen. It is in vain for him to give all the Signs of Distress that Nature has put in his Power, to shew how much he suffers whilst they are thus imprisoning his Limbs; or all the Signs of Joy, every Time they are set at Liberty. In a few Minutes, the old Witch, who presides over his infirmest Days, falls to tormenting him afresh, and winds him up again in his destined Confinement. When he comes to be dressed like a Man, he has Ligatures applied to his

Arms, Legs, and Middle, in short, all over him ; to prevent the natural Circulation of his Blood, and make him less active and healthy ; and if it be a Child of the tenderer Sex, she must be bound yet more streightly about the Waist and Stomach ; to acquire a Disproportion, that Nature never meant in her Shape. I have heard a very nice Critic in Beauty say, that he was never well acquainted with any Woman in *England*, that was not, in some Degree, crooked ; and I have often heard another Gentleman, that has been much in *Africa*, and in the *Indies*, assert, that he never saw any black Woman, that was crooked. The Reason, no Doubt, is, that they keep to Nature ; whereas our Ladies choose to be shaped by the Staymaker.

THE Two other constituent Parts of Beauty, are, Expression and Grace : The former of which, is common to all Persons and Faces ; and the latter, is to be met with but in very few.

BY Expression, I mean the Expression of the Passions ; the Turns and Changes of the Mind, so far as they are made visible to the Eye, by our Looks or Gestures.

Though the Mind appears principally in the Face, and Attitudes of the Head ; yet every Part almost of the human Body, on some Occasion or other, may become expressive. Thus the languishing Hanging
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of the Arm, or the vehement Exertion of it; the Pain expressed by the Fingers of one of the Sons in the famous Group of *Laocoon*, and in the Toes of the dying Gladiator. But this again is often lost among us by our Dress; and indeed is of the less Concern, because the Expression of the Passions passes chiefly in the Face, which we (by good Luck) have not as yet concealed.

The Parts of the Face in which the Passions most frequently make their Appearance, are the Eyes, and Mouth; but from the Eyes, they diffuse themselves (very strongly) about the Eyebrows; as, in the other Case, they appear often in the Parts all round the Mouth.

Philosophers may dispute, as much as they please, about the Seat of the Soul; but, where-ever it resides, I am sure that it speaks in the Eyes.

I do not know, whether I have not injured the Eyebrows, in making them only Dependants on the Eye; for they, especially in lively Faces, have, as it were, a Language of their own; and are extremely varied, according to the different Sentiments and Passions of the Mind.

I have sometimes observed a Degree of Displeasure in a Lady's Eyebrow, when she had Address enough not to let it appear in her Eyes; and at other Times have discovered so much of her Thoughts, in the Line just above her Eyebrows; that she has

been amazed how any body could tell what passed in her Mind, and as she thought undiscovered by her Face, so particularly and distinctly.

Homer makes the Eyebrows the Seat of [*i*] Majesty, *Virgil* of [*k*] Dejection, *Horace* of [*l*] Modesty, and *Juvenal* of [*m*] Pride; and I question whether every one of the Passions is not assigned, by one or other of the Poets, to the same Part.

If you would rather have Authorities from the Writers of honest Prose, *Le Brun* (who published a very pretty Treatise, to shew how the Passions affect the Face and Features) says, that the principal Seat of them is in the Eyebrows, and old *Pliny* had said

[*i*] Η, καὶ πρηνέσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νύσι Κροναίων
 Ἀμβροσίαι δ' ἀρὰ χαίλαι περρωσάντο ἀνακλῖ-
 Κρατῖ· ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγα δ' ἐλελίξεν Ὀλυμπόν.

— *Il. α. 528.*

It was from this Passage that *Phidias* borrowed all the Ideas of that Majesty which he had expressed so strongly in his famous Statue of the *Jupiter Olympius*; and *Horace*, probably, his — *Cuncta supercilio moventis. Lib. iii. Od. 1. 8.*

[*k*] *Frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu.*

Virgil. Æn. vi. 863.

[*l*] *Deme supercilio nubem; plerumque modestus*

Occupat obscuri speciem. Horat. lib. i. Epist. 18. 95.

[*m*] *Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater*

Gracchorum; si cum magnis virtutibus affers

Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.

Juvenal. Sat. vi. 168.

It is hence that the *Romans* used the Word *superciliosus* (as we do from the Word *supercilious*) for proud and arrogant Persons,

much

[n] much the same Thing, so many Hundred Years before him.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the Passions in general : We will now consider a little, if you please, which of them add to Beauty ; and which of them take from it.

I believe we may say, in general, that all the tender and kind Passions add to Beauty ; and all the cruel and unkind ones, add to Deformity : And it is on this Account that Good-nature may, very justly, be said to be “ the best Feature even in the “ finest Face.”

Mr. *Pope* has included the principal Passions of each Sort, in Two very pretty Lines :

*Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Famile of Pain.*

The former of which, naturally give an additional Lustre and Enlivening to Beauty ; as the latter are too apt to fling a Gloom and Cloud over it.

Yet in these, and all the other Passions, I do not know whether Moderation may not be, in a great

[n] *Frons tristitiæ, hilaritatis, clementiæ, severitatis index : in ascensu ejus supercilia, & pariter, & alternè mobilia ; & in iis, pars animi. [His] negamus ; annuimus. Hæc maximè indicant fastum. Superbia alicubi conceptaculum, sed hic sedem habet : in corde nascitur ; hic subit, hic pendet. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 37.*

measure, the Rule of their Beauty; almost as far as Moderation in Actions is the Rule of Virtue.

Thus an excessive Joy may be too boisterous in the Face to be pleasing; and a Degree of Grief, in some Faces, and on some Occasions, may be extremely beautiful.

Some Degrees of Anger, Shame, Surprize, Fear, and Concern, are beautiful; but all Excess is hurtful, and all Excess ugly.

Dulness, Austerity, Impudence, Pride, Affectation, Malice, and Envy, are, I believe, always ugly.

The finest Union of Passions, that I have ever observed in any Face, consisted of a just Mixture of Modesty, Sensibility, and Sweetness; each of which, when taken singly, is very pleasing; but when they are all blended together, in such a Manner as either to enliven or correct each other, they give almost as much Attraction, as the Passions are capable of adding to a very pretty Face.

The prevailing Passion in the *Venus of Medici* is Modesty: It is exprest by each of her Hands, in her Looks, and in the Turn of her Head. And by the way, I question whether one of the chief Reasons, why Side-faces please one more than Full ones, may not be from the former having more of the Air of Modesty than the latter. However that be, this is certain, that the best Artists usually chuse

to give a Side-face, rather than a Full one; in which Attitude, the Turn of the Neck too has more Beauty, and the Passions more Activity and Force. Thus, as to Hatred and Affection in particular, the Look that was formerly supposed to carry an Infection with it from malignant Eyes, was a slanting Regard; like that which *Milton* gives to *Satan* [o], when he is viewing the Happiness of our first Parents in Paradise; and the Fascination, or Stroke of Love, is most usually, I believe, conveyed, at first, in a Side-glance.

It is owing to the great Force of Pleasingness, which attends all the kinder Passions; "That Lovers do not only seem, but are really more beautiful to each other, than they are to the rest of the World;" because, when they are together, the most pleasing Passions are more frequently exerted in each of their Faces, than they are in either before the rest of the World. There is then (as a certain *French* Writer very well expresses it) "A Soul upon their Countenances," which does not appear when they are absent from each other; or even when they are together, conversing with other Persons, that are indifferent to them, or rather lay a Restraint upon their Features.

I dare say you begin to see the Preference, that the Beauty of the Passions has over the Two Parts of Beauty first-mentioned; and if any one was not thoroughly convinced of it, I should beg him to con-

[o] ——— Afide the Devil turn'd
For Envy; yet, with jealous Leer malign,
Ey'd them askance. ——— *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. 504.

sider a little the following Particulars; of which every body must have met with several Instances, in their Life-time.

That there is a great deal of Difference in the same Face, according as the Person is in a better or worse Humour, or in a greater or less Degree of Liveliness.

That the best Complexion, the finest Features, and the exactest Shape, without any thing of the Mind expressed on the Face, is as insipid and unmoving, as the waxen Figure of the fine Duchess of Richmond in *Westminster Abbey*.

That a Face without any good Feature in it, and with a very indifferent Complexion, shall have a very taking Air; from the Sensibility of the Eyes, the general good-humoured Turn of the Look, and perhaps a little agreeable Smile about the Mouth. And these Three Things, I believe, would go a great way toward accounting 'for the *Je ne sçai quoi*, or that inexplicable Pleasingness of the Face (as they choose to call it,) which is so often talked of, and so little understood; as the greater Part, and perhaps all the rest of it, would fall under the last Article, that of Grace.

I once knew a very fine Woman, who was admired by every body that saw her, and scarce loved by any body. This Ineffectualness of all her Beauties was occasioned by a Want of the pleasing Passi-

ons

ons in her Face, an an Appearance of the displeasing ones; particularly, those of Pride and Ill-nature. *Nero*, of old, seems [p] to have had this unpleasing Sort of Handsomeness, and probably from much the same Cause; the Goodness of his Features being overlaid by the Uglinefs of the Passions that appeared on his Face.

The finest Eyes in the World, with an Excess of Malice or Rage in them, will grow as shocking as they are in that fine Face of *Medusa*, on the famous Seal in the *Strozzi* Family at *Rome*.

Thus you see, that the Passions can give Beauty, without the Assistance of Color or Form; and take it away, where they have united the most strongly to give it: And it was this that made me assert, at first, that this Part of Beauty was so extremely superior to the other Two.

This, by the way, may help us to account for the Justness of what *Pliny* asserts in speaking of the famous Statue of *Laocoon*, and his Two Sons: He says, It was the finest Piece of Art in *Rome*; and [q] to be preferred to all the other Statues and Pictures, of which they had so noble a Collection in his

[p] *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, says, "That he had a Look which might rather be called handsome than pleasing:" *Vultu, pulchro magis quàm venusto. Cap. li.*

[q] Sicut in *Laocoonte*, qui est in *Titi Imperatoris domo*; opus, omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præferendum. *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 5.*

time. It had no Beauties of Color, to vie with the Paintings; and other Statues there (as the *Apollo Belvedere*, and the *Venus of Medici*, in particular) were as finely proportioned as the *Laocoon*; But this had a much greater Variety of Expression, even than those fine ones; and it must be on that Account alone, that it could have been preferable to them, and all the rest.

✓ Before I quit this Head, I would just remind you of Two Things that I have mentioned before: That the chief Rule of the Beauty of the Passions, is Moderation; and that the Part in which they appear most strongly, is the Eyes. It is there that Love holds all his tenderest Language: It is there that Virtue commands, Modesty charms, Joy enlivens, Sorrow engages, and Inclination fires the Hearts of the Beholders: It is there that even Fear, and Anger, and Confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due Bounds and Limits; for too full an Appearance of Virtue, a violent and prostitute Swell of Passion, a rustic and overwhelming Modesty, a deep Sadness, or too wild and impetuous a Joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

The last finishing and noblest Part of Beauty is Grace; which every body is accustomed to speak of as a Thing [r] inexplicable; and, in a great Mea-

[r] Decorum quoddam arcanum, atque felicitas; cujus effectum in multis videmus quotidie; causam vero reddere nemo potest. *Erasmus* in his *Philodoxus*.

sure,

sure, I believe, it is so. We know that the Soul is, but we scarce know what it is ; every Judge of Beauty can point out Grace ; but no one that I know of has ever yet fixt upon a Definition for it.

Grace often depends on some very little Incidents in a fine Face ; and in Actions, it consists more in the Manner of doing Things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its Appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered, than any thing fixt and steady. While you look upon one, it steals from under the Eye of the Observer ; and is succeeded perhaps by another, that flits away as soon, and as imperceptibly.

It is on this Account that Grace is better to be studied in *Corregio's*, *Guido's*, and *Raphael's* Pictures, than in real Life. Thus, for Instance, if I wanted to discover what it is that makes Anger graceful, in a Sett of Features full of the greatest Sweetness ; I should rather endeavour to find it out in *Guido's* St. *Michael*, than in Mrs. P * * t's Face, if that ever had any Anger in it ; because, in the pictured Angel, one has full Leisure to consider it ; but, in the living one, it would be too transient and changeable to be the Subject of any steady Observation.

Horace thought it so far from being explicable, that he does not even venture to give it any Name, in some very pretty Lines of his on this Subject.

Quò fugit Venus, heu ! quòve Color ? Decens

Quò motus ? Quid habes illius, illius,

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi ? — Lib. iv. Od. 13. 20.

But

But though one cannot punctually say what Grace is, we may point out the Parts and Things in which it is most apt to appear.

The chief Dwelling-place of Grace is about the Mouth; though, at Times, it may visit every Limb or Part of the Body. But the Mouth is the chief Seat of Grace [1]; as much as the chief Seat for the Beauty of the Passions is in the Eyes.

In a very graceful Face, by which I do not so much mean a majestic, as a soft and pleasing one, there is now-and-then (for no Part of Beauty is either so engaging, or so uncommon) a certain Delicousness that almost always lives about the Mouth, in something not quite enough to be called a Smile, but rather an Approach toward one; which varies gently about the different Lines there, like a little fluttering Cupid; and, perhaps, sometimes discovers a little Dimple, that after just lightening upon you disappears, and appears again by Fits. This I take to be one of the most pleasing Sorts of Grace of any; but you will understand what I mean by your own Memory, better than by any Expressions I could possibly use to describe it.

The Grace of Attitudes may belong to the Position of each Part, as well as to the Carriage or Dis-

[1] Thus when the *French* use the Expression of *une bouche fort gracieuse*, they mean it properly of Grace; but when they say, *des yeux tres gracieux*, it then falls to the Share of the Passions; and means kind or favourable,

position of the whole Body ; but how much more it belongs to the Head, than to any other Part, may be seen in the Pieces of the most celebrated Painters ; and particularly, in those of *Guido* ; who has been rather too lavish in bestowing this Beauty on almost all his fine Women, whereas Nature has given it in so high a Degree but to very few.

The Turns of the Neck are extremely capable of Grace ; and are very easy to be observed, and very difficult to be accounted for.

How much of this Grace may belong to the Arms and Feet, as well as to the Neck and Head, may be seen in dancing ; but it is not only in genteel Motions, that a very pretty Woman will be graceful ; and *Ovid* (who was so great a Master in all the Parts of Beauty) had very good Reason for saying [*t*], That when *Venus*, to please her Gallant, imitated the hobbling Gait of her Husband, her very Lameness had a great deal of Prettiness and Grace in it.

“ Every [*u*] Motion of a graceful Woman (says another Writer of the same Age) is full of Grace.”

[*t*] Nec Venus oranti (neque enim Dea mollior ulla est)

Rustica Gradivo difficilisque fuit ;

Ah quoties lasciva pedes risisse mariti

Dicitur, & duras arte vel igne manus !

Marte palam, simulat Vulcanum : imitata decebat ;

Multaque cum formâ gratia mista fuit.

Ovid. de Arte Amandi, 2. 370.

[*u*] Illam, quicquid agit, quoquod vestigia vertit,

Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

Tibullus, lib. iv. El. 2. 8.

She

She designs nothing by it perhaps, and may even not be sensible of it herself; and indeed she should not be so too much; for the Moment that any Gesture or Action appears to be affected, it ceases to be graceful.

Horace [x] and *Virgil* seem to extend Grace so far, as to the Flowing of the Hair; and [y] *Tibullus*, even to the Dress of his Mistress; but then he assigns it more to her Manner of putting on, and appearing in whatever she wears, than to the Dress itself. It is true, there is another wicked Poet, who has said (with much less Decency,) "that Dress is the "better [z] Half of the Woman."

There are Two very distinct (and, as it were, opposite) Sorts of Grace; the Majestic, and the Fa-

[x] Crine decorum. ——— *Horace*, lib. i. Od. 32. 12.

Intonsosque agitare Apollinis aura capillos. *Id. Epod.* 15. 9.

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur; mollique fluentem

Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:

Tela sonant humeris. Haud illo segnior ibat

Æneas; tantum egregio decus enitet ore. *Virgil. Æn.* iv. 150.

And again of the same:

Os humerosque Deo similis: namque ipse decoram

Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ

Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores. *Æn.* i. 591.

[y] Seu solvit crines, fufis decet esse capillis;

Seu comit, comitis est veneranda comis:

Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;

Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit:

Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

Tibullus, lib. iv. El. 2. 14.

[z] ——— Pars minima est ipsa puella sui. *Ovid.*

miliar;

miliar; I should have called the latter by the Name of Pleasing, had not I been afraid of a Tautology; for Grace is Pleasingness itself: The former belongs chiefly to the very fine Women; and the latter, to the very pretty ones; That is the more commanding, and This the more delightful and engaging. The *Grecian* Painters and Sculptors used to express the former most strongly in the Looks and Attitudes of their *Minerva's*; and the latter, in those of *Venus*.

Xenophon, in his Choice of *Hercules* (or, at least, the excellent Translator of that Piece) has made just the same Distinction in the Personages of Wisdom and Pleasure; the former of which he describes as moving on to that young Hero, with the majestic Sort of Grace; and the latter, with the familiar.

*Graceful, yet each with different Grace they move;
This striking sacred Awe, that softer winning Love [a].*

The strongest Examples of each kind that I ever remember to have seen, was Lady S * * *, for the majestic Sort of Grace; Lady R * * *, for the familiar; and Mrs. B * * *, for each, at different Times; and sometimes for both of them united and blended together.

But not to have you imagine, that I am inclined to confine this Part of Beauty only to Persons of Quality and Distinction; I shall just add, that we meet it, not unfrequently, even on the Stage; and

[a] Choice of *Hercules*, stan. iii.

particularly, in that Sort of Dances which are meant to express Characters and Passions; and in which you may easily recollect how much *Comargo* excelled, for the nobler Sort of Grace; and *Fossanine*, for the more tender and pathetic.

There is no Poet I have ever read, who seems to me to understand this Part of Beauty so well as our own *Milton*. He speaks of these Two Sorts of Grace very distinctly; and gives the Majestic [*b*] to his *Adam*, and both the Familiar and Majestic to *Eve*; but the latter in a less Degree than the former: In

[*b*] Two of far nobler Shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad,
In naked Majesty, seem'd Lords of all;
And worthy seem'd. For in their Looks divine
The Image of their glorious Maker shone:
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd;
Whence true Authority in Men: Though both
Not equal, as their Sex not equal, seem'd.
For Contemplation he, and Valour, form'd;
For Softness she, and sweet attractive Grace.

Milton's Parad. Lost, B. iv. 293.

———— I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry Image. ———

(*Eve, of Adam and herself.*) *Ib. ver. 480.*

———— Her heav'nly Form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine;
Her graceful Innocence; her ev'ry Air
Of Gesture, or least Action, ———

B. ix. 461.

Grace was in all her Steps: Heav'n in her Eye;
In ev'ry Gesture, Dignity and Love.

B. viii. 489.

Speaking, or mute, all Comeliness and Grace
Attends thee; and each Word, each Motion, forms,

Ib. 223.

doing

doing which he might either be led by his own excellent Judgment, or possibly might have an Eye to what is said by [c] *Cicero*, in speaking on this Subject.

Though Grace is so difficult to be accounted for in general; yet I have observ'd Two particular Things, which (I think) hold universally in relation to it.

The First is: "That there is no Grace, without "Motion;" by which I mean, without some gentee or pleasing Motion, either of the whole Body, or of some Limb, or, at least, of some Feature. And it may be hence, that Lord *Bacon* (and, perhaps, *Horace*,) [d] call Grace, by the Name of decent Motion; just as if they were equivalent Terms.

Virgil in one Place points out the Majesty of *Juno*, and in another the graceful Air of *Apollo* [e], by only

It is observable, that in each of the Three last Passages, *Milton* seems to have had those Lines of *Tibullus* in his Thoughts:

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò vestigia vertit,

Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

[c] *Venus* statem, muliebrem ducere debemus; dignitatem, virilem. *Cicero de Offic.* lib. i. 130.

[d] In Beauty, that of Favour is more than that of Colour; and that of gracious and decent Motion, more than that of Favour. Lord *Bacon's Works*, vol. iii. p. 362.

Quo fugit Venus, heu! quove color? Decens

Quo motus? — (For so, I think, this Passage should be read; because the Epithet of graceful, cannot belong to Colour) —

Horace, lib. iv. Od. 13. 18.

[e] Ast ego, quæ divûm incedo regina — *Æn.* i. 46.

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur. — *Æn.* iv. 147.

saying, that they move ; and possibly he means no more, when he makes the Motion of *Venus* [f] the principal thing, by which *Æneas* discovers her under all her Disguise ; though the Commentators, as usual, would fain find out a more dark and mysterious Meaning for it.

All the best Statues are represented as in some Action, or Motion ; and the most graceful Statue in the World (the *Apollo Belvedere*) is so much so, that when one faces it at a little Distance, one is almost apt to imagine, that he is actually going to move on toward you.

All graceful Heads, even in the Portraits of the best Painters, are in Motion ; and very strongly in those of *Guido* in particular ; which, as you may remember, are all either casting their Looks up toward Heaven, or down toward the Ground, or side-way, as regarding some Object. A Head that is quite unactive, and flung flat upon the Canvas (like the Faces on Medals after the Fall of the *Roman* Empire, or the *Gothic* Heads before the Revival of the Arts) will be so far from having any Grace, that it will not even have any Life in it.

The Second Observation is : “ That there can be “ no Grace, with Impropriety ;” or, in other Words,

[f] Dixit ; & avertens roseâ cervice refulsit ;
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere : pedes vestis defluxit ad imos ;
 Et vera incepta patuit Dea. Ille ubi matrem
 Agnovit, &c. — *Æn.* i. 406.

that

that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the Characters of the Person.

The Graces of a little lively Beauty would become ungraceful in a Character of Majesty; as the majestic Airs of an Empress would quite destroy the Prettiness of the former. The Vivacity that adds a Grace to Beauty in Youth, would give an additional Deformity to old Age; and the very same Airs, which would be charming on some Occasions, may be quite shocking when extremely mis-timed, or extremely mis-placed.

This inseparable Union of Propriety and Grace seems to have been the general Sense of Mankind; as we may guess from the [g] Languages of several Nations; in which some Words that answer to our Proper or Becoming, are used indifferently for Beautiful or Graceful.

And yet I cannot think (as some seem inclined to do) that Grace consists entirely in Propriety; because Propriety is a Thing easy enough to be understood, and Grace (after all we can say about it) very difficult. Propriety therefore and Grace are no more one and the same Thing, than Grace and Motion are: 'Tis true, it cannot subsist without either; but then there seems to be something else, what I cannot explain, and what I do not know that ever any body has explained, that goes to the Composition; and

[g] Thus, among the *Greeks*, the Words *Πρεπον* and *Καλον*, and among the *Romans*, *Pulchrum* and *Decens*, or *Decorum*, are used indifferently for one another.

which possibly may give its greatest Force and Pleasingness.

Whatever are the Causes of it, this is certain, that Grace is the chief of all the constituent Parts of Beauty; and so much so, that it seems to be the only one which is absolutely and universally admired: All the rest are only relative. One likes a brunette Beauty better than a fair one; I may love a little Woman, and you a large one, best; a Person of a mild Temper will be fond of the gentler Passions in the Face, and one of a bolder Cast may choose to have more Vivacity and more vigorous Passions expressed there: But Grace is found in few, and is pleasing to all.

Grace, like Poetry, must be born with a Person; and is never, wholly, to be acquired by Art.

The most celebrated of all the ancient Painters, was *Apelles*; and the most celebrated of all the Modern, *Raphael*: And it is remarkable, that the distinguishing Character of each of them was Grace. Indeed, that alone could have given them so high a Pre-eminence over all their other Competitors.

Grace has nothing to do with the lowest Part of Beauty, or Color; very little with Shape, and very much with the Passions; for it is she who gives their highest Zest, and the most delicious Part of their Pleasingness to the Expressions of each of them.

All

All the other Parts of Beauty are pleasing in some Degree, but Grace is Pleasingness itself; and the old *Romans* in general seem to have had this Notion of it; as may be inferred from the original Import [b] of the Names which they used for this Part of Beauty.

The *Greeks*, as well as the *Romans*, must have been of this Opinion; when, in settling their Mythology, they made the *Graces* the constant Attendants of *Venus*, or the Cause of Love; and, in Fact, there is nothing causes Love so generally, and so irresistibly, as Grace. 'Tis like the *Cestus* of the same Goddess, which was supposed to comprehend [i]

[b] *Gratia*, from *gratus*, or pleasing; and *decor*, from *decens*, or becoming.

[i] Η, και απο γηθισφιν ελυσαιλο μερον ιμαλια
 Ποικιλον· εθθα δε οι θεληηρια παντα τελευκιο.
 Ενθ' ενι μιν Φιλοτης, εν δ' Ιμερ, εν δ' Οκρις.
 Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονοντων·
 Τον ρα δι' εμβαλει χερσιν, επ' τ' εφ'ατ', εκ τ' ονομαζει.
 Τη νυν τελον ιμαλια, τω δ' εγκαιθιο κολπω,
 Ποικιλον, η' ενι παντα τελευχαλαι· ουδε σε φημι
 Απρηκτον γε νοδαι, οτι φρεσι σησι μινονας.
 Ως φαιλο, μειδησεν δε βοωπις ωσινια Ηην·
 Μειδησασα δ' επειλα εν εγκαιθιο κολπω. *Hom. II. ζ. 214.*

She said; with Awe divine, the Queen of Love
 Obey'd the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*:
 And from her fragrant Breast the Zone unbrac'd,
 With various Skill and high Embroid'ry grac'd.
 In this was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,
 The kind Deceit, the still reviving Fire,

every thing that was winning and engaging in it ; and beside all, to oblige the Heart to Love, by a secret and inexplicable Force, like that of some magic Charm.

AS CRITO paused here, both MILESIOUS and TIMANTHES thanked him for his Account of a Thing, which they had never heard so far accounted for before ; and the latter added, that in his Division of the Parts which constitute Beauty, he, at first, thought him guilty of an Omission, in not adding a Fifth, that of Motion. CRITO said, that

Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,
Silence that spoke, and Eloquence of Eyes.
This on her Hand the *Cyprian* Goddess laid ;
Take this, and with it all thy Wish, she said :
With Smiles she took the Charm ; and smiling prest
The pow'rful *Cestus* to her snowy Breast. *Pope, Il. xiv. 256.*

La Motte's Imitation of the same Passage, is extremely good too ; though he adds a *French* Flourish at the End of it.

Ce tissu, le simbole & la cause à la fois
Du pouvoir de l' amour, du charme de ses loix,
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche ;
D'un sourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche :
Passionné la voix, en adoucit les sons :
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons :
Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes ;
Ces refus attirans, l' ecueil des sages mêmes :
Et la nature enfin y voulut renfermer
Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer.

En prenant ce tissu, que *Venus* lui presente,
Junon n' étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,
Surpris cherchent *Venus* ; doutent qui l' est des deux :
L' Amour même trompé, trouve *Junon* plus belle ;
Et, son arc à la main, déjà vole après elle,

he had not forgot that, but thought it was comprehended under the other Heads. For all genteel Motion (says he,) as I have been so lately mentioning, falls under the Article of Grace; whence *Horace* calls it by it's true Name of graceful Motion; and common Motions are only so many Variations of the Attitude, or Position of the particular Parts of the Body, and Features of the Face: The more significant of which, belong to the Article of the Passions; and the less significant, may be comprehended under that of mere Form or Figure. And now I mention *Horace*, added he, it is observable enough, that he, and the other *Roman* Authors, have distinct Names for each of my Four constituent Parts of Beauty, which the Commentators and Dictionary-writers have been sometimes too apt to mistake for Names of Beauty in general. Thus for the First they use the Word *Color*; for the Second, *Forma*; for the Third, they seem to have had several distinct Names, according to the different Sorts of Passions whose Delightfulness they spoke of; for the Fourth, they used *Gratia* and *Decor*, when they spoke of it in general; and *Venustas* or *Dignitas*, when they had a mind to be more particular. Their Word *Nitor* too [k], and some others of a like Import, which seem sometimes to be used in general for Beauty,

[k] ——— *Liparæi nitor Hebri.* *Horat. Lib. iii. Od. xii. 6.*

*Urit me Glycæræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius.*

Id. Lib. i. Od. xix. 6.

The Epithets *marmoreus*, *eburneus*, and *candidus*, are all applied to Beauties by the *Roman* Poets; sometimes as to their Shape, and sometimes as to the Shiningness here spoken of,

belong

belong more properly to that superficial Sort of Beauty, which I mentioned in part under the First Head, in speaking of the silky Appearance of the Skin, and the Luminousness in some Eyes. But to talk of Things rather than Words; I should be willing to add some general Observations that I have made, at Times, in thinking on this Subject.

It has been observed by some Writers, that there is naturally a great deal of Propriety in Pleasure; or, in other Words, that Pleasure is annexed by Nature to such Things as are proper for our Preservation, and Pain to such as would be destructive to us. Thus Pleasure, for Example, is annexed to Food and Exercise; and Pain, to such Degrees of Abstinence and Indolence as would be hurtful. The same may be observed in the different Sort of Pleasures, adapted to each Stage of human Life. Thus in Infancy, when Growth is as necessary as Support, we have more frequent Returns of Appetite, and more Pleasure in Feeding; and as frequent Feeding requires the more Exercise, the chief Pleasure of that Age consists in the Love of Motion, and in a Series of little sportive Exercises. The same is carried on in other Pleasures, equally adapted to the middle and latter Stages of Life; so far, that wherever Nature has affixed a Pleasure, she seems to lead and conduct us toward some Duty or other; either for the Preservation of the Individual, or the Continuance of the Species.

There is a great deal of the same Propriety to be observed, in the Dispensation of Beauty and Deformity.

mity. The good Passions are all pleasing; and the bad, disagreeable. Virtue is naturally the most beautiful and lovely Thing in the World; and Vice the most odious and deformed.

There is also a Propriety in the Timing of Beauty. Thus, for Instance, a Peach or a Pine-apple are in their highest Beauty, just at the Time that they should be eat. They want a Ripeness of Colors, as well as of Taste, till they come to that State; and gradually decay in Beauty, as they go farther and farther from it.

It might sound odd to you, if I should say, that a Woman is like a Pine-apple; yet the Similitude would hold much farther, and in more Particulars, than any one would at first imagine. She has her Season of growing to her greatest State of Beauty, of Continuance in it, and of a Decay from it, as well as that; and the highest Season of their Beauty is just as properly timed in the one Case, as in the other.

As to the Quantity of Beauty, in particular Persons, I have sometimes had a Thought, which may serve (at least) to divert you. You know that *Monf. de Piles*, in his *Lives of the Painters*, has laid down a Scale by which one may judge of their comparative Excellence. Now I should think, that a Scale might be settled in the same Manner, by which one might judge tolerably well of the proportional Excellence in any of our most celebrated Beauties. In this Scale, I would set the highest Excellence in Color, at Ten;
in

in Shape, at Twenty; in Expression, at Thirty; and in Grace, at Forty. So that the greatest Excellence of Beauty, at the highest Reckoning in each Part of it, would amount in all to One Hundred,

There is probably no Instance of the highest Excellence in all these Particulars, in any one Person. They who run very high in some Articles, are often as deficient in others. If I was to state the Account, as to some particular Ladies, who have been generally allowed to be very great Beauties, I should assign to Lady *L. B * * **, Eight for Color, Four for Shape, Twenty-five for Expression, and Ten for Grace; in all, Forty-seven; not quite half-way in the complete Sum of Excellence: — To Mrs. *A * * **, Eight for Color, Seventeen for Shape, Fifteen for Expression, and Twenty for Grace; in all, Sixty Degrees of Excellence: — And to Mrs. *B * * **, Eight for Color, Ten for Shape, Twenty-five for Expression, and Thirty for Grace; in all, Seventy-three. And that is the highest Sum, that I could in Conscience allow to any Woman that I have ever yet seen.

Extreme Deformity should be rated, under each Article, at the same Numbers as the highest Excellence; and, in mixt Beauties, Deductions should be made for them, in the same Manner as the Additions are for the former. Thus, for Example, Mrs. *M * * **, for Color Six, Shape Fifteen; Expression Twenty, to be deducted; Grace Five; which will reduce her other Degrees of Excellence only to Six.

Others

Others would have no Share at all, in our present Subject; as falling, under each Article, to the Balance of Deformity. Thus Mrs. P * * *, bad Color Six, Shape *ditto* Four, Expression of bad Passions Twenty-five, Ungracefulness Ten; which together make Forty-five, all on the wrong Side of the Question.

I do not pretend, in all this, to have made my Calculations exactly; but rather to point out to you, what might be done by such as are more exact Judges of Beauty than I can pretend to be. The best may be liable to some little false Byas or other; but if their Calculations did not answer in every Point precisely to the Truth, they might at least come very near it.

These exact Judges indeed may not be so frequently to be met with; for Judgment, as well as Beauty, is dealt out in very unequal Proportions to Mankind; and a very great Excellence in either, falls to the Lot of but a few. However, good Judgment is the more common of the Two; and, I believe, People in general are more capable of judging right of Beauty (at least, in some Parts of it) than they are of most other Things.

Yet there are a great many Causes, apt to mislead the Generality in their Judgments of Beauty; and I shall beg leave to enumerate some of them.

If the Affection is entirely engaged by any one Object, a Man is apt to allow all Perfections to that Person; and very little, in comparison, to any body else; or, if they ever commend others highly, it is for some Circumstance in which they bear some Resemblance to their favourite Object.

People are very often misled in their Judgments, by a Similitude either of their own Temper, or Personage, in others. It is hence, that a Person of a mild Temper is more apt to be pleased with the gentler Passions in the Face of his Mistress; and one of a very lively Turn would choose more of Spirit and Vivacity in his; that little People are inclined to prefer pretty Women, and larger People majestic ones; and so on, in a great Variety of Instances. This may be called falling in Love with ourselves, at Second-hand; and Self-love (whatever other Love may be) is sometimes so false-sighted, that it may make the most plain, and even the most disagreeable Things seem beautiful and pleasing.

I remember, at the Tryal of the *Scotch* Lords a few Years ago in *Westminster-hall*, a Pair of apish Lovers, that sat by each other; and gave no small Diversion to a good Part of that large Company, before the Lords made their Appearance. They were perpetually turning their Heads toward each other, a good deal in the same Manner, and at the same Time; smiled together, grinned together, and laughed out together. All their Actions were pleasing

ing to each other, though so very displeasing to every body else.

Sometimes an Idea of Usefulness may give a Turn to our Ideas of Beauty; as the very same Things are reckoned Beauties in a Coach-horse, which would be so many Blemishes in a Race-horse.

I have often thought some Ladies a little too unguarded, as to this Particular. They seem to have the *Polyphemus* [1] Idea of Beauty; and talk as if it was a Maxim absolutely established in their Breasts, that nothing can be beautiful, unless it has some Approach to the Gigantic. “Such a Man,” says Mrs. D * * *, “is really a pretty Fellow,

[1] When *Ulysses*, after having put out that *Cyclops*’s Eye, tells him his real Name and Character; the Monster makes the following Exclamation:

Ω ποποι, η μαλα δη με παλαιφαία θισφαθ’ ικανει.

Εσκε τις ενθαδε μανις ανηρ ης τε μεγας τε,

Τηλεμ[Ⓞ] Ευρυμιδης —————

Ος μοι εφη ταδε παντα τελειησαδαι οπισσω:

Χειρων εξ Οδυσση[Ⓞ] αμαρτησαδαι οπωπης.

Αλλ’ αιει τινα φωία μεγαν και καλον ιδεγμην

Ενθαδ’ ελευσιδαι, μεγαλην επιειμειναι αλκηη

Νυν δε μ’ εως ολιγ[Ⓞ] τι, και ετιδαν[Ⓞ], και αποκυς,

Οφθαλμω αλωσιν. — Οδ. l. 516.

Oh Heav’ns! Oh Faith of ancient Prophecies!

This *Telemus Eurymides* foretold: —————

Long since he menac’d, such was Heav’ns Command;

And nam’d *Ulysses* as the destin’d Hand.

I deem’d some godlike Giant to behold;

Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave, and bold:

Not this weak pygmy Wretch. —————

Pope’s Translat, B, ix, ver. 603.

“ though

“though so little;” without considering, that he could not be so pretty, if he was larger. And then is she for ever crying up her chief Favourite, Mr. E * * *, with that very bad Face, and those very bad Passions which generally appear in it, only because his Shoulders spread a good deal wider, than they ought to do.

But the greatest and most general Misleader of our Judgments, in relation to Beauty, is Custom, or the different national Tastes for Beauty; which turn chiefly on the Two lower Parts of it, Color and Form.

It was from the most common Shape of his Countrywomen that *Rubens*, in his Pictures, delights so much in Plumpness; not to give it a worse Name. Whenever he was to represent the most beautiful Women, he is sure to give them a good Share of Corpulence. It seems as if nobody could be a Beauty with him, under Two Hundred Weight. His very *Graces* are all fat.

But this may go much farther than mere Bulk; it will reach even to very great Deformities; which sometimes grow into Beauties, where they are habitual and general. One of our own Countrymen (who was a particularly handsome Man,) in his travelling over the *Alps*, was detained by a Fever in one of those Villages, where every grown Person has that Sort of Swellings in the Neck, which they call *Goters*; and of which I have seen some, very near as big as their Heads. The first *Sunday* that he

was

was able, he went to their Church (for he was a *Roman Catholic*) to return Thanks to Heaven for his Recovery. A Man of so good a Figure, and so well drest, had probably never before been within the Walls of that Chapel. Every body's Eyes were fixed upon him; and as they went out, they cried out, loud enough for him to hear them; "O how completely handsome would that Man be, if he had but a *Goter*!"

In some of the most military Nations of *Africa*, no Man is reckoned handsome that has not Five or Six Scars in his Face. This Custom might, possibly, at first, be introduced among them to make them less afraid of Wounds in that Part, in Battle; but, however that was, it grew at last to have so great a Share in their Idea of Beauty, that they now cut and slash the Faces of their poor little Infants, in order to give them those Graces when they are grown up, which are so necessary to win the Hearts of their Mistresses; and which, with the Assistance of some Jewels, or Ingots of Gold, in their Noses, Ears, and Lips, must certainly be irresistible to the Ladies of that Country.

The Covering each Cheek all over with a burning Sort of Red Color, has long been looked upon in a neighbouring Country to be as necessary to render a Fine Lady's Face completely beautiful, as these Scars are for the Beaux in *Africa*.

'Tis really surprising, that there should be so wide
a Difference in the Tastes of Two Countries, as
VOL. I. E there

there is in this Particular between the *French* and us ; when the bordering People of each live nearer together, than the Inhabitants do in the Extremes of one of our own moderate Counties ; as, for Instance, in this good County of *Surrey*, in particular.

The first Time I saw the Ladies all ranged in the Front of the Boxes, at the Opera at *Paris*, they seemed to me to look like a long Bed of high-coloured full-blown Pionies in a Garden.

The Two prettiest Women I have ever seen, are the Duchefs of *B * * **, in *France*, and Mrs. *A * * **, in *England* ; and the very Reason why I should give the Preference to the latter of the Two is, that the former is obliged, by the Fashion of the Country where she lives, to heighten the Color of the Roses which Nature had scattered over her Cheeks, into one great Mass of Vermilion.

Were a *Frenchman*, on his first Coming over hither, to see a Sett of our greatest Beauties all in a Row, he might, probably, think them like a Bed of Lilies ; or, at least, like a Border of light-coloured Pinks.

In fact, when the Count *de Grammont* was in *England* in King *Charles* the Second's Time, when the Court was so gay, and so particularly well furnished with Beauties ; he said, " That the *English* Ladies " were particularly handsome ; but that it was a " great Pity that they were all so pale."

The

The natural Complexion of the *Italian* Ladies is of a higher Glow than ours usually are; and yet Mr. *Addison* is very just, in making a *Numidian* call the Ladies of the same Country, “ [m] Pale, unripened Beauties.”

The Prince of *Annamaboo*, who had been so long, and laterly so much used to the *European* Complexion, yet said, a little before he left *London*; “ That “ Miss C * * * would be the most charming Woman in the World, if she was but a Negro.”

I remember to have read, in an Account of some of the farthest Travels that any of our People have made up the River *Gambia*; that when they came to some Villages, where, probably, no *Europeans* had ever been before, the Women ran frightened and screaming from them; on taking them to be Devils, merely on Account of the Whiteness of their Complexion.

I cannot help observing to you, that Heaven is very good and merciful to Mankind even in making us capable of all this Variety of Mistakes. If every Person judged exactly right of Beauty, every Man

[m] The glowing Dames of *Zama's* royal Court
Have Faces flush'd with more exalted Charms:
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Color in their Cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the North!

Syphax, to Juba; in Cato. Act i. Scene 4.

that was in Love in such a District, would be in Love with the same Woman. Only consider of what fatal Consequence that must be, in any City or Town that you are best acquainted with: The acknowledged Fair one, in the same Manner, could choose out but one happy Man for her Favourite, in all her Town of Lovers; and all the rest must be left in a State of Despair. This (as bad as it would be) is only the best Side of the Case, and supposing every thing to be carried on with a Patience and Tranquillity, which would then be almost impossible; for, in Truth, if the Affections of all centred on the same Object, nothing but perpetual Quarrels and Mischiefs would be to be apprehended. The superior Beauty of each Hamlet would be the Object of the Hate and Malice of all the rest of her own Sex in it; and the Cause of Dissension and Murders among all of the other. If this would hold in one Town, it would hold, for the same Reasons, in every other Town or District; and of Course, there would be nothing more wanting than this universal right Judgment of Beauty, to render the whole World one continued Scene of Blood and Misery.

But now that Fancy has, perhaps, more to do with Beauty than Judgment, there is an Infinity of Tastes, and consequently an Infinity of Beauty; for, to the Mind of the Lover, supposed Beauty is full as good as real. Every body may now choose out what happens to hit his own Turn and Cast. The honest Rustic can think himself happy in his Woman of a good strong Make, and Sun-burnt frowsy Complexion;

plexion; the fine Gentleman may be blest in his Coquette; the common Soldier can delight himself with his Gin-drinking Trull; and the Captain with his military Mistress.

This increases the Extent of Beauty vastly, and makes it in a Manner universal; for there are but few People, in comparison, that are truly beautiful; but every body may be beautiful in the Imagination of some one or other. As I have said before, some may delight themselves in a black Skin, and others in a white; some in a gentle natural Rosiness of Complexion, others in a high, exalted, artificial Red; some Nations, in Waists disproportionably large; and another, in Waists as disproportionably small. In short, the most opposite Things imaginable may each be looked upon as beautiful, in whole different Countries; or by different People, in the same Country.

I should be apt to make a Distinction here again, as to the Two former Parts of Beauty, and the Two latter. Fancy has much more to do in the Articles of Form and Color, than in those of the Passions and Grace. The good Passions, as they are visible on the Face, are apparent Goodness, and that must be generally amiable; and true Grace, wherever it appears to any Degree, I should think, must be pleasing to every human Creature; or, perhaps, this may never appear in the Women of any Nation, where the Men are grown so savage and brutal, as to have lost all Taste for it.

Yet, even as to Grace itself, under the Notion of Pleasingness (as I was just now calling it,) it may become almost universal; and be as subject to the Dominion of Fancy, as any of the less significant Parts of Beauty. A Parent can see Genteelness, in the most awkward Child, perhaps, that ever was born; and a Person who is truly in Love, will be pleased with every Motion and Air of the Person beloved; which is the most distinguishing Character that belongs to Grace. 'Tis true, this is all a mistaken Grace; but, as to that particular Person, it has all the Effects of the true.

Since I have spoken of this Extent and Universality of supposed Beauty, it would be very ungrateful not to say something of the real Beauty of the other Works of Nature; which seem to reach everywhere, as far as we are acquainted with them; and to meet us, which-ever Way we turn our Eyes.

If we look upon the Earth, we see it laid out in a Thousand beautiful Inequalities, and a pleasing Variety of Plains, Hills, and Mountains; generally cloathed by Nature in a living Green, the Color that is the most delightful and the most refreshing to the Eye; diversified with an Infinity of different Lights and Shades: adorned with various Sorts of Trees, Fruits, and Flowers; interspersed often with winding Rivers, or limpid Streams, or spreading Lakes; or terminating, perhaps, on a View of the Sea, which

which is for ever changing its Form, and in every Form is pleasing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the Rising of the Sun, the gentle Azure of the noble Arch expanded over our Heads, the various Appearance and Colors of the Clouds, the fleeting Shower, and the painted Bow! Even in the Absence of its great Enlivener, the Sun, we see it all studded with living Lights, or gilded by the more solemn Beauties of the Moon; most pleasing in her infant Shape, and most majestic, when in her full Orb. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the very Lightnings are pleasing, when struggling amidst the shaded Clouds; and those Fires that dart and waver upwards, sometimes in various Colors, and sometimes with Streams of gentle Light, not unlike the Break of Day, on the first Appearance of the Morning, from whence they have their Name.

If we turn toward the different Sorts of Animals, it is observable enough among them, that the Beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another in their own Species, is so contrived as to diffuse Pleasure to those of other Species, or at least to Man. How beautiful, even to us, are the Colors that adorn the Necks of the Pigeon and Pheasant; the Train of the Mackaw and Peacock; and the whole Dress of several Sorts of Birds, more particularly in the Eastern Parts of the World? How neat and pleasing is the Make of the Deer, the Greyhound, and several Sorts of Horses? How beautiful is the Expression of

the Passions, in a faithful Dog? And they are not even without some Degrees of Grace; as may be seen, in particular, in the natural Motions of a *Chinese* Pheasant; or the acquired ones, of a managed Horse. And I the rather take Part of the Beauty of all these Creatures to be meant, by the Bounty of Nature, for us; because most of the different Sorts of Sea-Fish (which live chiefly out of our Sight) are of Colors and Forms more hideous, or (at best) less agreeable to us.

And as the Beauty of one Species of Animals may be so designed and adapted, as to give Pleasure to many others; so the Beauty of different Worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one World to another, and from one System of Worlds to another; and may end in one great universal Beauty, of all created Matter taken in one View. How far this may hold, we are, as yet, incapable even of forming any Guess; but some late Discoveries have shewn, that there is a surprising Symmetry and Proportion in the Sizes and Disposition of the several Worlds in our own System; from whence one would be apt to imagine, that the same Beauty of Proportion is kept up between the Worlds of other Systems; and possibly, even between one System and another: At least, all that we know of these Worlds, are exactly proportioned; and all that we see of them, is beautiful. Thus all such of them as come within our View, make what we call a fine starry Heaven; and as they compose that beautiful Object to us, so does our System make a Part in several

veral of their Prospects; and may be, in the great Composition of the Universe, a little single Stud in a noble Piece of mosaic Work.

And yet all the Profusion of Beauty I have been speaking of, and even that of the whole Universe taken together, is but of a weaker Nature in Comparison of the Beauty of Virtue. It was extremely well said by *Plato*, That if Virtue was to appear in a visible Shape, all Men would be enamoured of her: And it seems as if the *Greeks* and *Romans* in general had had this Idea of her Beauty, because the Goddesses of Virtue, and the Goddesses of Wisdom (which was often taken for one and the same Thing among them, as well as in our Sacred Writings,) were always represented with the greatest and most commanding Beauty. The same appears yet stronger from their using the Words Good [n] and Beautiful indifferently for each other; as if all Beauty was contained in Goodness.

Indeed the Beauty of Virtue or Goodness exceeds all other Beauty, as much as the Soul does the Body.

The highest Object of Beauty that we can see is the Goodness of God, as displayed in the Works of the Creation. In him all Goodness and Beauty dwells; and whatever there is of moral Beauty in the whole Universe beside, is only as so many Ema-

[n] Καλον, Πρεπον, Pulchrum, Honestum.

nations from the divine Author of all that is Good and Beautiful.

We sometimes see a few feeble Rays of this Beauty reflected in human Actions, but much discoloured by the Medium through which they pass; and yet how charming do they even thus appear in some Persons, and on some Occasions? All the Grandeur in the World is as nothing in Comparison of any one of these good becoming Deeds. How many more Charms are there, for Instance, in the Actions of such an humble Person as the *Man of Rossi*, than in all the Victories of our *Edwards* and our *Harries*? or (to go farther back in History) how much more amiable is the Death of *Socrates*, than the whole Life of *Alexander* the Great?

As Virtue is the supreme Beauty, so is Vice the most odious of all Deformities. I do not know how to make this more evident to you by any Instance, than by that of the different Conduct of Two very celebrated Poets, *Milton* and *Tasso*, in describing the fallen Angels: *Tasso's* Devils are chiefly made hideous by their Shape; their Horns and Tails are the principal Ingredients of Deformity in his Descriptions of them; whereas *Milton* generally omits those little Particulars, and paints out the Deformity of their Minds; their Pride, Impiety, Malignity, and Obstinacy; by which Means his Devils are tenfold more Devils, and more odious and horrible to the Reader, than those of the *Italian* Poet.

There

There is a mighty easy Consequence to be drawn from all this, which well deserves to be more generally observed. If Virtue be the chief Beauty, People, to be beautiful, should endeavour to be virtuous; and should avoid Vice, and all the worst Sort of Passions, as they would fly Deformity. I wish the more beautiful Half of the human Creation, in particular, were thoroughly sensible of this great Truth; "That the readiest Way to be beautiful, is to be good;" and such of them as are more solicitous about choosing and adjusting what they wear, and how that will appear, than about forming their Minds, and regulating their disagreeable Passions, will really fall under the Censure I mentioned before, from one of the *Latin Poets*; and shew too plainly to all the World, that they, in their own Hearts, consider their Dress as the better Part of themselves.

I must have quite tired you, I believe, added CRITO, rising; and should be glad if you would take a little Walk, to refresh us all after this long Harangue. It has been far from seeming long to us (replied MILESIUS, as they were all going together out of the Tent :) 'Tis a Subject that can scarce ever be tiresome; and your Manner of treating it has, in general, been very pleasing; only I must say, that, toward the Conclusion, it began to grow a little too like a Sermon. I wish, says TIMANTHES, that some Ladies of your Acquaintance had been present at the whole Discourse, and particularly at that Part of it; for I don't know whether it might not have
done

done them more Good, than any Sermon that they ever were at in their Lives. However, as there were no Ladies here, I wish CRITO would give us, who were of his Audience, Leave to beg he would be so good as print it, for the Benefit of the Fair Sex in general; for, I dare say, it would be of good Use to some of them. I know not whether it would be of any Use to them, replied CRITO; but if you really thought so, and could recollect enough of it to write it down, it is entirely at your Service; and you have my full Leave to send it to the Press, as soon as you please.

I must have said that you I believe, added CRITO, rising; and should be glad if you would take a little Walk, to refresh us all after this long Dispute. It has been far from seeming long to us (replied MARSUS, as they were all going together out of the Tent.) 'Tis a Subject that has been over us so long, and your manner of treating it has, in general, been very pleasing; only I must say, that your Conclusion, it began to grow a little too like a Sermon. I wish, says TIMANTHES, that your Ladies of your Acquaintance had been present at the whole Discourse, and particularly at this Part; for I don't know whether it might not have done

A PARTICULAR
A C C O U N T
OF THE
EMPEROR of CHINA'S
GARDENS, near PEKIN:

IN A

LETTER from F. ATTIRET, a French Missionary, now employed by that Emperor to paint the Apartments in those Gardens, to his Friend at *Paris*.

Translated from the French ;
By Sir HARRY BEAUMONT.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is now above Half a Century, since the *French* have been publishing a Collection of the Letters of their Missionaries; from all the most distant Parts of the World. This Collection is already grown very voluminous. The famous *Pere du Halde* was the Person who had the chief Hand in making and publishing it. There were but Eight Volumes that had appeared before he undertook the Care of it, which was in the Year 1711; and he carried it on, in Eighteen more, to the Year 1743; when the Death of that Father, and some other Incidents, occasioned an Interruption of the Work, for about Six Years. It was resumed in 1749, by *F. Patouillet*; who then published the 27th Volume. The following is a Translation of the First Letter in that Volume; and is, perhaps, as curious as any one in the whole Collection.

A L E T-

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
PUBLIC

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mentier, who then published the 25th Volume.
The following is a Description of the Fifth Letter in
the Volume, and is, perhaps, as curious as any one
in the whole Collection.

A L E T

A
L E T T E R
FROM A
FRENCH MISSIONARY
IN
C H I N A.

PEKIN, *Nov. 1, 1743.*

S I R,

IT was with the greatest Pleasure that I received your Two last Letters; one of the 13th of *October*, and the other of the 2d of *November*, 1742. I communicated the very interesting Account of the Affairs of *Europe*, which you gave me in them, to the rest of our Missionaries; who join with me in our sincere Thanks. I thank you too, in particular, for the Box full of Works in Straw, and Flowers, which came very safe to me: but I beg of you not to put yourself to any such Expence for the future; for the *Chinese* very much exceed the *Europeans*, in
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those kinds of Works; and particularly in their [a] artificial Flowers [b]. We came hither by the Command, or rather by the Permission of the Emperor. An Officer was assigned to conduct us; and they made us believe, that he would defray our Expences: But the latter was only in Words; for, in Effect, the Expence was almost wholly out of our own Pockets. Half of the Way we came by Water; and both eat and lodged in our Boats: And what seemed odd enough to us was, that by the Rules of Good-breeding received among them, we were not allowed ever to go ashore, or even to look out of the Windows of our covered boats to observe the Face of the Country, as we passed along.

We made the latter Part of our Journey in a Sort of Cage, which they were pleased to call a Litter. In this too we were shut up all Day long; and at Night carried into our Inns; (and very wretched Inns they are!) and thus we got to *Pekin*, with our Curiosity quite unsatisfied, and with seeing but very little more of the Country, than if we had been shut up all the while in our own Chambers.

[a] These are chiefly made of Feathers; coloured and formed so exactly like real Flowers, that one is often apt to forget one's self, and smell to them. The famous Signora *Vannimano*, at *Rome*, (so many of whose Works in this kind are continually brought Home by our Gentlemen who travel to that City,) at first learned her Art from some which were sent from *China*, by the Jesuits, as a present to the then Pope.

[b] Here is a Page or two omitted, as relating only to their private Affairs,

Indeed

Indeed they say, that the Country we passed is but a bad Country; and that, though the Journey is near 2000 Miles, there is but little to be met with on the Way that might deserve much Attention: Not even any Monuments, or Buildings, except some Temples for their Idols; and those built of Wood, and but one Story high: The chief Value and Beauty of which seemed to consist in some bad Paintings, and very indifferent Varnish-works. Indeed any one that is just come from seeing the Buildings of *France* and *Italy*, is apt to have but little Taste, or Attention, for whatever he may meet with in the other Parts of the World.

However, I must except, out of this Rule, the Palace of the Emperor of *Pekin*, and his Pleasure-Houses; for in them every thing is truly great and beautiful, both as to the Design and the Execution; and they struck me the more, because I had never seen any thing that bore any manner of Resemblance to them in any Part of the World that I had been in before.

I should be very glad, if I could make such a Description of these, as would give you any just Idea of them; but that is almost impossible; because there is nothing in the whole, which has any Likeness to our manner of Building, or our Rules of Architecture. The only way to conceive what they are, is to see them; and if I can get any Time, I am resolved to draw some Parts of them as exactly as I can, and send them into *Europe*.

The Palace is, at least, as big as [c] *Dijon*; which City I choose to name to you, because you are so well acquainted with it. This Palace consists of a great Number of different Pieces of Building; detached from one another, but disposed with a great deal of Symmetry and Beauty. They are separated from one another by vast Courts, Plantations of Trees, and Flower-Gardens. The principal Front of all these Buildings shines with Gilding, Varnish-work, and Paintings; and the Inside is furnished and adorned with all the most beautiful and valuable Things that could be got in *China*, the *Indies*, and even from *Europe*.

As for the Pleasure-houses, they are really charming. They stand in a vast Compass of Ground. They have raised Hills from Twenty to Sixty Foot high; which form a great Number of little Valleys between them. The Bottoms of these Valleys are watered with clear Streams; which run on till they join together, and form larger Pieces of Water and Lakes: They pass these Streams, Lakes, and Rivers, in beautiful and magnificent Boats: I have seen one, in particular, Seventy-eight Feet long, and Twenty-four Feet broad, with a very handsome House raised upon it. In each of these Valleys, there are Houses about the Banks of the Water, very well disposed; with their different Courts, open and close

[c] A handsome City in *France*; and the Capital one in the Province of *Burgundy*; between Three and Four Miles round.

Porticos,

Porticos, Parterres, Gardens, and Cascades; which, when viewed all together, have an admirable Effect upon the Eye.

They go from one of the Valleys to another, not by formal strait Walks as in *Europe*; but by various Turnings and Windings, adorned on the Sides with little Pavillions and charming Grottos; and each of these Valleys is diversified from all the rest, both by their manner of laying out the Ground, and in the Structure and Disposition of its Buildings.

All the Risings and Hills are sprinkled with Trees; and particularly with Flowering Trees, which are here very common. The Sides of the Canals, or lesser Streams, are not faced (as they are with us) with smooth Stone, and in a strait Line; but look rude and rustic, with different Pieces of Rock, some of which jut out, and others recede inwards; and are placed with so much Art, that you would take it to be the Work of Nature. In some Parts the Water is wide, in others narrow; here it serpentises, and there spreads away, as if it was really pushed off by the Hills and Rocks. The Banks are sprinkled with Flowers, which rise up even through the Hollows in the Rock work, as if they had been produced there naturally. They have a great Variety of them, for every Season of the Year.

Beyond these Streams there are always Walks, or rather Paths, paved with small Stones; which lead from one Valley to another. These Paths too are

irregular ; and sometimes wind along the Banks of the Water, and at others run out wide from them.

On your Entrance into each Valley, you see its Buildings before you. All the Front is a Colonnade, with Windows between the Pillars. The Wood-work is gilded, painted, and varnished. The Roofs too are covered with varnished Tiles of different Colours ; red, yellow, blue, green, and purple ; which, by their proper Mixtures, and their Manner of placing them, form an agreeable Variety of Compartments and Designs. Almost all these Buildings are only one Story high ; and their Floors are raised from Two to Eight Feet above the Ground. You go up to them not by regular Stone Steps, but by a rough Sort of Rock-work, formed as if there had been so many Steps produced there by Nature. The Inside of the Apartments answers perfectly to their Magnificence without. Beside their being very well disposed, the Furniture and Ornaments are very rich, and of an exquisite Taste. In the Courts and Passages, you see Vases of Brass, Porcelain, and Marble filled with Flowers ; and before some of these Houses, instead of naked Statues, they have several of their hieroglyphical Figures of Animals, and Urns with Perfumes burning in them, placed upon Pedestals of Marble.

Every Valley, as I told you before, has its Pleasure-house ; small indeed in Respect to the whole Inclosure ; but yet large enough to be capable of receiving the greatest Nobleman in *Europe*, with all his Retinue.

Retinue. Several of these Houses are built of Cedar, which they bring, with great Expence, at the Distance of 1500 Miles from this Place. And now how many of these Palaces do you think there are, in all the Valleys of the Inclosure? There are above 200 of them, without reckoning as many other Houses for the Eunuchs; for they are the Persons who have the Care of each Palace, and their Houses are always just by them; generally at no more than Five or Six Feet Distance. These Houses of the Eunuchs are very plain; and for that Reason are always concealed, either by some Projection of the Walls, or by the Interposition of their artificial Hills.

Over the running Streams there are Bridges, at proper Distances, to make the more easy Communication from one Place to another. These are most commonly either of Brick, or Free-stone, and sometimes of Wood, but are all raised high enough for the Boats to pass conveniently under them. They are fenced with Ballisters finely wrought, and adorned with Works in Relievo; but all of them varied from one another, both in their Ornaments and Designs. Do not imagine to yourself, that these Bridges run on, like ours, in strait Lines: On the contrary, they generally wind about and serpentine to such a Degree, that some of them, which, if they went on regularly, would be no more than Thirty or Forty Feet long, turn so often and so much as to make their whole Length 100 or 200 Feet. You see some of them which, either at the Midst, or at the Ends, have little Pavillions for People to rest themselves in;

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supported

supported sometimes by Four, sometimes by Eight, and sometimes by Sixteen Columns. They are usually on such of the Bridges as afford the most engaging Prospects. At the Ends of other of the Bridges there are triumphal Arches, either of Wood, or white Marble; formed in a very pretty Manner, but very different from any thing that I have ever seen in *Europe*.

I have already told you that these little Streams, or Rivers, are carried on to supply several larger Pieces of Water, and Lakes. One of these Lakes is very near Five Miles round; and they call it a Meer, or Sea. This is one of the most beautiful Parts in the whole Pleasure Ground.

On the Banks are several Pieces of Buildings, separated from each other by the Rivulets, and artificial Hills above mentioned.

But what is the most charming Thing of all is, an Island, or Rock, in the Middle of this Sea; raised, in a natural and rustic Manner about Six Feet above the Surface of the Water. On this Rock there is a little Palace, which, however, contains an Hundred different Apartments. It has Four Fronts, and is built with inexpressible Beauty and Taste; the Sight of it strikes one with Admiration. From it you have a View of all the Palaces, scattered at proper Distances round the Shores of this Sea; all the Hills that terminate about it; all the Rivulets, which tend thither, either to discharge their Waters into it, or to

to receive them from it; all the Bridges, either at the Mouths or Ends of these Rivulets; all the Pavilions and triumphal Arches that adorn any of these Bridges; and all the Groves that are planted to separate and screen the different Palaces, and to prevent the Inhabitants of them from being overlooked by one another. The Banks of this charming Water are infinitely varied; there are no two Parts of it alike. Here you see Keys of smooth Stone; with Porticos, Walks, and Paths, running down to them from the Palaces that surround the Lake: There, others of Rock-work, that fall into Steps, contrived with the greatest Art that can be conceived: Here natural Terraces with winding Steps at each End, to go up to the Palaces that are built upon them; and above these, other Terraces, and other Palaces, that rise higher and higher, and form a sort of Amphitheatre. There again a Grove of flowering Trees presents itself to your Eye; and a little farther you see a Spread of wild Forest-trees, and such as grow only on the most barren Mountains: Then, perhaps, vast Timber-trees with their Under-wood; then Trees from all foreign Countries; and then, some all blooming with Flowers, and others all laden with Fruits of different Kinds.

There are also, on the Banks of this Lake, a great Number of Net-work-houses, and Pavilions; Half on the Land, and Half running into the Lake, for all Sorts of Water-fowl; as farther on upon the Shore, you meet frequently with Menageries for different Sorts of Creatures; and even little Parks for the Chace.

Chace. But of all this Sort of Things, the *Chinese* are most fond of a kind of Fish, the greater Part of which are of a Colour as brilliant as Gold ; others, of a Silver Colour ; and others of different Shades of red, green, blue, purple, and black ; and some, of all Sorts of Colours mixt together. There are several Reservoirs for these Fish, in all Parts of the Garden ; but the most considerable of them all is at this Lake. It takes up a very large Space ; and is all surrounded with a Lattice-work of Brass-wire, in which the Openings are so very fine and small, as to prevent the Fish from wandering into the main Waters.

To let you see the Beauty of this charming Spot in its greatest Perfection, I should wish to have you transported hither when the Lake is all covered with Boats, either gilt, or varnished ; as it is sometimes, for taking the Air ; sometimes, for fishing ; and sometimes, for [*d*] Jufts, and Combats, and other Diversions, upon the Water ; but above all, on some fine Night, when the Fire-works are played off there ; at which Time they have Illuminations in all

[*d*] I have seen of this Sort of Jufts upon the Water, in our Parts of the World ; and particularly at *Lions* in *France*. The Champions stand as firmly as they are able, on the Prows of two Boats, with a Shield in their left Hands, and a blunted Spear in their right. There is an equal Number of Rowers in each of the Boats, who drive them on with great Impetuosity. The two Combatants charge each other with their Spears ; and often both, but almost always one of them is driven backward on the Shock ; either down into his Boat, or (which often happens) into the Water ; which latter makes one of the principal Parts in this odd Sort of Diversion.

the

the Palaces, all the Boats, and almost on every Tree: The *Chinefe* exceed us extremely in their Fire-works; and I have never seen any thing of that Kind, either in *France*, or *Italy*, that can bear any Comparison with theirs.

The Part in which the Emperor usually resides here, with the Empress, his [*e*] favourite Mistresses, and the Eunuchs that attend them, is a vast Collection of Buildings, Courts, and Gardens; and looks itself like a City. 'Tis at least as big as our City of [*f*] *Dole*. The greater Part of the other Palaces is only used for his walking; or to dine and sup in upon Occasion.

This Palace for the usual Residence of the Emperor, is just within the grand Gate of the Pleasure Ground. First are the Antichambers; then the Halls for Audience; and then the Courts and Gardens belonging to them. The Whole forms an Island; which is entirely surrounded by a large and deep Canal. 'Tis a sort of Seraglio; in the different Apartments of which, you see all the most beautiful Things that can be imagined, as to Furniture, Ornaments, and Paintings, (I mean of those in the *Chinefe* Taste;) the most valuable Sorts of Wood;

[*e*] The Original says; "les Koucifeys, les Feys, les Pines, les " Kouci-gins, et les Ichangtsays:" and informs us in a Note, that these are so many different Titles of Honour, for the different Classes of such of the Emperor's Mistresses as are most in his Favour. I did not think it worth while to set down all these hard Names in the Text; and, perhaps, they might as well have been omitted even here.

[*f*] The second City for Size in the *Franche Comté*.

varnished

varnished Works, of China and Japan ; antient Vases of Porcelain ; Silks, and Cloth of Gold and Silver. They have there brought together all that Art and good Taste could add to the Riches of Nature.

From this Palace of the Emperor, a Road which is almost strait, leads you to a little Town in the Midst of the whole Inclosure. 'Tis square ; and each Side is near a Mile long. It has Four Gates, answering the Four principal Points of the Compass ; with Towers, Walls, Parapets, and Battlements. It has its Streets, Squares, Temples, Exchanges, Markets, Shops, Tribunals, Palaces, and a Port for Vessels. In one Word, every thing that is at *Pekin* in Large, is there represented in Miniature.

You will certainly ask for what Use this City was intended ? Is it that the Emperor may retreat to it as a Place of Safety, on any Revolt, or Revolution ? It might indeed serve well enough for that Purpose ; and possibly that Thought had a Share in the Mind of the Person who at first designed it ; but its principal End was, to procure the Emperor the Pleasure of seeing all the Bustle and Hurry of a great City in little, whenever he might have a Mind for that Sort of Diversion.

The Emperor of *China* is too much a Slave to his Grandeur ever to shew himself to his People, even when he goes out of his Palace. He too sees nothing of the Town, which he passes through. All the Doors and Windows are shut up. They spread
wide

wide Pieces of Cloth every where, that nobody may see him. Several Hours before he is to pass through any Street, the People are forewarned of it; and if any should be found there whilst he passes, they would be handled very severely by his Guards. Whenever he goes into the Country, two Bodies of Horse advance a good way before him, on each Side of the Road; both for his Security, and to keep the Way clear from all other Passengers. As the Emperors of *China* find themselves obliged to live in this strange sort of Solitude, they have always endeavoured to supply the Loss of all public Diversions, (which their high Station will not suffer them to partake,) by some other Means or Inventions, according to their different Tastes and Fancies.

This Town, therefore, in these two last Reigns, (for it was this Emperor's Father who ordered it to be built) has been appropriated for the Eunuchs to act in it, at several Times in the Year, all the Commerce, Marketings, Arts, Trades, Bustle, and Hurry, and even all the Rogueries usual in great Cities. At the appointed Times, each Eunuch puts on the Dress of the Profession or Part which is assigned to him. One is a Shop-keeper, and another an Artisan; this is an Officer, and that a common Soldier: One has a Wheel-barrow given him to drive about the Streets; another, as a Porter, carries a Basket on his Shoulders. In a Word, every one has the distinguishing Mark of his Employment. The Vessels arrive at the Port; the Shops are opened; and the Goods are exposed for Sale. There is
one

one Quarter for those who sell Silks, and another for those who sell Cloth; one Street for Porcelain, and another for Varnish-works. You may be supplied with whatever you want. This Man sells Furniture of all Sorts; that, Cloaths and Ornaments for the Ladies; a third has all Kinds of Books for the learned and curious. There are Coffee-houses too, and Taverns of all Sorts, good and bad; beside a Number of People that cry different Fruits about the Streets, and a great Variety of refreshing Liquors. The Mercers, as you pass their Shops, catch you by the Sleeve, and press you to buy some of their Goods. 'Tis all a Place of Liberty and Licence; and you can scarce distinguish the Emperor himself from the meanest of his Subjects. Every body bauls out what he has to sell; some quarrel, others fight; and you have all the Confusion of a Fair about you. The public Officers come and arrest the Quarrellers; carry them before the Judges, in the Courts for Justice; the Cause is tried in form; the Offender condemned to be bastinadoed; and the Sentence is put in Execution; and that so effectually, that the Diversion of the Emperor sometimes costs the poor Actor a great deal of real Pain.

The Mystery of Thieving is not forgot, in this general Representation. That noble Employ is assigned to a considerable Number of the cleverest Eunuchs, who perform their Parts admirably well. If any one of them is caught in the Fact, he is brought to Shame, and condemned (at least they go through the Form of condemning him) to be stigmatized, bastinadoed,

tinadoed, or banished ; according to the Heinousness of the Crime, and the Nature of the Theft. If they steal cleverly they have the Laugh on their Side ; they are applauded, and the Sufferer is without Redress. However, at the End of the Fair, every thing of this Kind is restored to the proper Owner.

This Fair (as I told you before) is kept only for the Entertainment of the Emperor, the Empress, and his Mistresses. 'Tis very unusual for any of the Princes, or Grandees, to be admitted to see it ; and when any have that Favour, it is not till after the Women are all retired to their several Apartments. The Goods which are exposed and sold here, belong chiefly to the Merchants of *Pekin* ; who put them into the Hands of the Eunuchs, to be sold in reality ; so that the Bargains here are far from being all pretended ones. In particular, the Emperor himself always buys a great many Things ; and you may be sure they ask him enough for them. Several of the Ladies too make their Bargains ; and so do some of the Eunuchs. All this trafficking, if there was nothing of real mixt with it, would want a great deal of that Earnestness and Life, which now make the Bustle the more active, and the Diversion it gives the greater.

To this Scene of Commerce, sometimes succeeds a very different one ; that of Agriculture. There is a Quarter within the same Inclosure, which is set apart for this Purpose. There you see Fields, Meadows, Farm-houses, and little scattered Cottages ;
with

with Oxen, Ploughs, and all the Necessaries for Husbandry. There they sow Wheat, Rice, Pulse, and all other Sorts of Grain. They make their Harvest, and carry in the Produce of their Grounds. In a Word, they here imitate every thing that is done in the Country ; and in every thing express a rural Simplicity, and all the plain Manners of a Country Life, as nearly as they possibly can.

Doubtless you have read of the famous Feast in *China*, called the Feast of the Lanthorns. It is always celebrated on the 15th Day of the first Month. There is no *Chinese* so poor, but that upon this Day he lights up his Lanthorn. They have of them of all Sorts, Figures, Sizes, and Prices. On that Day all *China* is illuminated ; but the finest Illuminations of all are in the Emperor's Palaces ; and particularly in these Pleasure-grounds, which I have been describing to you. There is not a Chamber, Hall, or Portico, in them, which has not several of these Lanthorns hanging from the Ceilings. There are several upon all the Rivulets, Rivers, and Lakes ; made in the Shape of little Boats, which the Waters carry backward and forward. There are some upon all the Hills and Bridges, and almost upon all the Trees. These are wrought mighty prettily, in the Shapes of different Fishes, Birds, and Beasts ; Vases, Fruits, Flowers ; and Boats of different Sorts and Sizes. Some are made of Silk ; some of Horn, Glass, Mother of Pearl, and a Thousand other Materials. Some of them are painted ; others embroidered ; and of very different Prices. I have seen some of them
which

which could never have been made for a Thousand Crowns. It would be an endless Thing to endeavour to give you a particular Account of all their Forms, Materials, and Ornaments. It is in these, and in the great Variety which the *Chinese* shew in their Buildings, that I admire the Fruitfulness of their Invention; and am almost tempted to own, that we are quite poor and barren in Comparison of them.

Their Eyes are so accustomed to their own Architecture, that they have very little Taste for ours. May I tell you what they say when they speak of it, or when they are looking over the Prints of some of our most celebrated Buildings? The Height and Thickness of our Palaces amazes them. They look upon our Streets as so many Ways hollowed into terrible Mountains; and upon our Houses, as Rocks pointing up in the Air, and full of Holes like Dens of Bears and other wild Beasts. Above all, our different Stories, piled up so high one above another, seem quite intolerable to them; and they cannot conceive how we can bear to run the Risk of breaking our Necks, so commonly, in going up such a Number of Steps as is necessary to climb up to the Fourth and Fifth Floors. “Undoubtedly, (said the “Emperor *Cang-hy*, whilst he was looking over some “Plans of our European Houses,) this *Europe* must “be a very small and pitiful Country; since the In- “habitants cannot find Ground enough to spread out “their Towns, but are obliged to live up thus in the “Air.” As for us, we think otherwise; and have Reason to do so.

However, I must own to you, without pretending to decide which of the two ought to have the Preference, that the Manner of Building in this Country pleases me very much. Since my Residence in *China*, my Eyes and Taste are grown a little *Chinesse*. And, between Friends, is not the Duchess of *Bourbon's* House opposite to the Tuilleries, extremely pretty? Yet that is only one Story, and a good deal in the *Chinesse* Manner. Every Country has its Taste and Customs. The Beauty of our Architecture cannot be disputed; nothing is more grand and majestic. I own too that our Houses are well disposed. We follow the Rules of Uniformity, and Symmetry, in all the Parts of them. There is nothing in them unmatched, or displaced; every Part answers its opposite; and there's an exact Agreement in the whole. But then there is this Symmetry, this beautiful Order and Disposition too in *China*; and particularly in the Emperor's Palace at *Pekin*, that I was speaking of in the Beginning of this Letter. The Palaces of the Princes and great Men, the Courts of Justice, and the Houses of the better Sort of People, are generally in the same Taste.

But in their Pleasure-houses, they rather choose [g] a beautiful Disorder, and a wandering as far as possible from all the Rules of Art. They go entirely

[g] The Author of this Letter seems here to have formed his Opinion only from the Garden in which he was employed; for this is not universally the case in the Pleasure-houses of the Emperor of *China*. I have lately seen some Prints of another of his Gardens, (brought from

on this Principle, “ That what they are to represent
 “ there, is a natural and wild View of the Country ;
 “ a rural Retirement, and not a Palace formed ac-
 “ cording to all the Rules of Art.” Agreeably to
 which, I have not yet observed any Two of the little
 Palaces in all the grand Inclosure which are alike,
 though some of them are placed at such considerable
 Distances from one another. You would think that
 they were formed upon the Ideas of so many differ-
 ent foreign Countries ; or that they were all built at
 random, and made up of Parts not meant for one
 another. When you read this, you will be apt to
 imagine such Works very ridiculous ; and that they
 must have a very bad Effect on the Eye ; but was
 you to see them, you would find it quite otherwise ;
 and would admire the Art with which all this Irregu-
 larity is conducted. All is in good Taste ; and so
 managed, that its Beauties appear gradually one after
 another. To enjoy them as one ought, you should
 view every Piece by itself ; and you would find enough
 to amuse you for a long while, and to satisfy all your
 Curiosity.

Beside the Palaces themselves (though I have called
 them little, in comparison of the whole) are very
 far from being inconsiderable Things. I saw them
 building one in the same Inclosure, last Year, for

that Kingdom, and which will very soon be published here,) in which
 the Disposition of the Ground, Water, and Plantations, is indeed quite
 irregular ; but the Houses, Bridges, and Fences, are all of a regular
 Kind. Those Prints will give the truest Idea we can have of the *Chi-
 nese* Manner of laying out Pleasure-grounds.

one of the Princes of the Blood ; which cost him near [b] Two Hundred Thousand Pounds ; without reckoning any thing for the Furniture and Ornaments of the Inside ; for they were a Present to him from the Emperor.

I must add one Word more, in relation to the Variety which reigns in these Pleasure-houses. It is not only to be found in their Situations, Views, Dispositions, Sizes, Heights, and all the other general Points ; but also in their lesser Parts, that go to the composing of them. Thus, for instance, there is no People in the World who can shew such a Variety of Shapes and Forms, in their Doors and Windows, as the *Chinese*. They have some round, oval, square, and all Sorts of angled Figures ; some, in the Shape of Fans ; others in those of Flowers, Vases, Birds, Beasts, and Fishes ; in short, of all Forms whether regular or irregular.

It is only here too, I believe, that one can see such Porticos, as I am going to describe to you. They serve to join such Parts of the Buildings in the same Palace, as lie pretty wide from one another. These are sometimes raised on Columns only, on the Side toward the House ; and have Openings, of different Shapes, through the Walls on the other Side ; and sometimes have only Columns on both

[b] The Original says, *Soixante Ouanes* ; and adds in a Note, that one Ouane is worth Ten Thousand *Jaëls* ; and each *Jaël* is worth Seven Livres and a Half ; so that Sixty Ouanes make Four Millions and a Half of Livres ; which is equal to 196,875 Pounds Sterling.

Sides ; as in all such as lead from any of the Palaces, to their open Pavilions for taking the fresh Air. But what is so singular in these Porticos, or Colonnades, is, that they seldom run on in strait Lines ; but make an Hundred Turns and Windings : Sometimes by the Side of a Grove, at others, behind a Rock, and at others again along the Banks of their Rivers or Lakes. Nothing can be conceived more delightful ; they have such a rural Air as is quite ravishing and enchanting.

You will certainly conclude from all I have told you, that this Pleasure-place must have cost immense Sums of Money ; and indeed there is no Prince, but such a one as is Master of so vast a State as the Emperor of *China* is, who could either afford so prodigious an Expence, or accomplish such a Number of great Works in so little Time ; for all this was done in the Compass of Twenty Years. It was the Father of the present Emperor who began it ; and his Son now only adds Conveniences and Ornaments to it, here and there.

But there is nothing so surprising or incredible, in this ; for besides that the Buildings are most commonly but of one Story, they employ such prodigious Numbers of Workmen, that every thing is carried on very fast. Above Half the Difficulty is over, when they have got their Materials upon the Spot. They fall immediately to disposing them in Order ; and, in a few Months the Work is finished. They look almost like those fabulous Palaces, which are

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said

said to be raised by Incantment, all at once, in some beautiful Valley, or on the Brow of some Hill.

This whole Inclosure is called *Yuen-ming Yuen*, the Garden of Gardens; or the Garden by way of Eminence. It is not the only one that belongs to the Emperor; he has Three others, of the same Kind; but none of them so large, or so beautiful, as this. In one of these lives the Empress his Mother, and all her Court. It was built by the present Emperor's Grandfather [i] *Cang-hy*; and is called *Ichang tchun yuen*, or the Garden of perpetual Spring. The Pleasure-places of the Princes and Grandees are, in Little, what those of the Emperor are in Great.

Perhaps you will ask me, "Why all this long Description? Should not I rather have drawn Plans of this magnificent Place, and sent them to you?" To have done that, would have taken me up at least Three Years, without touching upon any thing else; whereas I have not a Moment to spare; and am forced to borrow the Time in which I now write to you, from my Hours of Rest. To which you may add, that for such a Work, it would be necessary for me to have full Liberty of going into any Part of the Gardens whenever I pleased, and to stay there as long as I pleased; which is quite impracticable here. 'Tis very fortunate for me, that I had got the little Knowledge of Painting that I have; for, without this, I should have been in the same Case with several other

[i] *Cang-hy* began his Reign in 1660; his Son *Yongtching* succeeded him in 1722; and his Grandson *Kien-long* in 1735.

Europeans, who have been here between Twenty and Thirty Years, without being able ever to set their Feet on any Spot of this delightful Ground. There is but one Man here, and that's the Emperor. All Pleasures are made for him alone. This charming Place is scarce ever seen by any body but himself, his Women, and his Eunuchs. The Princes, and other chief Men of the Country, are rarely admitted any further than the Audience-Chambers. Of all the *Europeans* that are here, none ever entered this Inclosure, except the Clock-makers and Painters, whose Employments make it necessary that they should be admitted every where. The Place usually assigned us to paint in, is in one of those little Palaces above-mentioned; where the Emperor comes to see us work almost every Day; so that we can never be absent. We don't go out of the Bounds of this Palace, unless what we are to paint cannot be brought to us; and in such Cases they conduct us to the Place under a large Guard of Eunuchs. We are obliged to go quick, and without any Noise; and huddle and steal along softly, as if we were going upon some Piece of Mischief. 'Tis in this Manner that I have gone through, and seen, all this beautiful Garden; and entered into the Apartments. The Emperor usually resides here Ten Months in each Year. We are about Ten Miles from *Pekin*. All the Day we are in the Garden; and have a Table furnished for us by the Emperor: For the Nights, we have bought us a House near the Entrance to the Gardens. When the Emperor returns to *Pekin*, we attend him; are lodged

there within his Palace; and go every Evening to the *French Church* [k].

I think it is high Time both for you and me, that I should put an End to this Letter; which has carried me on to a greater Length than I at first intended. I wish it may give you any Pleasure; and should be very glad if it was in my Power to do any thing more considerable, to shew you the perfect Esteem I have for you. I shall always remember you in my Prayers; and beg you would sometimes remember me in yours. I am, with the greatest Regard,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A T T I R E T.

[k] Here follow Fourteen or Fifteen Pages in the Original, which treat only of the Author's private Affairs, or of the Affairs of the Mission, without any thing relating to the Emperor's Garden; and are therefore omitted by the Translator.

DEFOR-

DEFORMITY:

A N

ESSAY.

By WILLIAM HAY, Esq.

— *Te consule; dic tibi quis sis:* ^C

— *E cælo descendit* γνωθι σεαυτον.

Juv. Sat. xi.

T
rei
his
the
jud
de

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO promote the Sale of this Piece, Mr. DODSLEY was for dedicating it to some reigning Toast; but it was thought more for his Interest to send it into the World, with the Motto inscribed on the Golden Apple adjudged to *Venus*; for then a Thousand Goddesses might seize it as their own.

DEDI-

DEDICATION.

DETVR PVLCHRORI.

TO THE

GREATEST BEAUTY.

DEFORMITY;

A N

ESSAY.

IT is offensive for a Man to speak much of himself; and few can do it with so good a Grace as *Montaigne*. I wish I could; or that I could be half so [a] entertaining or instructive. My Subject, however, will be my Apology; and I am sure it will draw no Envy upon me. Bodily Deformity is visible to every Eye; but the Effects of it are known to very few; intimately known to none, but those who feel them; and they generally are not inclined to reveal them. As therefore I am furnished with the necessary Materials, I will treat this uncommon Subject at large; and to view it in a philosophical Light is a Speculation which may be useful to Persons so oddly (I will not say unhappily) distinguished; and perhaps not unentertaining to others.

[a] The Marquis of *Halifax*, in a Letter to *Charles Cotton*, Esq. who translated *Montaigne's* Essays, says, it is the Book in the World, with which he is best entertained; and that *Montaigne* did not write for Praise, but to give the World a true Picture of himself and of Mankind.

I do

I do not pretend to be so ingenious as *Montaigne*; but it is in my Power to be as ingenuous. I may, with the same [b] *Naïveté*, remove the Veil from my mental as well as personal Imperfections; and expose them naked to the World. And when I have thus anatomized myself, I hope my Heart will be found sound and untainted, and my Intentions honest and sincere.

[c] *Longinus* says, that *Cecilius* wrote of the Sublime in a low Way: on the contrary, Mr. [d] *Pope* calls *Longinus* "the great Sublime he draws." Let it be my Ambition to imitate *Longinus* in Style and Sentiment; and like *Cecilius*, to make these appear a Contrast to my Subject; to write of Deformity with Beauty; and by a finished Piece to atone for an ill-turned Person.

If any Reader imagines, that [e] a Print of me in the Frontispiece of this Work would give him a clearer Idea of the Subject; I have no Objection, provided he will be at the Expence of engraving. But, for want of it, let him know, that I am scarce five Feet high; that my Back was bent in my Mother's Womb; and that in Person I resemble *Æsop*, the Prince of

[b] *Vertu Naïve*, an Expression of *Montaigne*; and which *Fontenelle* puts into his Mouth in his Dialogue with *Socrates*.

[c] In the Beginning of his Treatise on the Sublime.

[d] In his Essay on Criticism.

[e] It was a disobliging Stroke to a Lady; but it was said of *Made-moiselle de Gournai*, that, to vindicate her Honour from Reflexion, she need only prefix her Picture to her Book. *General Dictionary*, under the Word (*Gournai*.)

Orange, Marshal *Luxemburg*, Lord Treasurer *Salisbury*, *Scarron*, and Mr. *Pope*; not to mention *Theristes* and *Richard* the Third; whom I do not claim as Members of our Society: [*f*] the first being a Child of the Poet's Fancy; the last misrepresented by Historians, who thought they must draw the Devil in a bad Shape. But I will not (on this Occasion) accept of *Richard's* Statue from the Hand of any Historian, or even of *Shakespear* himself; but only from that of his [*g*] own Biographer, who tells us (and he ought to know) that *Richard* was a handsome Man.

As I have the greatest Reason to thank God, that I was born in this Island, and enjoy the Blessings of his Majesty's Reign; let me not be unthankful, that I was not born in *Sparta*! where I had no sooner seen the Light, but I should have been deprived of it; and have been thrown as a useless Thing [*h*], into a Cavern by Mount *Taygetus*! Inhuman *Lycurgus*! thus to destroy your own Species! Surrounded by the Innocents, whom you have murdered, may I not haunt you among the Shades below for this Barbarity? That it was ill Policy, the glorious List of Names, which I have produced, is a Proof; your own *Age*-

[*f*] *Tam mala Thersten prohibebat forma latere,
Quam pulchrâ Nireus conspiciendus erat.*

Ov. Ep. ex Ponto xiii. ver. 4.

[*g*] *George Buck*, Esq. who, in his History of *Richard* the Third, endeavours to represent him as a Prince of much better Shape (both of Body and Mind) than he had been generally esteemed. And Bishop *Nicolson* calls *Buck* a more candid Composer of Annals than Sir *Thomas More*. See his *Historical Library*.

[*h*] See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Lycurgus*.

filaus

Silaus confutes your Maxim ; and I hope to confute it too by my own Behaviour. Is the Carcase the better Part of the Man ? And is it to be valued by Weight, like that of Cattle in a Market ?

Instead of this *Lacedemonian* Severity, those, who had the Care of my Infancy, fell into another Extreme ; and, out of Tenderneſs, tried every Art to correct the Errors of Nature ; but in vain : for (as, I think it is, *Mr. Dryden* ſays)

God did not make his Works for Man to mend.

When they could not do that, they endeavoured to conceal them ; and taught me to be aſhamed of my Perſon, inſtead of arming me with true Fortitude to deſpiſe any Ridicule or Contempt of it. This has cauſed me much Uneaſineſs in my younger Days ; and it required many Years to conquer this Weakneſs. Of which I hope now there are but little Remains left. This ill Management gave me too an inſuperable Baſhfulneſs ; and although I have paſſed the Courſe of my whole Life among the better Part of Mankind, I have always felt a Reluctance to produce a bad Figure, which may be ſome Obſtruction to a Man's Advancement in the World ; but an Advantage in reſtraining his Fondneſs for it.

Unmerited Reflexions on a Man's Perſon are hard of Diſeſtion. Men of Underſtanding have felt them. Even *Mr. Pope* was not invulnerable in this Part. For when the Dunces were foiled by his Writings,

they printed a Caricatura of his Figure; and it is evident that this stung him more than a better Answer; for [i] he ranks it among the most atrocious Injuries. I never in my Life received the least Affront on this Head from any Gentleman I ever conversed with; or from any one who had the least Pretension to that Name: for I should be a Churl indeed, if I esteemed as such any little innocent Pleasantry of a Friend, which is rather an Instance of sincere Kindness and Affection; and I should be unfit to sit at Table with him, should I resent his Congratulations on my emerging from an Eclipse of a Surloin of Roast-beef, or of a Bowl of Punch, that stood between us. But the Scene changes extremely when I get into a Mob, where Insolence grows in Proportion, as the Man sinks in Condition; and where I can scarce pass without hearing some Affront. But I am now unmoved with that Scurrility, which used to affect me when I was young. Their Title of Lord I never much valued; and now I entirely despise, and yet they will force it upon me as an Honour, which they have a Right to bestow, and which I have none to refuse. This Abuse is grown into such a Habit with the Rabble, that an *Irish* Chairman often uses it, when he asks me to take a Chair; and sometimes a Beggar, when he demands an Alms.

This Difference of Behaviour towards me hath given me the strongest Idea of the Force of Educa-

[i] In his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot are these Lines:
The Morals blacken'd, when the Writings 'scape,
The libel'd Person, and the pictur'd Shape, &c.

tion; and taught me to set a right Value upon it. It is certainly the Stamp of a Man's Character : it distinguishes the base from the valuable Metal ; and is the Barrier between the Mob and the civilized Part of Mankind. This Usage hath also been a great Advantage to me ; for it hath made me (like [k] *Horace*) fly from the Vulgar to the Company and Conversation of my Superiors, where I am sure to be easy. I have ever enjoyed it ; and though I want polite Qualities to recommend me, I cannot say I was ever ill received by them. Moreover, these Abuses from my Inferiors often furnish me with generous Reflexions. I sometimes recollect the Expression of *Brutus* in *Shakespear*, " Your Words pass by me as the idle Wind which I regard not : " at other Times a Saying (I think) of *Socrates* ; " Shall I be angry if an Ass kick at me ? It is his Nature so to do." [l] But personal Reflexions of this kind are almost unknown among Persons of high Rank. It must therefore be only a *French Romance*, that gave rise to the Report, that our great and glorious Deliverer once called *Luxemburg* crooked-back Fellow ; who replied, that he *could* not know that he was so, for he had never seen his Back.

When, by some uncommon Accident, I have been drawn into a Country Fair, Cockpit, Bear-garden, or the like riotous Assemblies, after I have got from

[k] Odi prophanum vulgus, & arceo. Od. i. l. 3.

[l] I might add another Bon Mot of *Socrates* ; when asked, how he could bear the Noise and Ill-manners of *Xantippe*, he replied, They that live in a trading Street are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts. See the *Spectator*, No. 479. .

them,

them, I have felt the Pleasure of one escaped from the Danger of a Wreck; for all the Time I am present, I consider myself as liable to Affront, without a Power of shewing any Resentment; which would expose me to ten-fold Ridicule. Nor am I formed for a Masquerade; where such a Figure would soon be discovered; nor escape Abuse from the lower Class, whom the Mask introduces to their Betters; and where all indulge a greater Liberty of Behaviour.

I always had an Aversion in my Childhood to Dancing-masters; and studied all Evasions to avoid their Lessons, when they were forced upon me; for I was ever conscious to myself, what an untoward Subject they had to work on. I carried this a little too far; and have sometimes wished I had sacrificed a little more to the Graces. The Neglect of this has left behind it an Aukwardness in some Part of my outward Gesture and Behaviour; and I am sensible, that I might, by Care and Habit, have corrected some Things now grown inveterate; and that from a natural Dislike to Trifles, I neglected some Forms too much.

Bodily Deformity is very rare; and therefore a Person so distinguished must naturally think, that he has had ill Luck in a Lottery, where there are above a thousand Prizes to one Blank. Among 558 Gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one that is so. Thanks to my worthy Constituents, who never objected to my Person; and I hope never

to give them cause to object to my Behaviour. They are not like a venal Borough, of which there goes a Story ; that, though they never took Exceptions to any Man's Character, who came up to their Price ; yet they once rejected the best Bidder, because he was a Negroe.

I never was, nor ever will be, a Member of the [m] Ugly Club ; and I would advise those Gentlemen to meet no more : For though they may be a very ingenious and facetious Society ; yet it draws the Eyes of the World too much upon them, and theirs too much from the World. For who would choose to be always looking at bad Pictures, when there is so great a Collection to be met with of good ones, especially among the Fair Sex ; who, if they will not admit them to be Intimates, will permit them to be distant Admirers. When deformed Persons appear together, it doubles the Ridicule, because of the Similitude ; as it does, when they are seen with very large Persons, because of the Contrast. Let them therefore call *Minerva* to their Aid in both Cases.

There are many Great and Tall Men, with whom I shall always esteem it an Honour to converse ; and though their Eyes are placed in a much higher Parallel, they take care never to overlook me ; and are always concerned, if, by Chance, they happen to strike my Hat with their Elbow. When standing or walking, we indeed find some Difficulty in the

Conversation; for they are obliged to stoop down, as in search of a Pin, while I am looking up, as if taking the Height of a Star with a Quadrant. And I own I sometimes use a little Policy, that the Contrast may not be too remarkable.

General O. is Brother in Blood and in Worth to one of the greatest and best Men of the Age; and a brave Spirit is lodged in a large Person. The Man, who stood intrepid by his Majesty's Side in the glorious Day of *Dettingen*, and afterwards by that of his Royal Highness in the more unfortunate one of *Pontenay*, is now placed at the Head of a Troop of Horse Grenadiers, to guard that Prince, whom he hath so long and faithfully served. I have the Honour to be well known to him; and I once accidentally accompanied him to see the Horses of his Troop. I never was more humbled, than when I walked with him among his tall Men, made still taller by their Caps. I seemed to myself a Worm and no Man; and could not but inwardly grieve, that when I had the same Inclination to the Service of my Country and Prince, I wanted their Strength to perform it. — As a Member of the House of Commons, I sometimes use the Precaution to place myself at some Distance from the General, though I am commonly of the same Side of the House.

Lord D. is another brave Officer at the Head of one of his Majesty's Troops of Guards; one of the tallest of his Subjects; an ancient Peer; an able Senator; and (what is much to the Honour of any

Peer) a useful Magistrate in the Country. I am always proud of meeting his Lordship at the Quarter Sessions; but I always take Care to have the Chairman at least between us on the Bench, that it may not be too visible to the Country, what a prodigious Disparity there is in every Respect between us.

But I will now divide my Text, in order to discuss it more thoroughly; and will consider the natural Consequences of Bodily Deformity; first, how it affects the outward Circumstances; and lastly, what Turn it gives to the Mind.

It is certain, that the Human Frame, being warped and disproportioned, is lessened in Strength and Activity; and rendered less fit for its Functions. *Scarron* had invented an Engine to take off his Hat; and I wish I could invent one to buckle my Shoe, or to take up a Thing from the Ground, which I can scarce do without kneeling; for I can bend my Body no farther than it is bent by Nature. For this Reason, when Ladies drop a Fan or Glove, I am not the first to take it up; and often restrain my Inclination to perform those little Services, rather than expose my Spider-like Shape. And I hope it will not be construed as Pride, if I do not always rise from my Seat when I ought; for if it is low, I find some Trouble in it; and my Center of Gravity is so ill placed, that I am often like to fall back. Things, hanging within the Reach of others, are out of mine. And what they can execute with Ease, I want Strength to perform. I am in Danger of being
trampled

trampled upon, or stifled in a Crowd; where my Back is a convenient Lodgment for the Elbow of any tall Person that is near. I can see nothing; and my whole Employment is to guard my Person. I have forborn to attend his Majesty in the House of Peers, since I was like to be squeezed to death there against the Wall. I would willingly come thither when his Majesty commands, but he is too gracious to expect Impossibilities. Besides, when I get in, I can never have the Pleasure of seeing, on the Throne, one of the best Princes, who ever sat on it. These and many others are the Inconveniences continually attending a Figure like mine. They may appear grievous to Persons not used to them; but they grow easier by Habit; and though they may a little disturb, they are not sufficient to destroy the Happiness of Life; of which, at an Average, I have enjoyed as great a Share as most Men. And perhaps one Proof of it may be my writing this Essay; not intended as a Complaint against Providence for my Lot, but as an innocent Amusement to myself and others.

I cannot tell what Effect Deformity may have on the Health; but it is natural to imagine, that as the inward Parts of the Body must, in some measure, comply with the outward Mould; the Form of the latter being irregular, the first cannot be so well placed and disposed to perform their Functions; and that generally deformed Persons would not be healthy or long-lived. But this is a Question best determined by Facts; and in this Case the Instances are too few, or unobserved, to draw a general Conclu-

sion from them. And Health is, more than is commonly thought, in a Man's own Power; and the Reward of Temperance, more than the Effect of Constitution; which makes it still more difficult to pass a Judgment. *Esop* could not be young when he died; and might have lived longer, if he had not been murdered at *Delphi*. The Prince of *Orange* scarce passed the Meridian of Life; and the Duke of *Luxemburg* died about the Age of sixty-seven. The Lord Treasurer *Burleigh* (the Honour of whose Company I claim on the Authority of [n] *Osborn*) lived to seventy-eight; but his Son the Earl of *Salisbury*, who died about fifteen Years after him, could not reach near that Age. I have heard (but know not if it is true) that Mr. *Pope's* Father was deformed, and he lived to seventy-five; whereas the Son died in middle Age; if he may be said to die, whose Works are immortal. My Father was not deformed, but active, and my Mother a celebrated Beauty; and I that am so unlike them, have lived to a greater Age; and daily see my Acquaintance, of a stronger Frame, quitting the Stage before me.

But I leave it to better Naturalists to determine, whether Deformity, abstractedly considered, is prejudicial to Health; for in its Consequences, I believe, it is most commonly an Advantage. Deformed Persons have a less Share of Strength than others, and therefore should naturally be more careful to preserve it; and as Temperance is the great Preservative of Health, it may incline them to be more temperate.

[n] See Historical Memoirs of Q. *Elizabeth*, by Francis *Osborn*, Esq.

I have

I have Reason to think that my own weak Frame and Constitution have prolonged my Life to this present Date. But I should impose upon my Reader, and affront Heaven, if I ascribed that to Virtue, which took its Rise from Necessity. Being of a consumptive Disposition, I was alarmed, when young, with frequent spitting of Blood; this made me abstain from Wine, and all strong Liquors, which I have now done for near thirty Years. But

(Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Carybdim.)

By this I fell into another Misfortune; and the Stone was the Consequence of my drinking raw Water; but Care and Perseverance with Abstinence, have so far subdued that Distemper, that at present it is but little Interruption to my Ease or Happiness. And weak as I am, I daily see many dying before me, who were designed by Nature for a much longer Life. And I cannot but lament, that the Generality of Mankind so wantonly throw away Health (without which [o] Life is not Life) when it is so much in their own Power to preserve it. If every Virtue in its Consequence is its own Reward, Temperance is eminently so; and every one immediately feels its good Effect. And I am persuaded that many might arrive at *Cornaro's* Age, if they did but follow his Example. On thinking upon this Subject, I have adopted many Maxims, which to the World will seem Paradoxes; as certain true Geographical Theorems do to those, who are unacquainted with

[o] *Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.*—Mart. l. vi. Ep. 70.

the Globe. I hold as Articles of Faith (but which may be condemned as Heresies in many a General Council assembled about a large Table) that the smallest Liquors are best: That there never was a good Bowl of Punch; nor a good Bottle of Champagne, Burgundy, or Claret: That the best Dinner is one Dish: That an Entertainment grows worse in proportion as the Number of Dishes increase: That a Fast is better than a Lord Mayor's Feast: That no Connoisseur ever understood good Eating: That no Minister of State or Ambassador ever gave a good Entertainment: No King ever sat down to a good Table: And that the Peasant fares better than the Prince, &c. Being inspired with such Sentiments, what Wonder is it, if I sometimes break out into such Ejaculations. O Temperance! Thou Goddess most worthy to be adored! Thou Patroness of Health! Thou Protector of Beauty! Thou Prolonger of Life! Thou Insurer of Pleasure! Thou Promoter of Business! Thou Guardian of the Person! Thou Preserver of the Understanding! Thou Parent of every intellectual Improvement, and of every moral Virtue!

Another great Preservative of Health is, moderate Exercise; which few deformed Persons can want Strength to perform. I never chose long Journies, and they have been fatiguing to me; but I never found myself worse for Fatigue. And (before I was troubled with the Stone) I have, on Occasion, rode fifty Miles in a Day; or walked near Twenty. And, though now slow in my Motions, I can be on my Feet

Feet the greatest Part of the Day; and cannot be said to lead a sedentary Life. As a deformed Person is not formed for violent Exercise, he is less liable to such Disorders as are the natural Consequence of it. He will also escape many Accidents, to which Men of athletic Make, and who glory in their Strength, are always exposing themselves to make Trial and Proof of it. If he cannot carry an Ox, like *Milo*, he will not, like *Milo*, be hand-cuffed in the Oak, by attempting to rend it. He will not be the Man that shall ride from *London* to *York* in a Day, or to *Windfor* in an Hour for a Wager; or that shall be perpetually performing surprising long Journies in a surprising short Time, for no earthly Business, but the Pleasure of relating them. Conscious of his own Weakness, he will be cautious of running into Places or Occasions of Danger. I deny myself some Entertainments, rather than venture into a Crowd, knowing how unequal I am to a Struggle in it; and, if any sudden Quarrel should arise, how ill I am qualified for such an Encounter. One Blow from a *Slack* or *Broughton* would infallibly consign me over to *Charon*. Nature too calls on deformed Persons to be careful not to offer such Affronts, as may call them forth into the Field of false Honour, where they cannot acquit themselves well for want of Strength and Agility; and they are securer from such Affronts themselves; since others will consider the little Credit they will gain, by compelling them to appear on that Scene. On the whole I conclude, that Deformity is a Protection to a Man's Health and Person; which

which (strange as it may appear) are better defended by Feebleness than Strength.

Let me now consider the Influence of Bodily Deformity on a Man's Fortune. Among the lower Class, he is cut off from many Professions and Employments. He cannot be a Soldier, he is under Standard; he cannot be a Sailor, he wants Activity to climb the Rigging; he cannot be a Chairman or Porter, he wants Strength to bear the Burthen. In higher Life, he is ill qualified for a Lawyer, he can scarce be seen over the Bar; for a Divine, he may drop from his Hassock out of Sight in his Pulpit. The Improvement of his Mind is his proper Province; and his Business only such as depends on Ingenuity. If he cannot be a Dancing-master to adjust the Heels, he may be a School-master to instruct the Head. He cannot be a graceful Actor on the Stage; but he may produce a good Play. He would appear ill as a Herald in a Procession; but may pass as a Merchant on the Exchange. He cannot undergo the Fatigue of the Campaign; but he may advise the Operations of it. He is designed by Nature, rather to sleep on *Parnassus*, than to descend on the Plains of *Elis*. He cannot be crowned at the *Olympic Games*; but may be the *Pindar* to celebrate them. He can acquire no Glory by the Sword; but he may by the Pen; and may grow famous by only relating those Exploits, which are beyond his Power to imitate.

Lord *Bacon* (that extensive and penetrating Genius, who pointed out every Part of Nature for Examination)

amination) in his Essay on Deformity says, “ that,
 “ in their Superiors, it quencheth Jealousy towards
 “ them, as Persons that they think they may at
 “ Pleasure despise; and it layeth their Competitors
 “ and Emulators asleep; as never believing they
 “ should be in a Possibility of Advancement, till
 “ they see them in Possession.” But it is much to be
 doubted, whether this is not more than counterbal-
 lanced by the Contempt of the World, which it re-
 quires no mean Parts to conquer. For if (as I have
 somewhere read) a good Person is a Letter of Re-
 commendation, Deformity must be an Obstruction
 in the Way to Favour. In this respect, therefore,
 deformed Persons set out in the World to a Disad-
 vantage, and they must first surmount the Prejudices
 of Mankind before they can be upon a Par with
 others. And must obtain, by a Course of Behaviour,
 that Regard, which is paid to Beauty at first sight.
 When this Point is once gained, the Tables are
 turned, and then the Game goes in their Favour;
 for others, sensible of their first Injustice to them, no
 sooner find them better than they expected, than they
 believe them better than they are; whereas in the
 beautiful Person, they sometimes find themselves im-
 posed upon, and are angry that they have worshiped
 only a painted Idol. For (again take Lord *Bacon’s*
 Words) [p] “ neither is it almost seen, that very
 “ beautiful Persons are otherwise of great Virtue:
 “ they prove accomplished, but not of great Spirit;
 “ and study rather Behaviour than Virtue. Whereas
 “ [q] deformed Persons, if they be of Spirit, will free

[p] His Essay on Beauty.

[q] His Essay on Deformity.

“ themselves

“ themselves from Scorn, which must be either by
 “ Virtue or Malice; and therefore let it not be
 “ marvelled, if they sometimes prove excellent Per-
 “ sons, as was *Agessilaus*, *Zanger* the Son of *Solomon*,
 “ *Esop*, *Gasca* President of *Peru*; and *Socrates* may
 “ likewise go amongst them, with others.” Nay,
 he says, “ in a great Wit Deformity is an Advan-
 “ tage to Rising.” And, [q] in another Part of his
 Works, “ that they, who, by Accident, have some
 “ inevitable and indelible Mark on their Persons or
 “ Fortunes, as deformed Persons, Bastards, &c. if
 “ they want not Virtue, generally prove fortunate.”

Osborn, in his *Historical Memoirs of Queen Eliza-
 beth*, informs us, that “ she chose the goodliest Per-
 “ sons for her Household Servants; but in her Coun-
 “ sellors did not put by Sufficiency, though accom-
 “ panied with a crooked Person; as it chanced in a
 “ [r] Father and a Son of the *Cecils*, both incom-
 “ parable for Prudence.” It is well known the
 Queen would make the Father (*Burleigh*) sit in her
 Presence; telling him, that she did not use him for
 his Legs, but Head. But the Son (afterwards Lord
 Treasurer and Earl of *Salisbury*) was not so civilly
 treated by the Populace; and is an Instance, not only
 that Envy pursues a great Man, but that the highest
 Post cannot redeem a deformed one from Contempt;
 it attends him like his Shadow, and like that too is
 ever reminding him of his ill Figure; which is often

[q] *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, l. 8. c. 2.

[r]. I suppose what *Cambden* says of Lord *Burleigh's* comely and
 pleasing Aspect, relates to his Countenance only.

objected

objected for want of real Crimes. For the same Writer [s] says of the same great Man; "that the Misfortunes accompanying him from his Birth did not a little add to that Cloud of Detraction, that fell upon all that he said or did; a Mulet in Nature, like an Optick Spectacle, multiplying much in the Sight of the People the Apparitions of Ill." Nor was this Contempt buried with him: it trampled on his Ashes, and insulted his Grave; as appears by an Epitaph, which *Osborn* cites, as void of Wit, as it is full of Scurrility; in one Line of which there is an Epithet, not so elegant, as descriptive of his Person, viz. "Little *Bosfive* Robin, that was so great."

Such Contempt in general, joined with the Ridicule of the Vulgar, is another certain Consequence of bodily Deformity. For Men naturally despise what appears less beautiful or useful; and their Pride is gratified, when they see such Foils to their own Persons. It is this Sense of Superiority, which is testified by Laughter in the lower Sort; while their Betters, who know how little any Man whatsoever hath to boast of, are restrained by good Sense and good Breeding from such an Insult. But it is not easy to say why one Species of Deformity should be more ridiculous than another, or why the Mob should be more merry with a crooked Man, than one that is deaf, lame, squinting, or purblind. Or why should they back-bite me (if I may use the Expression) to my Face, and not laugh at my Face itself for being harrowed by the Small Pox? It is a Back in

[s] Historical Memoirs of King *James*.

Alto Relievo that bears all the Ridicule ; though one would think a prominent Belly a more reasonable Object of it ; since the last is generally the Effect of Intemperance, and of a Man's own Creation. *Socrates* was ugly, but not contemned ; and [t] *Philopæmen* of very mean Appearance, and though contemned on that Account, not ridiculed ; for [u] *Montaigne* says, “ ill Features are but a superficial Ugliness, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men ; but a Deformity of Limbs is more substantial, and strikes deeper in.” As it is more uncommon, it is more remarkable ; and that, perhaps, is the true Reason, why it is more ridiculed by the Vulgar.

Since this is the Case, I appeal to my Fraternity, whether it is not sound Policy to use Stratagem to guard against their Attacks as much as may be ; and, since they are deceived by outward Appearances, to call in the Aid of the Taylor, to present them with better Shapes than Nature has bestowed. Against so unfair an Adversary such Fraud is justifiable ; though I do not approve of it in general. When I was a Child, I was drawn like a Cupid, with a Bow and Arrow in my Hands, and a Quiver on my Shoulder ; I afterwards thought this an Abuse, which ought to be corrected ; and when I sat for my Picture

[t] Coming to an Inn, where he was expected, before his Attendants, the Mistress of the House, seeing a plain Person, of very mean Aspect, ordered him to assist in getting things ready for *Philopæmen*. His Attendants finding him so employed, he told them, he was then paying the Tribute of his Ugliness. *Plutarch*.

[u] In his Essay on Physiognomy.

some Years ago, I insisted on being drawn as I am, and that the strong Marks of the Small Pox might appear in my Face; for I did not choose to colour over a Lye. The Painter said, he never was allowed such Liberty before; and I advised him, if he hoped to be in vogue, never to assume it again: for Flatterers succeed best in the World; and of Flatterers, Painters are the least liable to be detected by those they flatter. Nor are the Ladies the only Persons concerned for their Looks. “[x] *Alexander* chose to have his Picture drawn by *Apelles*, and his Statue formed by *Lyfippus*. And the *Spartan* *Agefilaus* (conscious of his ill Figure) would never suffer any Picture or Statue of him to be taken. He was one of the most considerable Persons of his Age both for civil and military Virtues, insomuch that he justly acquired the Appellation of *Agefilaus* the Great. But though Nature had been uncommonly liberal to him in the noble Endowments of the Mind, she had treated him very unfavourably in those of the body. He was remarkably low of Stature; had one Leg shorter than the other; and so very despicable a Countenance, that he never failed of raising Contempt in those, who were unacquainted with his moral and intellectual Excellencies. It is no wonder therefore, that he was unwilling to be delivered down to Posterity under the Disadvantages of so unpromising a Figure.” I

[x] Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellen, Pingeret, aut alius Lyfippo duceret æra Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia.—*Hor. Ep. i. l. 2.*

See too *Cicero's* celebrated Epistle to *Luceius*,

have given the [y] Words of a late very elegant Translation of *Cicero's* Letters.—On the whole, I could wish, that Mankind would be more candid and friendly with us; and instead of ridiculing a distorted Person, would rally the Irregularities of the Mind, which, generally, are as visible as those of the Person; but being more common, they pass with little Notice as well in high as low Life. [z] *Mæcenas* would laugh at any Irregularity in *Horace's* Dress, but not at any Caprice in his Behaviour, because it was common and fashionable; so a Man's Person, which is the Dress of his Soul, only is ridiculed, while the vicious Qualities of it escape.—Let me add, that if ridiculing another's Person is in no Case to be justified, the ill Treatment of it must be highly criminal: what then must we think of *Balbus*, a Roman Quæstor in *Spain*, who wantonly exposed to wild Beasts a certain noted Auctioneer at *Seville*, for no other Reason, but because he was deformed. This is related in a [a] Letter to *Cicero* by *Afinius Pollio*, the most accomplished Gentleman of that Age; who calls *Balbus* a Monster for this and other Acts of Bar-

[y] From the Translation, and Notes, of the Epistle I have mentioned.

[z] Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos
 Occurri, rides; si forte subucula pexæ
 Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga diffidet impar,
 Rides; quid, mea cum pugnant sententia secum?
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit?
 Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto?
 Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
 Infanire putas solennia me; neque rides.

[a] The 7th of the 15th Book in the Translation—the 23d of the 10th in the Original.

barity.

barity. I am glad he has preserved the Memory of this poor Man, whom I here consecrate to Fame; and place foremost in the glorious List of our Martyrs.

I will now follow Lord *Bacon* as my Guide, in tracing out such Passions and Affections, as most naturally result from Deformity: for he says, "There certainly is a Consent between the Body and the Mind; and where Nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other; and therefore Deformity may be best considered, in this respect, as a Cause which seldom fails of the Effect, and not as a Sign, which is more deceivable; for as there is an Election in Man touching the Frame of his Mind, the Stars of natural Inclination are sometimes eclipsed by the Sun of Discipline and Virtue."

He begins with saying, that "deformed Persons are commonly even with Nature; for as Nature hath done ill by them, so do they by Nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) *void of natural affection.*" I can neither find out this Passage in Scripture, nor the Reason of it; nor can I give my Assent or Negative to a Proposition, till I am well acquainted with the Terms of it. If by natural Affection is here meant universal Benevolence, and Deformity necessarily implies a want of it, a deformed Person must then be a complete Monster. But however common the Case may be, my own Sensations inform me, that it is not universally true. If, by natural Affection, is meant a partial Regard for Individuals; I believe the Remark is judicious,

and founded in human Nature. Deformed Persons are despised, ridiculed, and ill-treated by others; are seldom Favourites, and commonly most neglected by Parents, Guardians, and Relations; and therefore, as they are not indebted for much Fondness, it is no wonder if they repay but little. It is the Command of Scripture, *Not to set our Affections on Things below*: it is the Voice of Reason, not to overvalue what we must soon part with; and therefore, to be so fond of others, as not to be able to bear the Absence, or to survive them, is neither a religious nor moral Duty; but a childish and womanish Weakness: And I must congratulate deformed Persons, who, by Example, are early taught another Lesson. And I will now lay open my own Heart to the Reader, that he may judge, if Lord Bacon's Position is verified in me.

I hope it proceeds not from a Malignity of Heart; but I never am much affected with the common Accidents of Life, whether they befall myself or others. I am little moved when I hear of Death, Loss, or Misfortune; I think the Case is common,

([b] *Tritus, & e medio fortunæ ductus acervo:*)

And as it is always likely to happen, I am not surprised when it does. If I see a Person cry or beat his Breast on any such Occasion, I cannot bear him Company, but am not a *Democritus* to laugh at his Folly. I read of Battles and Fields covered with Slain; of Cities destroyed by Sword, Famine, Pestilence, and Earthquake; I do not shed a Tear: I

[b] Juv. Sat. xiii.

suppose

Suppose it is, because they are the usual Storms, to which the Human Species are exposed, proceeding from the just Judgments of God, or the mistaken and false Principles of Rulers. I read of Persecutions, Tortures, Murders, Massacres; my Compassion for the Sufferers are great, but my Tears are stopped by Resentment and Indignation against the Contrivers and Perpetrators of such horrid Actions. But there are many Things that bring Tears into my Eyes, whether I will or no; and when I reflect, I am often at a loss in searching out the secret Source from whence they flow. What makes me weep? (for weep I do) when I read of Virtue or Innocence in Distress; of a good Man helpless and forsaken, unmoved by the greatest Insults and Cruelties; or courageously supporting himself against Oppression in the Article of Death. I suppose it is, to see Vice triumphant, and Virtue so ill rewarded in this Life. May I judge by myself, I should imagine, that few sincere Christians could read the Sufferings of their Saviour, or *Englishmen* those of a *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, or *Latimer*, without Tears; the first dying to establish his Religion, the last to rescue it from Corruption. When I read of [c] *Regulus* returning to Tor-

[c] Donec labantes consilio patres
 Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato
 Interque morèntes amicos
 Egregius properaret exul.
 Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
 Tortor pararet: ——— tamen
 Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
 Et populum reditus morantem.

Hor. Od. v. l. 3.

ment, and [d] *John of France* to Imprisonment, against the Persuasion of Friends, to keep Faith with their Enemies; I weep to think, there is scarce another Instance of such exalted Virtue. Those who often hear me read, know, that my Voice changes, and my Eyes are full, when I meet with a generous and heroic Saying, Action, or Character, especially of Persons, whose Example or Command may influence Mankind. I weep when I hear a [e] *Titus* say, That he had lost the Day in which he did no Good. When [f] *Adrian* tells his Enemy, That he had escaped by his being Emperor; or [g] *Lewis XII.* That he is not to revenge the Affront of the Duke of *Orleans*. These are the first Instances that happen to occur to me: I might recollect many, too many to insert in this Essay; yet all are but few, compared to Instances of Cruelty and Revenge: perhaps I am concerned that they are so rare: perhaps too I inwardly grieve that I am not in a Situation to do the like. I am entertained, but not moved, when I read *Voltaire's* History of *Charles XII.* but I melt into Tears on reading *Hanway's* Character of his Antagonist *Peter the Great*. The first is the Story of a Madman; the other of a Father, Friend, and Bene-

[d] En vain ses Ministres & les plus considérables Seigneurs du Royaume firent tous leurs efforts, pour le faire changer de résolution. Il répondoit à tout ce qu'on lui disoit là-dessus, que quand la bonne foy seroit bannie du reste du monde, il falloit qu'on la trouvât toujours dans la bouche des Rois. *Histoire de France, par le P. G. Daniel.*

[e] Recordatus quondam super cœnam, quod nihil cuiquam toto die præstitisset, memorabilem illam meritoque laudatam vocem edidit: AMICI, DIEM PERDIDI. — *Suetonius.*

[f] *Echard's Roman History.*

[g] *Mezerai, & Daniel.*

factor of his People; whose Character (as the Author observes in the Conclusion of it) will command the Admiration of all succeeding Generations; and I suppose I lament, that God is pleased to advance to Royalty so few such Instruments of Good to Mankind. *Harry IV. of France* had every Quality to make a Prince amiable: Courage, Humanity, Clemency, Generosity, Affability, Politeness; his Behaviour on every Occasion is charming; and I cannot read the Account of him, given us by his Prime Minister (*Sully*) without Emotion. I do not wonder, if what is reported is true; that [b] at least fifty Persons have written his History; and that he has been celebrated in Poems, and Panegyrics, by above five hundred: there are few such Subjects to be met with; and few Princes, who have so justly deserved the Title of Great. His Grandson had the same Title bestowed on him; but how little did he deserve it! He has been celebrated by as many Historiographers and Poets; but they are mostly such as he hired for that Purpose; and none of them, even *Voltaire* himself, will be able to pass him for a great Man on unprejudiced Posterity. Compare him with his Grandfather, you will find him the reverse. *Henry* was bred to Toil and Hardships; *Lewis* in Luxury and Effeminacy. *Henry* pleasant, easy, and affable; *Lewis* formal, haughty and reserved. *Henry* brave, and exposing himself to all Dangers; *Lewis* cautious, and always in a secure Post. The one gaining Victories by himself, and his own personal Valour; the other by his Generals, and Superiority of Num-

[b] Moreri's Dictionary.—Turkish Spy, Vol. I. B. ii, Let. 20.

bers. The one pleased with performing great Actions; the other with being flattered for those which he never performed. The first ambitious of true; and the last of false Glory. *Henry* stabbed by Je-suits; *Lewis* governed by them. The one forgiving Rebels and Assassins; the other encouraging both. *Henry* persecuted; *Lewis* a Persecutor. The first granting Liberty of Conscience; the last taking it away. *Henry* promoting the Silk Manufacture in *France*; *Lewis* in *England*. One treating his Subjects as his Children; the other as his Slaves. *Henry* bravely asserting his own Rights; *Lewis* basely encroaching on those of his Neighbours. *Henry* extricating his Country from Misery, and laying the Foundation of her Grandeur; *Lewis* squandering her Blood and Treasure, and reducing her from Grandeur to the Brink of Destruction. *Henry* forming Schemes for the perpetual Peace of *Europe*; *Lewis* perpetually to disturb it. How little is *Lewis*, compared to *Henry* the Great!

But to return to my Subject. —I am uneasy, when I see a Dog, a Horse, or any other Animal ill treated; for I consider them as endued with quick Sense, and no contemptible Share of Reason; and that God gave Man Dominion over them, not to play the Tyrant, but to be a good Prince, and promote the Happiness of his Subjects. But I am much more uneasy at any Cruelty to my own Species; and heartily wish *Procrustes*, disciplined in his own Bed, and *Phalaris* in his Bull. A Man bruised all over in a Boxing Match, or cut to Pieces in fighting a Prize,

is a shocking Spectacle ; and I think I could, with less Horror, see a thousand fall in Battle, than Human Nature thus depreciated and disgraced. Violence, when exerted in Wantonness or Passion, is Brutality ; and can be termed Bravery, only when it is sanctified by Justice and Necessity. A mangled Carcase is not a pleasing Sight. Why therefore do Men pay for it ? and the great Vulgar encourage these Disorders among the Small ? It is not Choice, but Affectation. As many, who neither love nor understand Musick, go to an Opera to gain the Reputation of Connoisseurs ; many go to *Broughton's* Theatre, to avoid the Imputation of being Cowards ; but when they are at so much Pains to avoid the Imputation, it raises a Suspicion that they are so.

I have been in a Situation to see not a little of the Pomp and Vanity, as well as of the Necessity and Misery of Mankind ; but the last only affect me ; and if, as a Magistrate, I am ever guilty of Partiality, it is in Favour of the Poor. When I am at Church among my poor, but honest, Neighbours in the Country ; and see them serious in performing the Ceremonies prescribed ; Tears sometimes steal down my Cheek, on reflecting, that they are doing and hearing many Things they do not understand ; while those, who understand them better, neglect them : that they, who labour and live hard, are more thankful to Heaven, than those who fare luxuriously on the Fruits of their Labour ; and are keeping and repeating the fourth Commandment, at the very Instant the others are breaking it.

These

These are some of the Sensations I feel; which I have freely and fairly disclosed, that the Reader may judge, how far I am an Instance of a deformed Person wanting natural Affection. And I am a good Subject of Speculation; for all in me is Nature: for to own the Truth, I have taken but little Pains (though much I ought to have taken) to correct my natural Defects.

Lord *Bacon's* next Position is, "That deformed Persons are extremely bold. First in their own Defence, as being exposed to Scorn; but in Process of Time by a general Habit."—This, probably is so among the inferior Sort, who are in the way of continual Insults; for a return of Abuse is a natural Weapon of Self-defence; and in some Measure justified by the Law of Retaliation: to upbraid a Man with a personal Defect, which he cannot help, is also an immoral Act; and he who does it, has reason to expect no better Quarter than to hear of Faults, which it was in his own Power not to commit. But I find this Observation far from being verified in myself: an unbecoming Bashfulness has been the Consequence of my ill Figure, and of the worse Management of me in my Childhood. I am always uneasy, when any one looks stedfastly on so bad a Picture; and cannot look with a proper Confidence in the Face of another. I have ever reproached myself with this Weakness, but am not able to correct it. And it may be a Disadvantage to a Man in the Opinion of those he converses with; for
though

through true Modesty is amiable, the false is liable to Misconstruction: and when a Man is out of Countenance for no Reason, it may be imagined, that he has some bad Reason for being so. In point of Assurance, I am indeed a perfect Riddle to myself; for I, who feel a Reluctance in crossing a Drawing-room, or in opening my Mouth in private Company before Persons with whom I am not well acquainted, find little in delivering my Sentiments in Publick, and exposing my Discourse, often as trifling as my Person, to the Ears of a Thousand. From what Cause this proceeds I know not: it may be, partly from Hopes of wiping off any ill Impressions from my Person by my Discourse; partly from a Sense of doing my Duty; and partly from a Security in public Assemblies from any gross personal Reflexions.

Lord *Bacon* compares the Case of deformed Persons to that of Eunuchs; “in whom Kings were wont to put great Trust as good Spials and Whisperers; “for they that are envious towards all, are more “obnoxious and officious towards one.”—But, with Submission to so good a Judge of Human Nature, I own, I can discover no uncommon Qualification in them for Spies; and very few motives to Envy peculiar to themselves. Spies submit to that base and ungenerous Office, either for the Sake of Interest or Power: if for Interest, it is to gratify their Covetousness; if for Power, their Ambition or Revenge: which Passions are not confined to the Eunuch or Deformed; but indiscriminately seize all Classes of Men. Envy too may prompt a Man to mean Actions, in order to bring

bring down the Person envied to his own Level ; but if it is on account of Superiority of Fortune, it will operate alike on Men of all Shapes. Eunuchs have but one peculiar Motive to Envy ; but that (as Lord *Bacon* expresses it) makes them envious towards all : because it is for a Pleasure, which all but themselves may enjoy. Deformed Persons are deprived only of Beauty and Strength, and therefore those alone are to be deemed the extraordinary Motives to their Envy ; for they can no more be beautiful or strong, than Eunuchs be successful Lovers. As to myself, whatever Sparks of Envy might be in my Constitution, they are now entirely extinguished ; for, by frequent and serious Reflexion, I have long been convinced of the small Value of most Things which Men value the most.

There is another Passion to which deformed Persons seem to be more exposed, than to Envy ; which is Jealousy ; for, being conscious that they are less amiable than others, they may naturally suspect, that they are less beloved. I have the Happiness to speak this from Conjecture, and not from Experience ; for it was my Lot, many Years ago to marry a young Lady, very piously educated, and of a very distinguished Family, and whose Virtues are an Honour to her Family, and her Sex ; so that I had never any Trial of my Temper ; and can only guess at it by Emotions I have felt in my younger Days ; when Ladies have been more liberal of their Smiles to those, whom I thought in every respect, but Person, my Inferiors.

The

The most useful Inference from all this to a deformed Person, is to be upon his Guard against those Frailties to which he is more particularly exposed ; and to be careful, that the outward Frame do not distort the Soul. [i] *Orandum est*, let us pray, says *Juvenal*, *ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*, for a sound Mind in a healthy Body ; and every deformed Person should add this Petition, *ut sit mens recta in corpore curvo*, for an upright Mind in a crucked one. And let him frequently apply to himself this Article of Self-examination, [k] *Lenior & melior fis accedente senectâ ?* as Age approaches, do your Temper and Morals improve ? It is a Duty peculiarly incumbent ; for if Beauty adds Grace to Virtue itself, Vice must be doubly hideous in Deformity.

Ridicule and Contempt are a certain Consequence of Deformity ; and therefore what a Person cannot avoid, he should learn not to regard. He should bear it like a Man ; forgive it as a Christian ; and consider it as a Philosopher. And his Triumph will be complete, if he can exceed others in Pleasantry on himself. Wit will give over, when it sees itself out-done ; and so will Malice, when it finds it has no Effect : And if a Man's Behaviour afford no Cause of Contempt, it will fall upon those, who condemn him without Cause. It sometimes happens, that Persons, with whom I have a slight Acquaintance, will take notice of me on some Days, and overlook me on others ; well knowing that they

[i] Sat. x.

[k] Hor. Ep. ii. l. 2.

ought to treat one of my Shape, with the precise Degree of Ceremony, which suits their present Humour. I will not say, this is a Pleasure; but I can truly say, it is no Mortification. It excites in me no Repentment, but only Speculation. And not able to find out a very good Reason for their Behaviour, I endeavour to find as good a one as I can. I consider with myself, what it is which makes them at that Juncture of such particular Importance to themselves; and ask myself many Questions of this Sort. Is his Father dead? Has he written a Play? Has he dined with my Lord Mayor? Has he made a Speech? Has he been presented at Court? Has he been spoke to at a Levee? Has he a new Equipage, or Title? Has he had a good Run? Has he got a Place? Is he going to marry a Fortune? Has he been congratulated on the Performance of his *French* Cook, or his *French* Taylor? Is he reckoned a Man of Taste? Is he admitted of *White's*, or of the *Royal Society*?—Such are the Topicks of my Speculations; and though I am a Person of no great Penetration, I sometimes hit on the right Cause.

Fine Cloaths attract the Eyes of the Vulgar; and therefore a deformed Person should not assume those borrowed Feathers, which will render him doubly ridiculous. He could scarce expose himself more by dancing at Court, than by appearing the finest there on a Birth-day. Ever since I have arrived at Years of Discretion, I have worn a plain Dress; which, for near thirty Years, has been of the same grave Colour; and which I find not the least Inclination

to alter. It would be monstrous in me to bestow any Ornament on a Person, which is incapable of it; and should I appear in Lace or Embroidery, my Friends might assign it as no unreasonable Pretence for a Commission of Lunacy against me—I can scarce forbear digressing on this Subject, when I reflect, what Numbers, who should know better, set a Value upon these Trifles, which are fit Amusements only for Children. If they are pleased with the Finery only; they are no better than Children. If it is to gain respect; such respect must come from the Vulgar, and not from Men of Sense. Is it to shew their Quality? it does not, for even Apprentices are fine. Is it to be an Evidence of their Riches? it is not; for the most necessitous are finest, as Taylors know to their Cost. Do their Figure or Reputation depend on their Dress? then they are entirely in the hand of the Taylor. He is the Engineer to guard and defend them; the God to save or destroy. Do they dress to please the Ladies? that is the most reasonable End; yet very few of them but are wiser than to be taken with the Coat instead of the Man; and what can be taking in a Man, who invades their Province, and appears by his Actions to be one of them?—If it is a Lady that is fond of Finery; I ask her why? If she is a Beauty, she wants no Ornament; if plain, she cannot be transformed. Her Dress indeed may enliven her Poet's Fancy, and save him a Journey to the Sun and Stars for his Similies and Allusions. If the Lady had not put on her Finery, we might have lost this polite and ingenious Stanza:

The

*Tb' adorning thee with so much Art
Is but a barbarous Skill:*

*'Tis like the poisoning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.*

Every Mother (like her in [1] *Juvenal*) hath prayed in the Temple of *Venus*, for the most exquisite Beauty in her Children. But since the Goddeſs hath been thus deaf and unkind, I cannot adviſe any one of my Sect to be her profeſſed Votary; for ſhe will be as little propitious to his Wiſhes, as ſhe was to his Mother's Prayer. A *Helen* will run away with a *Paris*; but where is the Nymph that will liſten to ſuch a *Corydon*? In vain will he ſummon the Muſes to his Aid, unaffiſted as he is by the Graces. His [m] *Sachariſſa*, *Myra*, *Cloe*, or *Belinda*, may, perhaps, tickle her Ear, but will never touch her Heart:

[n] *Not Words alone pleaſe her.*

Or if (as [o] *Waller* expreſſes it) her high Pride ſhould deſcend to mark his Follies, it is the greateſt Honour he can expect; unleſs, in a merry Mood, ſhe ſhould take it into her Head to treat him like [p] *Falſtaff*, or Squire *Slender*. He will be the choiceſt of *Cupid's April Fools*; and I will not ſay an egregious

[1] *Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cùm Veneris fanum videt anxia mater,
Uſque ad delicias votorum. — Sat. x.*

[m] *Sachariſſa* belongs to *Waller*, *Myra* to *Lanſdown*, *Cloe* to *Prior*, and *Belinda* to *Pope*.

[n] *Milton's Paradise loſt*, Book viii.

[o] In his Poem on Love.

[p] *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

As, but Camel, to bear his Burthens. But let this be some Consolation to him, that, while he is not suffered to regale on the Sweets of the Hive, he is secured from its Sting.

But, not to make ugly Persons out of Love with themselves, I will now exhibit some Advantages arising from Deformity.

Instead of repining, a deformed Person ought to be thankful to Providence for giving him such a Guard to his Virtue and Repose. Thousands are daily ruined by a handsome Person; for Beauty is a Flower, that every one wants to gather in its Bloom, and spare no Pains or Stratagem to reach it. All the Poetical Stories concerning it have their Moral. A *Helen* occasions War and Confusion: The *Hyalinths* and *Ganimedes* are seized on for *Catamites*: The *Endymions* and *Adonis* for Gallants: *Narcissus* can admire nobody but himself; and grows old before he is cured of that Passion. Who is a Stranger to the Story of *Lucretia* killing herself for her violated Chastity? or of *Virginia* killed by her Father to preserve it? In those Circumstances, says [q] *Juvenal*, she might wish to change Persons with *Rutila*, the only Lady I know, among the Ancients, celebrated for a Hump-back. The [r] handsomest Men are

[q] Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipse habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare. — Sat. x.

[r] ——— Nullus ephēbum
Deformem sæva castravit in arce tyrannus.
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripidem, nec
Strumosum, atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem. *ibid.*

chosen for Eunuchs and Gallants; and when they are caught in exercising the last Function, both [s] *Horace* and *Juvenal* inform you of the Penalties and Indignities they undergo. [t] *Silius* was converted, by the insatiable *Messalina*, into a Husband; and *Sporus*, by the Monster [u] *Nero*, into a Wife. The last mentioned Poet shews, that praying for Beauty is praying for a Curse; and [x] *Persius* refuses to join in such a Prayer; and have not I reason to thank my Stars, that have placed me more out of Danger, than even Virtue could; for that could not guard a [y] *Joseph*, an [z] *Hippolytus*, a *Bellerophon*, and others, against the Revenge of slighted Love.

[s] Hic se præcipitem testæ dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decedit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones: quinetiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam testes caudamque salacem
Demeteret ferrum. ——— Hor. Sat. ii. l. 1.

—— Quosdam mæchos & mugilis intrat. Juv. ib.

[t] ——— Optimus hic & formosissimus idem
Gentis Patriciæ rapiter miser extinguendus
Messalinæ oculis. ——— Juv. Sat. x.

[u] Suetonius.

[x] Hunc optent generum Rex & Regina: puellæ
Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat:
Ast ego nutrici non mando vota; negato
Jupiter hæc illi. ——— Pers. Sat. ii.

[y] Gen. ch. xxix.

[z] ——— Quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propositum? Quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, seu fastidita repulsâ:
Nec Sthenobæa minus quam Cressa excanduit, & se
Concussere ambæ. ——— Juv. Sat. x.

Another

Another great Advantage of Deformity is, that it tends to the Improvement of the Mind. A Man, that cannot shine in his Person, will have recourse to his Understanding; and attempt to adorn that Part of him, which alone is capable of Ornament; when his Ambition prompts him to begin, with *Cowley*, to ask himself this Question,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?*

on looking about him, he will find many Avenues to the Temple of Fame barred against him; but some are still open through that of Virtue; and those, if he has a right Ambition, he will most probably attempt to pass. The more a Man is unactive in his Person, the more his Mind will be at work; and the Time which others spend in Action, he will pass in Study and Contemplation: by these he may acquire Wisdom, and by Wisdom, Fame. The Name of *Socrates* is as much founded, as those of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*; and is recorded in much fairer Characters. He gained Renown by Wisdom and Goodness; They by Tyranny and Oppression: He by instructing; They by destroying Mankind: and happy it is, that their evil Deeds were confined to their Lives;

Ut Præsum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.
Narrat penè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magneffam Hippolyten dùm fugit abstinens.

Hor. Od. vii, l. 3.

while he continues to instruct us to this Day. A deformed Person will naturally consider, where his Strength and his Foible lie; and as he is well acquainted with the last, he will easily find out the first; and must know, that (if it is any where) it is not, like *Sampson's*, in the Hair; but must be in the Lining of the Head. He will say to himself, I am weak in Person; unable to serve my Country in the Field; I can acquire no military Glory; but I may, like *Socrates*, acquire Reputation by Wisdom and Probity; let me therefore be wise and honest. My Figure is very bad; and I should appear but ill as an Orator, either in the Pulpit or at the Bar; let me therefore pass my Time in my Study, either in reading what may improve myself, or in writing what may entertain or instruct others. I have not the Strength of *Hercules*; nor can I rid the World of so many Monsters; but perhaps I may get rid of some myself. If I cannot draw out *Cacus* from his Den, I may pluck the Villain from my own Breast. I cannot cleanse the Stables of *Augeas*; but I may cleanse my own Heart from Filth and Impurity: I may demolish the *Hydra* of Vices within me; and should be careful too, [a] that while I lop off one, I do not suffer more to grow up in its stead. Let me be serviceable in any way that I can; and if I am so, it may, in some measure, be owing to my Deformity. Which at least should be a Restraint on my Conduct, lest my Conduct make me more deformed.

[a] Quid te exempta juvat Ipsais de pluribus una?

Hor. Ep. ii. l. 2.

Few Persons have a House entirely to their Mind ; or the Apartments in it disposed as they could wish. And there is no deformed Person, who does not wish that his Soul had a better Habitation ; which is sometimes not lodged according to its Quality. Lord *Clarendon* says of Sir *Charles Cavendish* (Brother to the Marquis of *Newcastle*) that he was a Man of the noblest and largest Mind, though of the least and most inconvenient Body, that lived. And every body knows, that the late Prince of *Orange* had many amiable Qualities. Therefore, in Justice to such Persons, I must suppose that they did not repine, that their Tenements were not in a more regular Style of Architecture. And let every deformed Person comfort himself with reflecting, that though his Soul hath not the most convenient and beautiful Apartment, yet that it is habitable ; that the Accommodation will serve in an Inn upon the Road ; that he is but Tenant for Life, or (more properly) at Will ; and that, while he remains in it, he is in a State to be envied by the Deaf, the Dumb, the Lamé, and the Blind.

When I die, I care not what becomes of the contemptible Carcase, which is the Subject of this Essay. I wonder at the Weakness of some of the old Patriarchs, that provided burying Places, that their Bones might be gathered to their Fathers. Doth one Clod of Earth delight in the Neighbourhood of another ? or is there any Conversation in the Grave ? It must have been a Joke in Sir *Samuel Garth*, when he ordered

dered himself and Lady to be buried at *Harrow on the Hill*: One of his Strength of Mind could have no Superstition of that Sort. It is of no Consequence where the Body rots; whether it rots immediately, or be preserved a few Years; or whether it be devoured by Birds or Beasts, or placed in a sumptuous Tomb. If a Man doth not provide himself a Monument by his Actions, and embalm his Memory in Virtue; the lying Marble will decay; and then his Memorial (even in that little Corner) will perish;

[b] *Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.*

The *Pharaohs* are stolen from their Pyramids; and their Mummies dispersed through the World, only as idle Curiosities. And though the Pyramids are more durable than common Sepulchres; yet their History is already unknown; and they must, in the End, undergo the same Fate. [c] Mr. *Addison* admires the Humany of *Cyrus* (or rather of *Xenophon*) in ordering his Body to be buried in the Earth, that it might be useful in manuring it. My Flesh will afford but little Manure; but, in another Respect, my Carcase may be of eminent Service to Mankind; and therefore, if I should die intestate, or not mention it in my Will, let the World take this as my dying Request. As I have, for some Years, been afflicted with the [d] Stone, and owe the Preservation and Ease of Life since to the continued taking of great Quantities of Soap, I desire my Body may be opened

[b] *Juv. Sat. x.*

[c] *Spectator, No. 169.*

[d] I will here give a more particular Account of myself with regard to that Distemper, which, I hope, will be of more immediate Service.

and

and examined by eminent Surgeons; that Mankind may be informed of its Effect. And if a Stone should be found in my Bladder (as I imagine there will) I desire it may be preserved among Sir *Hans Sloane's* Collection.—Until that Time comes, I hope to employ the little Remainder of Life in Pursuits not unbecoming a rational Creature.

My C A S E.

FOR many Years red Sand constantly came from me, without Pain or Inconvenience. About nine Years ago I began to be uneasy; and before twelve Months had passed, was so much out of order, that I could no longer ride; the Motion of a Coach grew insupportable; and that of a Chair or Walking, was generally attended with bloody Water.

The Regimen.

I took Mrs. *Stephens's* Medicine in the solid Form, three Ounces a Day for about five Years; when I changed it for the same Quantity of Castile Soap; which, about a Year since, I reduced to two Ounces; and lately to one Ounce, with about a Pint of Lime-water mixt with Milk; being willing to regain my Liberty as far as is consistent with Ease and Safety. This Regimen I have incessantly pursued; except some few Days that I have purposely omitted it, to observe the Consequences of such Omission.

The Effects.

Whilst I pursue this Regimen, I never discharge red Sand ; whenever I omit it for a few Days, I constantly do. By a steady Perseverance in it, my particular Complaint has been gradually diminished ; and my Health, in general, improved. I believe I could now ride, though I have not tried. I seldom feel any Uneasiness in a Coach ; and when I do, it is inconsiderable ; though sometimes (but very rarely) it is attended with bloody Water. And the Motion of a Chair or Walking do not affect me. In short, I have exchanged Pain for Ease, and Misery for Comfort ; and had it not been for this Medicine, I should not have been now alive to have told my Story.

My Conclusions are these :

1. Mrs. Stephens's Medicine, or Castile Soap, are safe Remedies ; and three Ounces may be taken every Day for Years together (and, probably, during Life) without any ill Consequence.

2. That Health in general will improve by their Use ; for by their cleansing Quality, I imagine, they better prepare the Stomach for Digestion, and the Intestines for Chylification.

3. They are Preventives of the Stone ; either by hindering the Generation or Formation of those Particles of which it is composed, or by facilitating the Discharge

Discharge of them before Concretion. And I am persuaded, that, by taking them, Persons who have not that Distemper, will be secured from it; and those who have it, from growing worse. And if, on lessening my Quantity, I again find the Appearance of red Sand, I will increase it again to a Quantity sufficient to prevent it.

4. They are Lithontriptics. Of this I have often had ocular Proof; and the discharged Fragments are softened, and their Parts more easily separated.

5. They are Lenitives, where the Stone is not entirely discharged; so that when a complete Cure is not obtained, Ease may, as I have happily experienced. But from what Cause this proceeds, let Physicians enquire and determine.

I believe Men scarce differ so much in the Temper of their Bodies, as of their Minds; and though many Cases may be very unlike my own, I am persuaded, that a regular Use of this Medicine would, for the most Part, be as beneficial to others as to myself. Persons, with whom it disagrees, in other Respects, are excluded from this Benefit; as the Intemperate are from the Benefit of this or any other Medicine.

I have, for a long Course of Years, abstained from all strong Liquors; but drink every thing that is small. I can eat any thing, but not much; and like the most common Diet best. I prefer most things to Flesh; and of Flesh the whitest. I never altered

altered my common Diet on Account of this Medicine; or the Times of my Meals, which have ever been very irregular. I have always taken an Ounce at a time; sometimes before, sometimes at, and sometimes after, Meals; and I have often made a Meal of the Medicine itself, only with a Glass of small Liquor (of any Sort) and a little Bread, which I have always taken with it. I generally took the three Ounces at proper Intervals; and sometimes at very short ones. This Medicine has always agreed with me; and I never once felt it on my Stomach, or any other Inconvenience from it. And I think it my Duty to omit no Opportunity of publishing its Virtues to the World.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE I finished this Essay, I am in doubt whether I ought not to change the Title. For I have heard of a very ingenious Performance, called *The Analysis of Beauty*, which proves incontestably, that it consists in Curve Lines: I congratulate my Fraternity; and hope, for the future, the Ladies will esteem them *Des Beaux Garçons*.

POST-

POST-POSTSCRIPT.

I Wonder, that in the first Edition of this Essay, I forgot to mention some Inconveniences I suffer of a very grievous Nature ; and which have a Right to a Place in Pages 102 and 103 of this Edition.

When I am in a Coach with a Fair Lady, I am hid by Silk and Whale-bone. When I sit next her at Table, my Arm is so pinioned, I can neither help her nor myself. We are deprived of the Pleasure of seeing each other ; and she would scarce know I was there, if she did not sometimes hear me under her Wing. I am in Purgatory on the Confines of Paradise. I therefore beg one Favour, and which she may grant with Honour ; that (since I despair of supplanting her [e] Lap-dog) she will allow me a Cushion to raise me above such Misfortunes.

[e] N. B. Many Ladies say, that *Sbock* is as ugly a Cur as myself, and unworthy of his Post. But nothing so disrespectful shall ever escape me ; lest it would offend, or be thought the Envy of a Rival.

Lucina

POST-SCRIPT.

...that in the first Edition of the H...
...to mean on some...
...and...
...of the...

I am in a... with a... I am
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... my... is to... I can...
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... with... that... of...
... her [a]... she will...
... me above...

... N. B. Many... that...
... of his... that...
... it would... or be...

Lucina

Lucina sine Concubitu.

A

LETTER

Humbly addressed to the

ROYAL SOCIETY;

IN WHICH

Is proved, by most Incontestable EVIDENCE,
drawn from Reason and Practice, that a
WOMAN may conceive and be brought to
Bed, without any Commerce with MAN.

*Ore omnes versæ in Zephyros stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras, et sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravida (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per, et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt, &c.*

VIRG. Georgic. iii.

*Cur ego desperem fieri sine conjuge mater,
Et parere intacto, dummodo casta, viro?*

OVID, Fast. v.

*Or, as other Authors sing,
The frolic Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
Fill'd her with thee a Daughter fair,
So he--om, blithe, and debonnair.*

MILTON's L'Allegro.

A
L E T T E R

Humbly addressed to the

ROYAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE great Encouragement you shew to all learned Investigations of Nature (witness those excellent Treatises published every Year in your Philosophical Transactions) emboldens me to lay before you a Discovery, which, I believe, is entirely new, and which I am sure will equal any thing that has been offered to the World since Philosophy has been a Science. Excuse my Presumption, and forbear your Censures, till you have read my Narrative. No less than fifteen Years of my Life have been spent in bringing this *Arcanum* to a Maturity. And when both Theory and Practice had confirmed me in it, my first Thoughts inclined me to go over into *France*, and put up for the Prize at *Bordeaux*, where Philosophers shew Problems, as Gardeners do Carnations at a Florist's Feast. But considering with myself, that your illustrious Society might,

might, probably, esteem yourselves affronted, if you had not the Maidenhead of my Secret, and at the same time disdaining to come in Competition with the lower Race of Philosophers, who write about Tides and Eclipses, and Laws of Gravitation, the trivial Amusements of idle Speculatists, and Almanack-makers! I say, out of Reverence for your eminent Body, and some Degree of Pride in Conjunction, I resolved to appeal at once to the Public, and more particularly to address myself to your Worships. Not to keep you any longer in Suspense, I have found out, and am going to prove, by most incontestable Evidence, that a Woman may conceive, and be brought to Bed, without any Commerce with Man. This, Gentlemen, I dare say, you will allow to be a very wonderful Discovery; and though I might easily satisfy People of your penetrating Insight into the Works of Nature, with a mere physical Account of human Seed, and the Anatomy of a Female Womb; yet, as I am to combat the Simplicity of the Ignorant, and the Prejudices of the Perverse, I will describe at large what first suggested this Thought to me, and how I proceeded afterwards from Conjecture to Demonstration.

The Lot which Providence assigned me in Life, was to practise Physick in a Country Town; to which I united the sisterly Science of Man-Midwifry. And though it ill becomes any one to boast of his own Merit, yet I will venture to assert, that, in the Course of my Practise, I have helped near as many People into the World as ever I helped out of it;

which rendered my Fame so great for obstetric Operations, that I engrossed the Custom of all the Breeding Women in the fruitful County of——. But not to trouble you with more of my private History than is necessary, as I was sitting alone one Afternoon, smoking my *Postmeridian* Pipe, I received a Message from a neighbouring Gentleman, informing me that his Daughter was dangerously ill, and desiring my immediate Attendance. When I was arrived, and had examined the young Lady concerning her Complaints, I was surprised to find in her all the Symptoms of Pregnancy; but as I know very well how tenderly Ladies value their Reputation, even after they have lost them, I withdrew the Father aside into a separate Room, for the Sake of Privacy, and there, with great Concern, told him what my Office obliged me to declare; that his Daughter was apparently with Child, and very near the Time of her Labour. The old Gentleman was struck with Horror at the News; and immediately rushing into the Chamber, upbraided both his Wife and Daughter in the bitterest Terms, for concealing so important a Secret from him, and bringing such a Disgrace on the Family. The young Lady turned up a Face of inexpressible Innocence and Amazement, and immediately fainted away into her Mother's Arms. 'Tis usually observed, I know, that all Professions, which delight in Blood, from the Physician down to the Butcher (who are employed to disburthen Nature of her Numbers, lest the World should grow too populous) outlive the Sensations of Humanity, and never suffer their Minds to be interrupted with Pity;

but though I had been long used to the Sight of Mi-
fery, and had acquired a sufficient Constancy of Fea-
tures, there was something in the Scene before me
too powerful for Custom; and I really found myself
inclining to Compassion. But the good old Lady
soon put a Stop to these Womanish Emotions of my
Spirit, falling upon me with the most outrageous
Abuse, for *daring to asperse her Daughter's Reputa-
tion in that wicked ruffianly Manner, vowing it was a
Lie, a damn'd Lie; and she wondered her Husband
could bear it without Resentment.* To all which I
replied, with some Acrimony, that I was not used
to be treated with such Language, that I knew very
well how disagreeable a Truth it must be to a Pa-
rent's Ear, but since my Office could not protect me
from Abuse, my Honour obliged me to take my
Leave; and so making a Bow, I left the Family to
grow calm at leisure; not doubting but I should have
a second Summons, when they had reasoned them-
selves into Temper. Accordingly a Chariot came to
fetch me the next Morning; and though the Mother
could hardly bridle in her Passion, and the young
Lady protested every Moment she was innocent,
Affairs were now too far advanced to be concealed;
and about Five in the Afternoon, I conducted into
the World the little malicious Witness, whose Evi-
dence was so fatal to the young Lady's Character,
and so necessary to the Vindication of mine. Yet
still, after this seemingly conclusive Conviction, she
continued to make the same earnest Declarations to
all who visited her; and one Day, as I was sitting
alone with her, after she was pretty well recovered
from

from the Shock of her Delivery, she caught me hastily by the Hand, and with many Tears, and many Asseverations of Innocence, begged of Heaven to blast her immediately with Lightning, if ever she had known a Man. Such earnest Protestations, delivered with such an Air of Truth, and accompanied with so many moving Tears, wrought upon me so strongly, that, I knew not how, I found myself strangely inclined to believe her, even against the Remonstrances of Reason and Experience. Full of what she had said, I returned Home in a very thoughtful Mood, and continued uneasy and perplexed for a great while; till one Day happening to take up Mr. *Woollaston's Religion of Nature delineated*, I fell accidentally upon a Passage, which struck such a sudden Light on my Imagination, that I shall beg Leave to quote it at large, as the Ground-work and Foundation of my whole System.

That great Philosopher disputing whether human Souls are traduced from Parents to their Children, or supernaturally conveyed into the Fœtus at the Time of its Birth (which is a very worthy Subject of philosophic Enquiry, because impossible to be determined, and much a-kin to that learned Disquisition of old, [a] whether Eggs or the Chicken in them

[a] *Censorinus* says, many of the old Philosophers asserted the Eternity of the World upon this excellent invincible Argument, "quod negent omnino posse reperiri, avesne ante an ova generata sint; cum et ovum sine ave, et avis sine ovo gigni non possit." This interesting Question was once much agitated, as may be seen by *Macrobius* and *Plutarch*, who calls it τὸ ἀπορον ἐν πολλὰς πράγματα τοῖς ζήητικοῖς παρέχον πρόβλημα.

are first created) in the fifth Section of his incomparable Work, has the following remarkable Passage: "If then the Semina, out of which Animals are produced, are (as I doubt not) Animalcula already formed; which being distributed about, especially in some opportune Places, are taken in with Aliment, or perhaps the very Air; being separated in the Bodies of Males, by Strainers proper to every Kind, and then lodged in their seminal Vessels, do there receive some kind of Addition and Influence; and then being transferred into the Wombs of the Females, are there nourished more plentifully, and grow too big to be longer confined: I say, if this be the Case, &c." And again, "I cannot but conclude that there are Animalcula of every Tribe originally formed by the Almighty Parent, to be the Seed of all future Generations; and it is certain the Analogy of Nature in other Instances, and microscopical Observations, do strongly abet what I have said."—These are the Words of the great and learned Mr. *Woolaston*; which I had no sooner read, than I was instantly thrown into a *Reverie*, and began to reflect with myself, that if such little Embryos or Animalcula are so dispersed about, and taken in at the Mouth with Air or Aliment; and if nothing more is required than a certain hot Bed for them to dilate and expand themselves, till they grow too big to be longer confined, after the Manner of Seeds in a Cucumber-Frame: I say, if this be the whole Mystery of Generation (and Experiment has since fully convinced me that it is so) I began to question, why might not the Fœtus be as completely hatched

hatched in the seminal Vessels of the Woman, as when it passes through the Organs of both Sexes? Why should the Animalculum, or little Animal, go such a tedious Progress, make such a round-about Tour, when there is so much nearer a Road, so much shorter a Cut into Day-light? As to what the great Philosopher mentions of Strainers in the Bodies of Males, that was plainly owing to his Want of Skill in Anatomy; and the only Doubt now remaining with me was, whether Animalcula did really float about in the Air, and slide down the Throat as he described? for I had been used to think they were originally lodged in the Loins of the Males: But if Mr. *Woolaston's* Hypothesis could be proved, the Consequence, I thought, would then be easy and undeniable. Here again I was at a Stand; all before me was Darknesh and Doubt; I knew not if there were any such Animalcula, or, if there were, I supposed them too small to be discovered by the naked Eye; and though perhaps they might be discernible with the Help of a Microscope, yet I knew not where to seek for those *opportune Places*, hinted at by the great Metaphysician.

In this second Perplexity, Fortune again stept in to my Assistance, and my Doubts were unriddled by the following Passage in *Virgil's Georgicks*:

*Ore omnes versæ in Zephyros sunt rapibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras; et sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque Solis ad ortus,
In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Austër
Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore calum,*

Thus translated by Mr. Dryden ;

*The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,
And, with wide Nostrials, snuff the Western Air ;
When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,
Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous Rage, they take their Flight
Thro' Plains, and mount the Hill's unequal Height.
Nor to the North, nor to the rising Sun,
Nor Southward to the rainy Regions run ;
But boring to the West, and bow'ring there,
With gaping Mouths they draw prolific Air.*

Now it is well known, that this same *Virgil* was a great Natural Philosopher, as well as a Poet and a Farrier ; and here we see he confidently asserts, that it was very common for Mares to become pregnant, without any Coition, only by turning their Faces to the West, and snuffing up the Wind in that Quarter : But all Naturalists being agreed that there is a great Analogy and Similitude in the generation of all Animals, whether Bipeds or Quadrupeds, it occurred to me, that what had happened to a Mare, might, for this very Reason, happen to a Woman.

Thus was I got successfully through two Steps of my Discovery : The great *Woollaston* has told me, that Animalcula were dispersed about in *opportune Places*, to be the Seed of all Generations ; and the greater *Virgil* had told me, that certain Mares of his Acquaintance were impregnated by a West Wind, which, therefore I concluded to be one of those *opportune Places*, and considered it as the proper Vehicle of these floating Embryos.

But

But not willing to rely on Hypothesis only, or presume on the Authority of great Names, especially in this enlightened Age, where experimental Philosophy is so triumphant, and nothing goes down that is not made obvious to our Senses, I resolved to have Demonstration before I ventured to publish my Thoughts to the World. There are, I know, a droll Sett of Gentlemen, who think themselves authorised to tell any Lies in Print, and afterwards to quarrel with the World for not believing them: But for my Part, I write purely and simply for the Love of Truth, for the Use and Emolument of my Countrymen; and I should esteem myself the most unworthy of all Beings, if I presumed to amuse them with Fables, or abuse them with Forgeries.

Accordingly, after much Exercise of my Invention, I contrived a wonderful cylindrical, catoptrical, rotundo-concavo-convex Machine (whereof a very exact Print will speedily be published for the Satisfaction of the Curious, designed by Mr. *H—y—n*, and engraved by Mr *V—rtu*) which being hermetically sealed at one End, and electrified according to the nicest Laws of Electricity, I erected it in a convenient Attitude to the West, as a kind of Trap to intercept the floating Animalcula in that prolific Quarter of the Heavens. The Event answered my Expectation; and when I had caught a sufficient Number of these small, original, unexpanded Minims of Existence, I spread them out carefully like Silkworms Eggs, upon white Paper; and then applying

my best Microscope, plainly discerned them to be little Men and Women, exact in all their Limbs and Lineaments, and ready to offer themselves little Candidates for Life, whenever they should happen to be imbibed with Air or Nutriment, and conveyed down into the Vessels of Generation.

After this first Success in my Undertaking, I continued to make Experiments of various Kinds, too tedious to be related, for a whole Year, till I had at length fully established the Doctrine of Winds and Embryos; and I find that as other Insects are usually brought by an Easterly Wind, your *Human Insects* are always waisted from the opposite Quarter; the Swarms of both appear like Blights to the naked Eye; and both seem destined to much the same End of Existence, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the Fruits of the Ground.

Oftentimes, while I was viewing them through my Glass, my Imagination would turn romantic upon the Subject, and represent to me the great Variety of Fortune these Insects might go through, whenever they should happen to be called out into Day-light. I said in my Mind, this little Reptile may be an *Alexander*, that a *Faustina*, another a *Tully*, and another a Mountebank; and I was struck with Admiration to consider how many Heroes, and Patriots, and Legislators, and Monarchs, were now contained on a Sheet of Paper, whose great Souls, in Time to come, may make them esteem the whole World too confined a Scene for their Ambition. I remembered

the

the *Sarcasm of Juvenal*, as true before Life as after Death, *Expende Annibalem*, &c. and I repeated, with a kind of Enthusiasm, those excellent Lines in *Dr. Garth's Dispensary*;

*Now she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T' extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man;
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau.*

But now the great Trial of all was come, which, I believe, would have puzzled a whole College of Physicians, and set at nought all the consulting Powers of *W—rw—k Lane*. The preparatory Points were established to my entire Satisfaction, but whether *Animalcula* could be ripened into Existence, by passing through the seminal Vessels of a Woman only, was still a Question; and how to make the Experiment, *hic labor, illud opus*. Very hard it was to know when a Woman had imbibed the necessary Seed; and harder still to restrain her from all Commerce with Man, till the Experiment had Time to take Effect. If I made Choice of a married Woman, there the Difficulties were innumerable; or if I made Choice of a Maiden, Virginity has, in all Ages, been esteemed a very brittle Ware; and, I presume, has not greatly mended its Nature of later Days. Sometimes I thought of taking a Wife, over whom I could usurp an absolute Authority, and lock her up till the Day of her Labour; but fearing she might grow desperate, when she should find I had only married

married her to try an Experiment upon her; and at the same Time grievously mistrusting the Continuance of my own Affection, after I had accomplished my Ends, I dismissed that Project, and resolved, after much Perplexity, to hazard all upon a Chambermaid. Accordingly, having first persuaded the Girl she was ill, I read *Jacob Behmen* five Times over; and then mixing up some Animalcula in a Chymical Preparation, I administered them to her as a Dose of Physick. After which I discarded my Footman, and suffered no Male Creature, in human Shape, to approach my Doors; nay, so great was my Caution to have my Stratagem succeed, that I hardly permitted a Dog of the masculine Gender to enter my House.

In about Six Months it was very visible the Medicine had taken Effect; and let the Reader imagine, if he can, the Joy I felt, when first I perceived her begin to bourgeon: At the same Time too a little Circumstance happened, which heightened my Joy, and put the manner of her Conception beyond all Possibility of Doubt. As I was sitting alone one Morning in my Study, ruminating on this great Event, the Girl came in to me with Tears in her Eyes, and having obtained my Leave to ask a Question, entreated me earnestly to tell her, *if it was possible to breed after three Years?* Though I guessed the Drift of her Question, yet, affecting an Air of Ignorance, and putting on a grave Physician's Aspect, I ordered her to be more explicit; whereupon she proceeded, with frequent Breaks of Crying, to

tell me how much she was astonished at some Symptoms ; that *Heaven above knew what was the Matter with her, but she verily believed herself a breeding, and yet she could take her Bible Oath, she had not been — been—been touched by a Man for these three Years [b].* So then, said I, with a sterner Countenance, and a Tone of Severity, You confess then that about three

[b] When I wrote this, I had not seen a remarkable Case published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of September, of a Woman, from whom a Fœtus was extracted, that had been lodged thirteen Years in the Fallopian Tubes, sent from Riga by Dr. James Mounsey, Physician to the Czarina's Army, together with the Bones of the said Fœtus, as a Present to the Royal Society of London. The Woman, as we are told in that ingenious Treatise, was a Soldier's Wife of Abo in Finland, of a middle Stature, who, being pregnant for the third Time in the Year 1730, was afflicted with violent Pains and Twistings of the Bowels, &c. and continued sickly for ten Years afterwards. In the Month of September 1741, she pierced her Navel with an Awl, out of which ran a yellow-coloured Water, &c. In the Month of June two small Bones came out, &c. and in October 1742, she was taken in hand by Dr. Mounsey, and Mr. Geitle, Surgeon, who thrust a grooved Probe into the Fistula, and made an Incision with a Bistoury, upwards and obliquely, from the *Linea alba*, into the Cavity of the *Abdomen* ; but the Woman being unruly (as well she might) and the Operation not going on according to the Doctor's liking, he proceeded no further till the next Day, &c. At the next Operation the Incision was carried downwards ; but Care taken not to make the external Wound larger than needful, lest the *Omentum* and Guts should fall out, &c.—In short, the Fœtus was at length extracted Piece-meal at several difficult Operations. Now comparing all these Circumstances together, it seems reasonable to believe that this Fruit never was in the Cavity of the Womb, but that the impregnated *Ovum* was stopt in its Passage through one of the Fallopian Tubes, where it grew and was detained so many Years. Nothing therefore can be concluded from hence against the Cause I have assigned of my Maid's Pregnancy (as a certain learned Gentleman of the Royal Society, who communicated this Story to me, seemed to imagine) for the Cases are very different ; and the uncommon Delay of this Finland Woman's Delivery was owing to the prater-natural Situation of the Fœtus.

Years

Years ago, you was guilty of Incontinency ! — Yet Sir, replied she, *to be sure it would be a Folly to deny it to a Man of your Learning — to be sure I must confess that about three Years ago—to be sure, Sir, I was not quite so good, Sir, as I should have been, Sir.— My last Master, Sir, who was a Parson, Sir,— God forgive him and me too,— I am sure I have repented it a hundred Times, and I hope he has done the same.—* The courteous Reader, I hope, will pardon my descending to such low Particulars, which, I confess, are beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher ; but as it very much concerns me, in an Affair of such Moment and Importance to the World, to shew how regularly and cautiously I proceeded, it was necessary to describe the Girl's Simplicity as a Proof of her Honesty. Authors who write only for the Amusement of Mankind, may choose and omit Circumstances at their own Pleasure, according to the Rule of Horace,

— Quæ

Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquo.

But we who are unfortunately tied down to Truth, must write, as it were, in Fetters, and are obliged to keep on in the direct Road, without the Privilege of turning aside to entertain ourselves with Prospects. Be it sufficient, however, to say, that at the nine Months End, the Girl was delivered of a chopping Boy, whom I have ever since educated as my own, in spite of all the Calumny of the Neighbourhood ; and I cannot doubt, but, in Time, he will rise to be a Judge or an Alderman.

Thus,

Thus, Gentlemen of the *Royal Society*, I hope I have proved, in the most incontestable manner, that a Woman may conceive without any Commerce with Man; that the World has been in an Error for six thousand Years, and, probably, would have continued in it six thousand more, if I had not been born on purpose to break through silly Prejudices of Education, and undeceive Mankind in so material a Point. Material I must call it; for how different is this from all the Discoveries of *Isaac Newton* the Star-gazer! His, all of them, end in Speculation, but mine extend to Practice; his are only calculated for the Perusal of a few College-Pedants, but mine offer themselves to the World in general: And I shall shortly publish a large Volume to shew that this is the most natural Way of being born; grounding my Demonstration on the following infallible Argument, which I have drawn up syllogistically, to prove my wonderful Talents in Logic.

[c] Nature (say certain Authors of great Erudition) is a very frugal old Lady, and a prodigious good Oeconomist: She is observed to give herself as little Trouble as she can, and to do every thing at the cheapest hand.

But Animalcula may be hatched as completely in a Female Womb, as when they take the more tedious Progress through the Loins of the Males also.

[c] This is a Method much practised by the learned Mr. *W---r---n*, I suppose for the same Reason, to shew his Skill in chopping Logic.

Ergo,

Ergo, That is the right Road into Life, which is the shortest Road.

And now—what shall I say next? As it often happens that the Use and Practice of a Thing are known, before the Theory of it is discovered, (for Instance, Men of War could batter down Towns with Bombs, long before it was proved that Projectiles describe a parabolic Curve; and little Boys had amused themselves with the Shadows of a magic Lanthorn many a Day ere some great Philosophers undertook to explain the Mysteries of that wonderful Machine) so has it fallen out in the Subject now under our Consideration: History has here and there furnished an Example, and some Physicians of Antiquity have accidentally glanced upon the Subject; but still I think I may challenge to myself the Merit of an original Invention; and it would be very hard if a few Hints loosely dropt in old unfashionable Authors, which too I never saw till after I had established my Theory, should prevail so far as to fix upon me the odious Scandal of Plagiarism. There are, I know, a Sort of malevolent Readers, who take an infinite Pleasure in telling you that all Authors have stolen their Works since the Days of one *Orpheus*; and how lucky it is for that old *French* Poet, that we know not the Names of any of his Predecessors! but more especially they have recourse to this Device, whenever they find it not quite so easy to answer the Doctrine of a Book, and yet are determined to cry down its Reputation: Then we are sure to hear,

Lord, Sir! the Fellow stole it all; there is not a Page, nor a Line, nor a Word, nor a Syllable, nor a Letter, nor a Comma of it his own; I can turn to the very Book and Place from whence he pilfered it all. Now that I may anticipate this heavy Censure, and save certain ingenious Critics the Trouble of turning back to the good old Writer (Peace unto his *Manes*, whoever he be) from whom I transcribed this little Treatise, I have determined to produce of my own accord what few Passages I have accidentally met with upon this Subject, and afterwards I shall leave the World to decide, whether in spite of such occasional Hints, I may not still be allowed to be the sole Proprietor of this wonderful Hypothesis.

Galen, in his celebrated Treatise upon the Measles, wherein he endeavours to account for the Origin of that Distemper, delivers it as a common Opinion, that it was brought into the World by a Woman, born without the Assistance of a Father; but he seems to treat this as a vulgar Fable, and calls it a *Notion of the Multitude*.

Hippocrates informs us, that his Mother used frequently to tell him, she had no carnal Intercourse with his Father for near two Years before his Birth, but that she found herself strangely influenced one Evening, as she was walking in a Garden. His Father obtained a Divorce on this Occasion, and the good Woman fell under the Reproach of all her Acquaintance: But I hope this Treatise will vindicate her

her Memory from the Infamy, which has ever since attended it through all succeeding Times.

If we look back to the fabulous Ages of the World, when every thing was aggrandized by poetic Ornament, we read of many ancient Ladies, got with Child by such impossible Methods, that I believe they must have owed their Pregnancy to what I have been describing, and I hope all Commentators and Mythologists will, for the future, fall in with my Explication. For what else are we to think of *Juno's* growing big-bellied only with eating a Piece of Cabbage [*d*], which *Flora* gathered for her in the *Olenian* Fields? 'Tis plain she must have swallowed some Animalcula at the same Time, and thus became with Child of *Mars*. How else are we to account for the odd Conception of *Danaë* in her Imprisonment? Some old Oracle had foretold, that her Father *Acrisius* should have his Throat cut by a Grandson; and to defeat this Prediction, he locked up his only Daughter in a brazen Tower, under such close Confinement, that it was impossible for any thing but Wind to get Access to her; yet in these Circumstances the Lady was brought to Bed of the most mighty *Perseus*, who accomplished the Oracle in putting *Acrisius* to Death. The Poets indeed tell us a strange improbable Story of *Jupiter's* raining himself through the Tiles of the House in a

[*d*] Quod petis, Olenis, inquam, mihi missus ab arvis
Flos dabit; est hortis unicus ille meis.
Protinus hærentem decerpsi pollice florem,
Fitque potens voti, Marisque creatus erat.

Ovid. Fast. v.

golden

golden Shower; but this is plainly a poetic Fiction, invented to account for a puzzling Phænomenon.

The Story of *Boreas* running away with a young Heiress out of a Garret Window, and getting her with Child (as *Ovid* describes it in his *Metamorphosis*) is more immediately to our Purpose, and directly points out the Manner of her Conception. We all know, that it is the Profession of Poetry to personallise all its Objects, and if a Lady found herself impregnated with Wind, nothing was so natural as to make a God of that Element, and impute the Effects to supernatural [e] Power; though I confess there is an Impropriety here according to my System, but that may be owing to the Looseness of poetic Description, or, perhaps, the Lady mistook the Quarter of the Wind in telling her Story. In general we may conclude, whenever we read of Virgins got with Child by Rivers, by Dragons, by golden Showers, &c. that it was Wind, nothing in the World but Wind; only for want of knowing the real Cause, they were glad to assign imaginary ones; and the Poets getting hold of such improveable Topics, so overloaded them with Additions of their own, that in the End they were all considered in the Light of Fable and Romance.

[e] In this Manner we must interpret what *Ovid* puts into the Mouth of *Flora*, where she tells us she was ravished by *Zephyrus*,

Ver erat, errabam; Zephyrus conspexit, abibam:

Insequitur, fugio; fortior ille fuit.

Lib. v. Fast. 201. et dehinc.

If we descend from these allegoric Ages to succeeding Times, when History had learnt a more sober Style, and was contented to tell Truth without Disguise, we shall find some few Examples here also to our Purpose. *Diodorus Siculus* informs us, in an old Edition of his Works, communicated to me by my learned and industrious Friend the Rev. Dr. T—r, that a certain Sorcerers of *Egypt*, pretended, among other supernatural Claims, to be able to breed without the Help of Man; and under Colour of these Pretences, would have persuaded People to believe her the celebrated *Isis*, returned to visit her native Country; but at last a Priest of *Taautus*, or *Mercury*, was found in Bed with her, and so the Affair was at an End.

Polybius has a Story more explicitly to our Purpose; but he speaks of it with so much Distrust himself, that I will not venture to produce it, lest it should give an Air of Romance to this Performance [f].

Among the *Roman* Historians, I can only produce an Example from *Livy*, of a Woman who was reported to have been delivered of Twins in a desolate uninhabited Island, where she was cast away, and had not seen a human Face for the Space of Nine Years before her Labour. He tells us she was brought to *Rome*, and examined before the *Roman* Senate; but the Particulars of this Story are so very prolix and

[f] *Θιωρων δι τας Κεχλίας δυσκαιροῦσας, κ. τ. λ.*

Polyb. lib. iii. p. 230.

tedious

tedious, that I choose to refer the Reader to the Original, in the fiftieth Book of that incomparable Historian.

This is all I have been able to meet with in my reading, which I was willing to produce, as it may give some Light and Confirmation to my Hypothesis ; but I appeal to the illustrious Mr. *W—rb—n*, that great Decider of old Problems and modern Controversies, who well knows the Zeal of Authors to have their Works thought original, whether notwithstanding any thing here quoted, the Merit of this great *Arcanum* does not of right belong to me ? I mention that Gentleman's Name, who now unquestionably stands foremost in the Catalogue of *British* Writers, with the most profound Respect ; and it would afford me infinite Pleasure, if he would give this Subject a Discussion in the next Volume of the *Divine L—g—n*, whenever he pleases to oblige the World with that long-expected Work : Or if, by Chance, he should happen not to have room for it, being already furnished with his Complement of Digressions (and to be sure one Book can hardly contain every thing) still I have the Vanity to expect a Letter from him by the first Post, to thank me, according to Custom, for the honourable Mention I have made of him, and with some Compliments on my Performance, to make an Overture of his Acquaintance.

It now remains, before I conclude, to explain the great Advantages that will flow from the Publication of this Treatise ; for this it is, which must redeem

me from the reproachful Name of a Projector, and rank me in the Number of those illustrious Worthies, who have invented useful Arts for the better Accommodation and Happiness of human Life [g].

And, in the first Place, I hope I shall merit universally the Thanks of all the Fair Sex, for disabusing Mankind on the Subject of Conception, and teaching them how a Woman may be with Child in a single State, consistently with the purest Virtue.

*Cur ego desperem fieri sine Conjuge Mater,
Et parere intacto, dummodo casta, viro?*

But before this was known, when the World was foolish enough to suppose Coition always previous to Conception, how many Ladies have innocently lost their Reputation? How many unhappy Creatures have fallen under the Censures of a malicious World, been excluded from Visits, left out of Card-Parties, and pointed at by Prudes, only for the slight Inconvenience of happening to be brought to Bed before Marriage? Whereas, when once this Discovery is spread, it will be easy for a young Lady to lose her Maidenhead without losing her Character, and to *take the Air* without any Dread of Calumny and Reproach in Consequence of so innocent a Gratification.

*Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.*

Another great Benefit resulting from this Discovery, will be the utter Abolition of Matrimony,

[g] *Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG.
Quoted for the Sake of a Quotation.

which

which has long been complained of by all the polite World, as a Nuisance grievous and intolerable, inconsistent with all the Articles of modern Pleasure, and destructive of that Freedom, which of Right belongs to Gentlemen. In consequence whereof, we see Dukes and Dutcheffes, Lords and Ladies, and all the Great, whoring, divorcing, poisoning one another, starving one another, cutting one another's Throats, and practising every other genteel fashionable Art to break loose from their Fetters, and rescue themselves from this worse than *Egyptian* Bondage. Now as I am a most devoted Admirer of the Great, apt to esteem every thing wise, lawful and right, that comes from the Mouth of a Nobleman, I account myself happy to be Author of a Scheme, that falls in so naturally with their Desires, and will deliver them from that most pernicious Institution, supported by no other Authority than that of the Scriptures, an Authority long obsolete and out of Date with the politer Part of Mankind! And as I cannot doubt but all Women for the future will choose to propagate the Species upon the Plan here recommended, I can assure them for their Comfort, that their Satisfaction will be as great in this Way, as in the ordinary and coarser Communication with Man; which indeed the Fondness that Ladies have always expressed for *Zephyrs*, abundantly proves, though hitherto they have been ignorant of the Cause of the agreeable Sensations excited by that amorous Wind.

But the most capital Advantage of all remains yet to be told, and in describing of this I must exalt my Style :

— *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
Majus opus moveo.*

There is a certain Distemper most fatally epidemic, which has much employed the Speculation, and more the Practice, of Mankind. Whether with Physicians we call it the *Lues Venerea*, with 'Pothecaries the *Venereal Disease*, with Ladies the *French Distemper*, or with fine Gentlemen the *P—x*; it is known by all these Denominations, besides an infinite Number of inferior Titles, that mark the several Stages of this puissant, destroying Pestilence.

— *Nomina mille,
Mille nocendi artes.*

Some tell you that *Columbus* brought it over from his new *American World* in a Ban-box; and that it is nothing more than the Yaws operating differently upon *European Constitutions* [b]. Others are contented to go no farther for it than *France*; and very confidently assure us, that it was imported hither among other elegant Accomplishments, for which we have been indebted to that Land of Luxury and Refinement. But though its Origin be doubtful and uncertain, its Atchievements are unquestionably sure; and, oh, that I had the Pen of *Pracastorius* to describe

[b] However some People may contend for the modern Introduction of this Distemper, I am persuaded it is as old as the Days of *Hercules*, and that this illustrious Giant-killer was infected with it. The envenomed Shirt of *Nessus*, and the Torments he suffered by putting it on, are plainly a Poetic Allegory, which I interpret in the following easy Manner.—*Nessus* p--x'd his Whore, and she p--x'd *Hercules*.

the

the Ravage it commits upon a human Body ! Lend,
 lend me Assistance, all ye battered Rakes, while with
 blackest Ink I undertake to paint the Havocks of that
 honourable Disease, of which thousands of your Fore-
 fathers have died, and whereof yourselves so vain-
 gloriously boast in Taverns and Coffee-houses, to the
 great Advancement of Virtue and Morality. Say,
 illustrious — and — and —, for ye know,
 with what fatal Rapidity its Venom over-runs the
 Constitution, how it undermines the Teeth, un-
 hinges the Nose, soddens the Flesh, strikes Rotten-
 ness to the Bones, and poisons the very spinal Mar-
 row, Say, farther, most enviable Sons of Pleasure !
 for this also Experience may have taught you, how
 it spreads by Contagion, and operates by Communi-
 cation. Some Husbands give it their Wives, and
 some Wives give it their Husbands. Nor does the
 Evil end with Life, but revives again in the Posterity,
 is *entailed* on the Heirs of great Families, inherited
 in sure Succession, and oftentimes, too often, proves
 the only thing that is inherited by Heirs of noble,
 but corrupted Blood. Hence arises an enervated Pro-
 geny, weak in their Persons, and weaker in their Un-
 derstandings ; a puny, ill-compounded, unmanly Race,
 who bear about them the Marks of their Father's
 Wickedness in most legible Characters ; and though
 liable to be blown away by every Blast of Wind, have
 the Arrogance to strut through the *Mall* with Swords
 by their Sides, and fancy themselves Men. Alas ! their
 Mother's Chambermaids would make better Men.

*Non his juventus orta parentibus
 Infecit æquor sanguine Gallico.*

M 4

Now

Now this Distemper, so terrible in its Effects, and so pernicious in its Consequences, has been attacked for many Centuries, by all the *Esculapian* Art in vain; [i] *Mercury* has exhausted all its fruitless Powers; Salivations exerted their cleansing Influence without Effect; and the mighty *Ward*, with his illustrious Pill, sits despairing in an Elbow-chair at *Whitehall*, to find himself defeated by this invincible Disease. But what neither physical Prescriptions, nor surgical Operations, what neither Empirics with their Pills, nor Graduates of the Faculty with their Purges, have been able to accomplish; I pretend to perform in a safe, easy, effectual Manner, (*absit superbia dicto*) and for ever to drive out the P—x from his Majesty's Dominions. If all in female Shape (for I dare not call them all Women) will agree to seclude themselves from the foul Embraces of Men for one Year (which I account a very modest Proposal, as I offer them a better Gratification in lieu of what they are to forfeit) this ruinous Plague must cease from among us. And I humbly recommend it, with all due Submission, to the Judgment and Consideration of the most honourable the L—ds of the P. C. whether a R—l Edict would not be well employed, to forbid all Copulation throughout the Kingdom for the Space of one whole Year, beginning from *Lady-day* next, in order to stop the Growth and Increase of a Contagion much more fatal than that which

[i] *Cæsar* tells us our old *British* Ancestors worshiped *Mercury*, above all the Gods, *Deum maxime Mercurium colunt*, &c. Their modern Descendants still worship the same Deity.

now

now sweeps away our horned Cattle, and equally deserving the Interposition of Authority.

But Objectors still may be apt to question, whether your *double-distill'd* Children, who pass through the seminal Vessels of both Sexes in the old Way of Generation, are not of Course more healthy and vigorous, than your *single-distill'd* Infants will be, who are to receive only the Nurture of a female Womb? In Confutation of which silly Prejudice, though I could produce several very cogent Arguments from the Depth of Philosophy, yet I choose to answer this Query by another; Whether the present Race of Fathers, especially those in high Life, under the Circumstances I have described, are qualified to beget Children at all? But when Women are left to breed of themselves, and the Venereal Disease is banished from among us, we may then hope to see an Offspring robust and healthy; *British* Valour will then recover its ancient Glory; new *Cressys*, new *Agin-courts*, new *Blenheims* succeed to grace our Annals,

Nor Henry be the last that conquers France.

Wherefore, not doubting but my Scheme will immediately take Place, I shall apply very soon for a Patent to secure to myself the sole Advantage of this Discovery; and in the mean Time I have taken a House in the *Hay-market*, *dans la marché au foin*, where I shall give Attendance to all Women desirous of breeding, from the Hours of Seven or Eight in the Evening, till Twelve at Night; and if they will quietly submit themselves to my Experiment, I will ensure

ensure their Pregnancy at the proper Time, calculating from the Hour they did me the Favour of their Visit. Let them consider that the Glory and Interest of *Great Britain* are now incumbent upon them, that it is in their Power to raise our Vigour, and, as I may say, to mend the Breed of *Englishmen*. In so doing, their Names will be recorded in History, as the illustrious Propagators of Heroism, the Founders of a new Sect of Men, and be handed down to Posterity equally famous with the *Spartan* and *Roman* Ladies, whose many gallant Achievements for the Good of their Countries, in Times of Distress, engaged Poets and Historians in their Praise.

But principally and earnestly I address myself to you, Gentlemen of the *Royal Society*, who shine in the Dignity of *F. R. S.* and I hope you will recommend this Treatise to the World with all the Warmth and Zeal, that becomes the Promoters of useful Knowledge, the Patrons of Learning, the Judges of Science, and the Investigators of Truth.

I am, Gentlemen, with all possible Respect, Deference, Submission, and Veneration,

Your most obedient, humble,

and devoted Servant,

ABRAHAM JOHNSON.

A

C

MODEST DEFENCE

O F

G A M I N G.

First Printed in the Year 1754.

WEST DEERIDGE

W. M. G.

G. A. M. N. G.

Printed in the Year 1790

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MODEST DEFENCE

O F

G A M I N G.

OF all the zealous Efforts that have been made by the Reformers of this Christian Age to check the Progress of Vice and Immorality, the Clamour against *Gaming* hath met with the greatest Number of Voices to support it: the Journalist worries it from the Press: the Preacher curses it most devoutly from the Pulpit; and to crown all, the Tragedian thunders against it from the Stage. This last courageous Author, in the Hurry of his Valour, disdaining the Precaution of most Heroes, who have usually entered upon these Adventures, cased in Poetry, and armed at all Points with Rhyme and Metaphor, sallies out with no earthly Weapon, but honest blunt Prose, upon the old Scheme of fighting Giants, and taming Monsters. But first he sends out his little Dwarf
of

of a [a] Prologue, to challenge the *Hydra* from her Den, and to desire she would come out and be tamed: they meet; and after a Fight of three Hours, the Monster having received some secret Wound, nobody knows where, falls down and expires. So

Moore of Moore-Hall

With Nothing at all

Hath slain the Dragon of Wantley.

But, in the Name of *Fortune*, what has the *Society of Gamesters* done to provoke all this Violence? If the *Zeal* of Gentlemen lies upon their Hands, let them however employ it upon its proper Objects. There are Vices at least as epidemic as *Gaming*, and far more pernicious, that may employ all the Wit and Genius any modern Author has to spare. Hath *Extortion* been banished from the Seat of Trade; *Perjury* from the Courts of Justice; or hath *Covetousness* been destroyed by Fire from Heaven? What Wisdom is it to connive at these Enormities, and vent our Spleen upon an innocent Diversion, which, if an Infirmary, is surely the Infirmary of Noble Minds?

That this Cause should hitherto have wanted Advocates; will, no doubt, appear singular: for though the Professors themselves are not at leisure to deal in

[a] Our Author, Sirs, is come a Monster-taming, Ann'd at all Points against the Hydra—Gaming.

Prologue to the *Gamester*.

Controversy, it might be expected their Dependants would take the Pen in their Behalf. However, since Gratitude has not done them this good Office, Justice shall; and I hope those noble Personages will interpret, with their usual Candour, the Intentions of one, who honours them for their Principles, though he is a Stranger to their Persons: Principles that open and enlarge the Soul; dear to Philosophy, because they are founded in the Contempt of worldly Things; Friends to Policy, because they make Money circulate, and teach Industry the Way to thrive; something allied to Religion too, for *they fill the Hungry with good Things, and send the Rich empty away.*

In order to set this Matter in the clearest Light, I shall fairly state and answer those Objections that are made to the *Gamester*, considered as Master of a Family, and Member of the Community; that we may see how far his Profession can be thought to affect either Domestic Peace, or public Happiness: After which I shall briefly enumerate the Advantages that result from this Practice, which either Carelessness hath overlooked, or Prejudice misconstrued.

And first it is represented as a Matter of Scandal, that a Gentleman should indulge himself in a perpetual Course of licentious Diversions, while his Lady is left to bear the Burthen of Family-œconomy, and repining for the Loss of that Tenderness to which she hath an undoubted Claim.

Here I observe, how difficult it is for *Englishmen* to preserve Reverence, or even common Modesty, when

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when they are discoursing of their Superiors. Here is the whole Body of the Female Nobility and Gentry stigmatized in a Lump, as if they submitted to the vulgar Drudgery of inspecting the Accounts and Morals of their Families: Such Calumnies as these are not the less injurious to Decency, because in this Country of Freedom they may be vented with Safety; neither is it any ways fit, that Characters of this exalted Rank should lie at the Mercy of the vulgar Herd, who judge without Distinction, and censure without Feeling.

As to the other Chimæra, that Women of Quality ever repine for their Husbands Absence, or that one single straggling Idea ever went in search of them, or their Amusements, their Business, or their Company, I can only wonder, where it found an Imagination to harbour it. Is any one so wild to conceive that *Numbers* marry for any other Purpose than to get a Separation as fast as possible? Some wed for a Title; some are weary of a Mother's Leading-strings; some *settle in the World*, that they may run loose about the Town, and indulge the Marriage Liberties: 'Tis the Lawyer, not the Priest, ties the Knot; they mortify for the present, to have Pleasure in Reversion.

But the strongest Objection against this Commerce in the Eye of the World is still behind; and that is, Allegiance to the higher Powers: For there reigns in this Island a Monarch, who unfortunately could not be prevailed upon to abdicate at the *Revolution*,
though

though he had always claimed and exercised a dispensing Power; the Prince I mean is *Fashion*. His Laws differ in one Respect from those of the *Medes* and *Persians*, for they altered not; whereas *his* are shifting every Hour; but they agree in this Point, that whoever opposes them had as good be cast into the *Den of Lions*, and devoured out of the way; for no human Creature will give him Countenance, or be seen in his Company.

This Prince, like a wise Legislator, hath built his System of Government upon the old Foundation of Rewards and Punishments. The Ladies of *England* enjoy from *Fashion*, as the rest of us do from the Common Law, certain Rights and Privileges, that are not to be forfeited, except by their own Consent. It would be needless to recite them at present; they are contained at large in the Grand Charter *Fashion* gave his Subjects; they, on their side, engaged to submit their Thoughts, Words, and Actions, to his Direction, and to do him Homage as their Liege Sovereign. From this short Sketch it will be easy to point out the Consequence, if any Woman of *Fashion* were to commence an Acquaintance with her own Husband: She would be excommunicated from every Assembly in Town, and her Name expunged from the Catalogue of human Beings.

Gentlemen therefore may well be excused for not obtruding Visits, which are *unconstitutional*, and *void in themselves*; neither ought the *Gamesters* in particular to be taxed for Principles which they only hold in common with all Persons of Figure and Taste.

It is further alledged against the Practice of *Gaming*, that the Heirs of great Families are often ruined by the Vices of their Parents, and reduced from a State of Affluence to struggle against Poverty with a Spirit broken by Disappointment.

Let us argue this Matter calmly. The Mischiefs of a vicious Education are universally lamented ; and, I hope, all will concur to apply the Remedy, wherever found, without any Mixture of Passion and Prejudice. I say then, it is one main End of the wise Institution of *Gaming*, to prevent or correct the Effects of a vicious Education, and to secure our Youth from Intemperance by the salutary Restraints of Want and Poverty. It is the Confidence of inheriting great Estates that naturally begets Idleness and Debauchery ; and do we censure those whose unwearied Practice it is to abate this Confidence ? It is to this *independent Spirit* we owe the Existence of those Creatures that walk upright, and are called *Bucks* ; and from this is derived that monstrous Brood of *Country Squires*, whose sole Business and Pleasure it is to *kill Foxes* ; a Practice that cannot easily be justified either to God or Man, because those Animals do less Mischief in a Manor, and are a far more rational Vermin than themselves.

But if the Principles of *Play* were duly attended to, the Heirs of *Gaming* Families would reflect on their precarious Situation, and shelter themselves in some Liberal Profession : They would consider, that
Industry

Industry and Application might set things right, and make them almost as rich as their younger Brothers. Interest would charm them to Virtue, though they had stopt their Ears to Reason and Conscience: For all *Well-bred* Persons are agreed to detest Poverty more, if possible, than Learning itself.

Still it will be urged, that the Daughters of Gamblers are unprovided for in this Scheme, whom Custom, if not Nature, hath barred from all Resources of Industry, except such as are beneath the Dignity of noble Birth; and therefore, in the Case above-mentioned, they are inevitably exposed either to Poverty or Contempt.

'Tis confessed their Education differs from ours: They cannot flourish at the Bar, or bluster in a Campaign; but they may exercise their Genius at *Whist*, or their Courage at the *Brag-Table*; the Card Assemblies are still open to their Industry; the noblest Scene, wherein the Female Talents can be exerted: Neither is any great Fund necessary for this, if we consider the known Prerogatives of the Sex: When they win, they have speedier Payment; when they lose—they have longer Credit. And certain it is, whatever Pain it may give us to confess it, the Ladies have the *Powers* of Gaming in greater Perfection than the Men: What Enthusiasm in their Hopes! what Judgment in their Fears! what Skill in changing Places and veering about, when the Wind of Fortune is in their Teeth! how dextrously do they shuffle! how critically do they cut! how do

they penetrate into an Adversary's Game,—*as it were with a Glance!* then they calculate! Thought cannot keep pace with them: doubtless they play the *Whole Game* with greater Success than we can pretend to do.

But supposing they had no Resource; it is only a particular Instance of Distress from which no State hath been exempted; an Accident by which the best Purposes of Industry and Virtue have sometimes miscarried: it is no Disgrace to a *Gamester* that he is foiled by Fortune, who hath *lurched* Generals in her Time, and Statesmen too when they have looked wisest.

Some, like *Roderigo*, to put Money in their Purse, have sold all their Lands; why not? Gaming, like the Law, abhors Perpetuities. Property is in constant Circulation; but then, like the Sea, what it loses on one Shore it gains on another; and if some few can be mentioned whom *Play* hath reduced to Beggary, I could engage (if it would not offend their Modesty) to name many more whom it has *taken out of the Mire to set them with Princes*.

Now to view this Affair in another Light: Pray where is the Difference, in point of Morality, between the *Gamester* that trafficks with his Stock at home, and the Merchant that sends it abroad on foreign Ventures? But it will be asked, “Do I call “the Profession of *Gamesters* a Trade?” Yes, certainly! one of the most flourishing in the Kingdom.

And

And if they should get themselves erected into a Corporation, 'tis what I have long expected, and they cannot do a better thing. But to proceed : the Situation of our Country inclines us to Commerce, and the Genius of our People determines them to Play. The Merchant often risks his whole Effects in one Bottom, and the Gentleman often hazards all his Estate upon one Rubber : 'Tis true they are both liable to the Strokes of Fortune ; for one cannot command the Winds and the Waves, any more than the other can the Aces and Honours ; but their Designs are the same, equally tending to advance their Family, and to serve their Country. The whole Distinction is, that when the fatal Stroke happens, one is styled a Bankrupt, the other a *Cull* ; but for my own Part, I must be indulged in calling the Gamester, under those Circumstances, a *Broken Merchant*, because it was the Term we used at School when a Boy had lost all his Marbles.

But now, to see the different Treatment the misjudging World affords to these two baffled Adventurers : One is received with Pity, the other with Infamy ; neglected by his Friends, insulted by his Enemies, despised by all.—This is the Reward of distressed Merit in this *Northern* Climate ! These are the Fruits a Gentleman is to expect after having sacrificed his Time, Health, and Quiet, in the Prosecution of a noble Scheme, merely because he has happened, in the Experiment, to beggar himself and his Posterity.

But I hope these Gentlemen, when they are brought to a Situation wherein they shall no longer *choose to be popular*, I trust, they will appeal from the Clamours of the Multitude, to the still Voice of their own Conscience — And when they shall hear themselves traduced as Poisoners of Morals, and Corruptors of Youth, they will lay their Hands upon their Breasts (where they will be sure to find all quiet) and reflect that all this happened to *Socrates* long ago.

I now come to those Objections wherein the *Gamester* is taxed as an Enemy to the general Good of the Community. And first, those old-fashioned Politicians (there are not many of them left) who think Righteousness exalteth a Nation, are in Pain for the general Defection to Vice, which *Gaming* occasions; and they are grievously afraid that the horrid Oaths and Blasphemies which are daily vented, and numberless Frauds which are incessantly practised, will soon complete the Measure of our Iniquities, and bring on the third Earthquake very shortly.

As to Oaths, the Objection, I must needs say, is frivolous enough; for as all Persons are agreed, Gentlemen must swear somewhere, what is the matter whether it be done in the Progress of a Rubber, or an Intrigue, in *W—te's Chocolate-house*, or a Lady's Bed-Chamber? But for my own Part, since Perjuries have been so freely *tolerated* of late, I thought (and if I am wrong I beg Pardon for a very innocent Mistake)

Mistake) I took it for granted that Oaths had been allowed, as tending to enliven Conversation, and to revive Eloquence.

The Supposition of Blasphemy must proceed from a want of Candour, which, I hope, few will imitate. Such Words should not be rashly applied to large Assemblies, where it is odds but far the greater Part are entirely innocent; for how can Men blaspheme a Power which they do not acknowledge to exist?

As to Frauds, they could never be suspected, if the Principles on which Gentlemen regulate their Conduct were once known, which I shall therefore take leave to disclose as briefly as possible.

It is agreed by Philosophers, there is a strict Analogy between the Natural and Moral Systems. Now as the Mass of Nature, according to *Aristotle*, is compounded out of four principal Ingredients, to which he afterwards added a *Quinta Essentia*, of more refined Nature and *occult Qualities*; so Morality is formed in like manner out of four Elements, which are vulgarly stiled the Cardinal Virtues, besides which there is a *Quintessence* called *Honour*, for the Use of the *Nobility, Gentry,—but No Others*; for thus the matter is ordered; the Mob content themselves with the Elements, leaving to the Quality the sole Possession of the *Quintessence*. As to defining it, I shall not set about it for the present, nor in all Likelihood for the Time to come, it being a thing much easier to be felt than understood. — And here

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without the least Intention to offend the Clergy (for whose Function I have a sincere Reverence) I must have Permission to hint one thing.—It would be *well taken* if they would drop this Subject entirely in all their Discourses and Writings.—There is a secret Impediment in a Gown and Band, which disqualifies the Owner from saying any thing to the Purpose on this head ; for, as a Noble Lord well observed, *Honour* should never be mentioned in the Pulpit, nor Religion out of it. Not that I think *Justice* should altogether be discarded ; and I am of opinion that *Temperance*, with some few Improvements, might be made useful enough : But *Honour* !

*By Heavens it were an easy Leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
And pluck up drown'd Honour by the Locks.* Shakespear.

I hope no Man alive will say any thing against *Honour* in my Hearing.

It is likewise alledged that *Gaming* has a Tendency to destroy all Distinctions of Rank and Quality ; for that many Persons of the most sordid and obscure Families are hereby introduced to Familiarities with the Great, by which the Dignity of the P—age is debased.

With Submission I am of a different Opinion : I think the Dignity of the P—r—ge is most effectually debased by Pride, and exalted by Condescension. What can be more amiable than to see Persons of
the

the highest Rank vying with each other to carefs an unfortunate Man, that is making a desperate Push with the last Handful of Guineas he has in the World? Proposing Betts with so much *Affability*, taking his Money in such a *friendly* Manner, and *adminiftring the last Offices* to him with such a Fund of *Humanity*? I see no Justice in excluding every Stranger from an E O Table, that cannot produce a Pedigree traced from the *Conquest*: If he has the Dress, and Purse of a Gentleman, that is sufficient: As for a *full and true Account of his Birth, Parentage, and Education*, — let that be reserved for another Time and Place.

To say the Truth, these Questions about Family are more for Curiosity than Use; and do but serve to *delay Business*. For when a Dozen Carrion-Birds are met together in a Field, and get Scent of a Carcase, I never could observe them debating whether it were an Horse or an Ass they were about to devour: All they do is, to vote themselves hungry, and fall on without farther Ceremony.

Lastly, it is urged, the Example is pernicious: Vices of Quality naturally descend to a lower Sphere, and infect those, who can easily learn the Corruptions, without having the Resources of Wealth; from whence Violence and Rapine are practised, as the only means to feed Riot and Extravagance.

I am afraid this Reasoning will prove rather more than it intended; for at this rate Gentlemen must
restrain

restrain their own Pleasures for the Sake of other People's Morals. Men of Wit and Spirit *about Town* must give up Genius, Fire, Vivacity, and all the Refinements of Life, in order to save the Souls of half a Dozen Beggars. A very hopeful Scheme truly ! But I doubt the *Gamesters* will hardly be at leisure to consult the Scruples of others, for this manifest Reason, because they have hitherto had none of their own ; neither are their Consciences of that puling Kind, that will submit to be fed with this *Milk for Babes* : — they have Digestion for stronger Food.

Having thus far cleared the *Gamester* from those Imputations, that might affect him in his private and public Capacity, I shall now proceed to mention some Advantages that result from this Practice.

One great Advantage of *Gaming* is, that it teaches us to bear up against the Charms of Wealth, and Terrors of Poverty. For my own Part it hath seriously affected me to reflect, that Money, the grand Source and End of all human Counsels, the Corruptor of Patriots, and Divider of Princes, for which Beauties languish, Heroes fight, and Sages write upon Virtue ; should come to be utterly disregarded as a Thing of no Esteem amidst a general Dissolution of Morals, and in the Dregs of Time. There have been Philosophers who have despised Riches, when they could not get at them ; and some, who have advised the World to despise them, while they have been hoarding themselves. But no Age, except the
present

present hath produced Spirits aspiring to *this* high Perfection ; that have courted Poverty in the midst of Plenty ; renounced Ease, when they were born to Luxury ; and harrassed their Constitutions to effect Designs, which the rest of Mankind, wholly blinded by Prejudice, are sure to consider as infamous and detestable.

Having mentioned Philosophers, I cannot find in my Heart to proceed, without considering from what Sect among the Ancients, the Principles and Tenets of our modern Gentlemen seem to be derived ; and upon mature Reflexion, I find they are built upon the Ruins of the *Cyrenæic*, the Founder of which was *Aristippus*, the finest Gentleman of his Age ; and no doubt a *Gamester*. And whoever has turned his Thoughts to examine the Conduct and Opinions of that Philosopher, as they are delivered to us by the most authentic Writers, will find the Parallel striking enough to justify a longer Digression than I at present design to make.

And first, *Aristippus* was celebrated for his uncommon Contempt of Money ; for being on a Journey, and finding his Attendants lag behind, too heavy laden with Treasure, he ordered them to leave it in the Desert, and pursued his Way without it.

——— *Servos projicere aurum*
In mediâ jussit Libyâ

——— *The Slaves at his Command*
Scatter'd his Gold on Libya's barren Sand.

In

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In Imitation of which Proceeding, his Followers among us shew the utmost Forwardness to *divest themselves of that Incumbrance* as fast as possible.

Some Persons have been surpris'd, how our modern Gentlemen can sustain that Character under the strange Variety of Dress that *Fashion* prescribes. What a different Appearance is made by the same Individual, when you see him sauntering in the *Mall*, and lounging in the Play-house? Yet still the Gentleman appears through all. All which is directly traced from the Pattern of *Aristippus*: Sometimes he made a Figure in purple Robes; and often, as [b] *Diogenes Laertius* observes, he would walk about with a *Newmarket Switch* in his Hand, his Hair in Papers, and his Hat in the *Ancafter Cock*:

*Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet,
Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.* Hor.
*His Dress, tho' varied, fix'd the public Eyes,
And shew'd an Elegance that mock'd Disguise.*

Aristippus had a wonderful *Penchant* toward the Fair Sex: He would ride Post at any Time, rather than baulk his Assignations: And once it is recorded he made a long Voyage, for the Pleasure of conversing with the celebrated *Lais*, the *F—nny M—rry* of her Age. But here the Scholars have far outstripped their Master, if we except the Sailing Expedition, which Fortune hath put out of the Question, by providing them with *Mistresses*, as well as *Surgeons*, in every Street.

[b] In Vit. Aristippi.

It

It will not appear strange, after what was said in the last Paragraph, that *Aristippus* had several natural Children; but there being no *Foundling Hospital* in those Days, he told their Mothers in his easy Way, Procreation was not what he desired or intended; that for his Part, he considered Children as mere bodily Secretions: However, if the *Parish* chose to provide for them, he had no Objection. Our Proceeding, till of late, was the exact Counterpart of this: Now indeed the Case is altered; and Gentlemen commit Fornication in the Spirit of Patriotism, in order to raise Supplies for the *Herring Fishery*.

However, there is one thing which it would be unfair in me to suppress: *Horace* introduces *Aristippus* holding a Conversation with *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, wherein he says of himself, what History hath likewise confirmed;

——— *Equus ut me portet, alat rex.*
Officium facio ———

——— *I sell my Flattery for Gain,*
And fawn for Luxury which Kings maintain.

The Philosopher, it seems, not being born to an independent Fortune, condescended to accept certain Gratuities from the Princes and Great Men of his Time; and, for fear of losing his Pension, was their very obsequious and devoted humble Servant; which is the only material Point, wherein his Character differs

differs from that of our Nobility, to whom nothing of this Sort can, with any Colour, be objected.

But to return to my Argument, (which I do with the same Pleasure that a Gentleman who has cut out, returns to a *Rubber*) another Advantage of *Gaming* is, that it clears the Mind of many uneasy Passions. *Tully* has left us a Treatise against Perturbations; but, in my Opinion, Mr. *Hoyle* has published a much better for Use and Practice: For whoever has studied the Works of this Philosopher, enjoys a State of most blessed Insensibility: He is in perfect Charity with all Mankind, forgiving Injuries, and forgetting Benefits: He has a Wife and Children, Relations and Friends; but he has neither Fears for their Welfare, nor Tears for their Distress: He bears their Afflictions with the most Christian Patience, and kisses the Rod with which Providence hath chastised them: Conforming precisely to that Divine and Stoical Precept of *Epictetus*, “If thy Friend be in Extremity, thou mayest say thou hast Pity on him; but be sure not to feel any, because that is an Infirmary beneath the Dignity of Man.”

A third Advantage resulting from this Practice is, the Influence it hath upon the Military Establishment. It must give Pleasure to every Lover of his Country, to observe us exactly tracing the Plan, which *Horace* prescribes in that solemn Ode addressed to his Friends, for the restoring warlike Discipline

Discipline among the *Roman Youth*: Speaking of whom he says;

*Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta.*

*Let the brave Youths, whose Souls for Glory pant,
Sustain the manly Discipline of Want,
They ne'er shall shrink from Death's impending Blow,
Nor breathe from Slaughter, 'till they've quell'd the Foe.*

Horace appears to have been very fond of this Doctrine; for, in another Part of his Works, he tells a Story of a Soldier in *Lucullus's Army*, who had been robbed of all his Money by Thieves. The Fellow was in a violent Rage, swore like a Trooper; and, fully determined neither to give nor take Quarter, runs to the Head of the Forlorn-hope, storms a Castle, and shielded by his Despair, came off without Loss of Life or Limb; but when he had reimbursed himself by Plunder, his Courage by no means seconded the Motion his General made to him soon after, to go upon such another Expedition; for he very coolly asked him,

*D'ye think me, Noble General, such a Sot?
Let him take Castles who has ne'er a Groat.*

Mr. Pope.

From whence we may collect, that Men in easy Circumstances are not the fittest to go upon desperate Adventures; and that those who have charged through

through a Troop of Creditors, are most likely to have the same Success when they face an Enemy.

What then shall we say to a *British* Army, in which there are *perhaps* — *Half a Dozen* Officers, all *Gaming-proof*, with empty Purses, and starved Hopes, who fear neither God nor Devil, have felt the worst that *Man* can do, and have laid in a Fund of Desperation sufficient to answer the Exigencies of an whole Campaign though it were commanded by *Hannibal* himself? And shall we renounce such Advantages as these, in which the Interests of *Europe* are concerned, to gratify popular Prejudice and Clamour? I take *Gaming*, considered in this Light, to be the best Instrument for enabling us to fulfill our Treaties on the *Continent*.

Another great Advantage of *Gaming* is, that, like Charity, it is the constant Reconciler of Differences, and the chief Uniter of Mankind: Here Company meet without the least Regard to Age, Condition, or Party: Fortune's Veterans mix with young Adventurers, and teach them the Path to Honour: *The Courtier and the Patriot* cut in together, *equally* complain of *Grievances*, and *want Supplies*: No Man's Principles are questioned, if his Credit be uncontested; for Money is indifferent to Parties, and freely lifts itself on either Side.

To conclude; let me offer one Argument, which perhaps will weigh more with our Opponents than
either

either Reason or Justice; and that is, the Impossibility of succeeding in their Attempt. This is no Time to expect Success in Projects that have been so often baffled. What hath the Wisdom of the Nation effected by its Laws, or the Fury of the Rabble by its Clamours? *The Rulers have conspired together, and the People imagine a vain thing.* Vain indeed! They had better therefore renounce their Opposition while they can do it with a good Grace, and say at once with the Great *Durandarte*,

[c] *Patience! and shuffle the Cards.*

[c] *Vide Don Quixote.*

S

F

W

Phalautus

c

T H E

Pretty Gentleman ;

O R,

SOFTNESS of MANNERS

V I N D I C A T E D

From the false RIDICULE exhibited
under the Character of

WILLIAM FRIBBLE, Esq.

First Printed in the Year 1747.

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T O

Mr. GARRICK.

S I R,

AS in the Wantonness of your petulant Fancy, you have fallen upon a Sett of Gentlemen, who cannot possibly have given you any personal Provocation ; I have thought proper to prefix your Name to this their Defence, and call upon you thus publickly to justify your Behaviour, if it be possible. But surely, Sir, it must have been a secret Admiration of their Elegant and Refined Manners, that called forth your Spleen, to turn into Ridicule those soft Accomplishments you despised to equal ; and, as a Comic Writer did by the Divine *Socrates*, mimic and burlesque upon the Stage what you had not the Face to imitate in real Life. But your Wit was as impotent as your Malice was strong. Your Farce was no sooner seen, than it was laughed at ; you know, Sir, it was laughed at ; most prodigiously laughed at : A plain Proof, that it was judged to be very *ridiculous*.

Believe me, Sir, you have fallen most miserably short in your Attempt. And how should it be otherwise? *You* pretend to exhibit a Representation of *The Pretty Gentleman*, who are by no means an *Adept* in the Character! *You!* that are an entire Stranger to those fine Sensations, which are *requisite* to give a thorough Notion, and true Relish of the Enjoyments it affords! How should you paint what Nature has not given you Faculties to feel? As far as *She* leads you by the Hand, you may, perhaps, succeed: But to leave her *behind*, and tread those secret Paths to which her Guidance never points; *This, Mr. Garrick, This* is far beyond the Power of your limited Genius.

So wishing you more fortunate in your next Essay, and wise enough never to expose yourself again to Derision, by endeavouring to laugh out of Countenance a Character, which all sensible Men look upon with *Admiration* and *Astonishment*, I take leave to subscribe myself, as much as I ought to be,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

PHILAUTUS.

THE

Pretty Gentleman, &c.

THE Theatre is said to be the proper School for correcting the little Irregularities and Foibles of Mankind ; and no Method is held more likely to check the Growth of Folly, than to bring it to full View in Scenes of humorous Representation. But then the Comic Writer should be certain, that what he endeavours to expose, be really an Object of Ridicule ; otherwise he not only offends against the Rules of the *Drama*, but the Precepts of *Virtue*.

I am led into these Reflexions, by a late Performance exhibited on our Stage, wherein the Author attempts to laugh out of Countenance that *mollifying Elegance* which manifests itself with such a bewitching Grace, in the *refined* Youths of this *cultivated* Age. It is in Defence of these injured Gentlemen that I have taken up my Pen ; and how well qualified I am to execute such an Undertaking, the Reader will be convinced, if he has but Patience to peruse carefully the following Sheets.

Amidst all my Researches into the History of this Country, I do not find one PRETTY GENTLEMAN, till the glorious Reign of King *James I.* This Prince had an odd Mixture of contrary Qualities. In some respects he retained the Rusticity of *Gothick* Manners; in others, he was very refined.

Lord *Clarendon* assures us, "That His *Most Sacred Majesty* was so highly delighted with a Beautiful Person and Fine Cloaths, that these were the chief Recommendations to the Great Offices of State." A convincing Proof (begging the noble Historian's Pardon) of that Monarch's superior Talents for Government.

In the Reign of *Charles I.* this Refinement sunk in Reputation: For how indeed was it possible, that a genuine Taste could be cultivated, when *Falkland* was beheld with general Admiration, and *Waller* read with general Delight?

Harder still was her Fate, under the Rebukes of an austere Republic, and a sour Protector. The very *Loyalists* themselves were treated with less Rigor, and not a Man of any Elegance durst even show his Head.

But when Monarchy was restored, *Taste* emerged from her Obscurity, and shone with some Degree of Lustre. For though the Prince was somewhat inelegant in himself, yet that *downy Ease*, which was cherished under his auspicious Influence, was highly favourable

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favourable to the Cultivation of *soft Manners*; notwithstanding the malicious Efforts of *Milton, Denham Dorset, Buckingham, and Dryden.*

From this Period, to the Beginning of the present Century, her Progress was now and then checked by the Blasts of Envy; yet, upon the whole, she made some tolerable Shoots; when at last, a Sett of malevolent Spirits arose, who [a] with a cruel and bloody-minded Zeal, entered into a Combination to destroy this lovely Plant, both Root and Branch. The better to effect their barbarous Resolution, they set up an *Idol* of their own Fancy, ascribed to it all the Attributes of the *Graces*, and with the Artifice of deceiving Blandishments, allured the Majority of the Nation to fall down and worship the *Image* which they had set up.

Hence it was that *Elegance* became a neglected Character, and the *Pretty Gentleman* an Object of general Contempt, and barbarous Raillery.

But no sooner were these Enemies removed, than the Sons of Delicacy made an Attempt to rise again: And how successful they have been, every Place of polite Resort does fully witness; and notwithstanding all Opposition, they are determined to push on their Designs, and polish the *British* Manners. Now the better to carry on this glorious Scheme of Reformation, these Gentlemen have erected themselves into

[a] Under the Forms of *Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians.*

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an amicable Society, and from the Principles on which it is founded, have very pertinently stiled it,

The Fraternity of PRETTY GENTLEMEN.

As no associated Body can possibly subsist, unless they are cemented by an Union of Hearts, the grand Principle of this Fellowship is mutual Love, which, it must be confessed, they carry to the highest Pitch. In this Respect, they are not inferior to the *ἱερὰ φάλαγγ*, *The sacred Theban Band*, so illustrious in Story. Such an Harmony of Temper is preserved amongst them, such a Sameness is there in all their Words and Actions, that the Spirit of *One* seems to have passed into the *Other*; or rather, they *all* breathe the *same* Soul. This is the secret Charm that the *Platonists* talk of, the intellectual Faculty, which connects one Man with another, and ties the Knot of virtuous Friendship. But I need not dwell any longer on a Subject, which can admit of no Debate; the Notoriety of the Fact is even become *Proverbial* amongst us, and every one cries out,

Magna est inter MOLLES concordia!

I shall now open another Scene, and present to the Reader a View of their Studies and Employments; where he will find them no less worthy of his Admiration and Regard.

They do not indeed consume their Hours in such Points of vain Speculation, wherein the *Pride* of *Reason* and *Learning* has room to operate. And indeed there is something in the Drudgery of *Mas-*
culine

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culine Knowledge, by no means adapted to Youths of so *nice* a Frame, that it cannot be said, they are ever invigorated with perfect Health. The enfeebled Tone of their Organs and Spirits does therefore naturally dispose them to the softer and more refined Studies; Furniture, Equipage, Dress, the Tiring Room, and the Toy-shop.—What a Fund is here for Study! And what a Variety of easy Delights! Or, if the Mind is bent upon Manual Exercise, the *Knotting-Bag* is ready at hand; and their skilful Fingers play their Part. Notwithstanding the Ridicule, which is thrown upon this Part of the Character, it appears to me, rather to merit our *Applause*, than to provoke our *Laughter*. With what Satisfaction have I beheld five or six of these elegant Youths interspersed with an equal Number of Ladies, almost as delicate as themselves, and vying with them in their own Accomplishments! Rouzed by the Ardor of Emulation, they work for *Glory*, and assert the Prize of *Feminine Merit*.

With equal Skill their practised Fingers apply the Needle, and rejoin the Lace: With equal Facility they convey the gliding Shuttle through the opening Thread, and form the various Knots. Pretty Innocents! How virtuously, how usefully are their Hours employed! Not in the wrangling Squabbles of the Bar, or the unmannerly Contentions of the Senate; not in the robust Sports of the Field, or in a toilsome Application to ungentleman-like Science; but in the pretty Fancies of Dress, in Criticisms upon Fashions, in the artful Disposition of *China Jars*, and
other

other Foreign Trinkets ; in sowing, in knitting Garters, in knotting of Fringe, and every gentle Exercise of Feminine Oeconomy.

If from their Studies we turn our Attention to their Conversation, we must be convinced, that in this Respect likewise they are so far from meriting Contempt, that nothing in the World can be more refined, or more engaging.

It is an established Maxim in this School of Manners, never to oppose the Sentiments of the Company. Every Gentleman assents to every thing that is said. Sometimes indeed, you may hear what appears, at first, like a Difference of Judgment : But have a little Patience, and you will find it is only the genteel Interchange of Sentiments : For *Sippius* will go over to the Opinion of *Fannius*, rather than be so rude to contradict him ; and *Fannius* will allow his Friend to be in the right, rather than be thought so ill-bred as not to give up such a Trifle as his own Judgment. Whereas your unrectified Spirits are eternally insisting upon the natural Right of maintaining their Opinions, and the Liberty of speaking their Minds.

The Liberty of speaking your Mind ! A pretty Assertion truly ! I know not what Arguments may be drawn, in favour of it, from the musty Precepts of antiquated Sages, but I am certain, that Good-breeding absolutely disallows it : Neither indeed is it reconcileable with common Sense and Discretion ;
for

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for he who disapproves my Sentiments, does, in effect, tell me *I am a Fool*. Consequently, let him talk ever so well, and reason (as you call it) ever so justly, he is sure to give Offence: Whilst the yielding Companion, the well-bred Assenter, never fails to conciliate Favour; for there is not a more engaging Compliment to the Understanding, than to sacrifice *your own* Vanity to That of *another*.

A *Pretty Gentleman* therefore scarce ever dissents. He will indeed sometimes say, *Oh! pard'n me, mi Dear! I ke'n't possibly be of that Apinion!* But then this is only a polite Artifice, that he may flatter your Judgment with a finer Address, when he afterwards suffers himself to be convinced by your superior Reasoning. To give him his Due, he has no Attachment to any one Opinion in the World, but *that* of preserving the Rules of Good-breeding. In all other Cases, he has an Assent entirely at your Service; and you cannot change Sides oftener, than this most obsequious humble Servant will follow you. A Transgression of *Decorum* is indeed so shocking to his Nature, that he cannot let it pass without Correction; but then it is always inflicted with a gentle Hand. The severest Adnimadversion never rises beyond this,

O! fie! ye filthy Creter!

The Epithet *filthy*, as it appears upon Paper, may seem somewhat coarse and unclean: But were you to hear how he liquidates the Harshness of the Sound, and conceals the Impurity of the Idea by a sweetened Accent,

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Accent, you would grow enamoured of his Address, and admire the enchanting Beauties of refined Elocution. *Ob ! fie ! ye filt-by Creter !* How easy, how gentle, how humane a Chastisement for the highest Offence !

It has been observed (but I don't remember by what Author) that there are two Kinds of Conversation : The one, close and continued ; the other, loose and unconnected. The *First* was practised amongst us whilst the Enemies of Elegance prevailed : But now the *Latter* has deservedly gained the Ascendant ; as it is perfectly suited to the Turn and Cast of our polite Assemblies of every Denomination [b]. The Gravity of dull Knowledge is at last happily exploded : *Masculine* Sense and Wit are rejected as obsolete and unfashionable Talents ; and better supplied by the more engaging Charms of the contrary Qualities. Nothing is now heard, but sweet Chit-chat, and tender Prattle-Prattle, Shreds of Sentiments, and *Cuttings* of Sentences, — all soft and charming, elegant and polite.

By this short Abstract of the prevailing Turn in polite Conversation, the Reader sees, that the *Pretty Gentleman* must necessarily be the best Company ; because he will neither offend by the abominable Coarseness of *manly* Reason, nor the ungrateful Poignancy of keen Repartee : But though he is not such

[b] Drums, Kettle-Drums, Drum-Majors, Routs, Hurries, Riots, Tumults, and Helter-Skelters, the several Appellations by which the modern Assemblies are aptly characterized and distinguished.

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a Fool, or so ill-bred as to be down-right *Witty*, he will now and then indulge himself in what he calls, *The little Escapes of Fancy*, which I will not injure so much as to rank them under the Denomination of *Wit*. If the Company happens to grow languid, *Fannius* has an admirable Talent at reviving their Spirits by some pretty familiar Remark or other; which, obvious as it is, would never have entered into the Head of an unrefined Mortal. On such an Occasion this little Wag will pat a Lady over the Shoulder, and tell her, with the most facetious Leer, *I vow, Me'me, yur'e immoderately entertaining.*

And though this is all he says, yet there is something in the *Manner*, in the *Accent*, and in the — *I don't know what*; that the Company instantly revive, and begin again to exchange their *Words*. Nor let any Man imagine that this is a trifling Talent, which can raise Something out of—Nothing, and restore a Society to Chearfulness and Pleasantry; for good Manners require that Conversation should be kept up at any Rate.

But when I told you that their Raillery was the most inoffensive thing in Nature, and operated so finely, that it could scarce be felt; yet as there are no general Maxims but what have some Exceptions, I confess that *Lepidulus* now and then steps beyond the Rules of the Community, and like a little Wasp as he is, leaves his Sting in the Wound he inflicts. A certain Lady, who affects a masculine Sense and Spirit of Jocularity, gave herself the Liberty to rally the

the modern Refinement, and in the Ardor of her Zeal was transported somewhat beyond the Limits of *Decorum*. Upon this, *Lepidulus* was so exasperated, that he could not, for the Soul of him, contain any longer, but steps towards her with a nettled Air, looks her full in the Face, and with a rebuking Countenance, mixed with Fear, gave Vent to his Spleen. "I vew, Me'me! it—it—it's not—without infinite Pains — that yu're able — to make yureself less am'able."

This cutting Reproof, just and seasonable as it was, would hardly have passed uncensured by the Fraternity, had it not been excused by the high Provocation, which occasioned it.

The other Day, when the whole Body was assembled, they had the Patience to peruse that abominable *Farce* now under my Correction. "It is the most astonishing Thing in Nater, cries *Tenellus*, "that so low a Performance should meet wi' such pop'ler Applause! — O Lard! Oh Lard! as I hope for Mircy, replies *Lepidulus*, there's re'lly now nothing at all supprizing in the Case; for pop'ler Fame is nothing but *Air*; and *Air* (as you Scholars tells us) nat'rally presses into—— a *Vacuum*. "He—he—he—he!"

Though this was a keen Conceit, yet as it reflected Honour on the Community, it was so highly relished, that they had certainly broke out into a loud Laughter, were it not that such *Bursts* of Mirth are looked

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upon as the Marks of savage Manners. A governed Smile, or so—they judge to be not at all ungraceful. Nay, an *Half-Laugh* upon a very extraordinary Occasion, is not esteemed a Departure from Decorum. But then, the utmost Caution imaginable is taken, that it proceed no farther. And it is pleasant enough to see the little Difficulties they struggle with in suppressing the Inclination. The tickling Sense of the home-felt Conceit, puts the risible Features into Motion; but then it is instantly checked by the quick Impulse of fine Sensation. The one prompts to give full Vent to the rising Joy; the other bids—*forbear*. It is this pretty Altercation, which produces that *tempered Laugh*, which plays with such a Grace on the Countenance of a *Pretty Gentleman*.

By what I have already advanced, the Reader may probably perceive, that their Language and Diction has the most essential Requisite of Style, and that the *Sound always echoes to the Sense*. But since this Part of the Character has been a Subject of our Mimic's Raillery, I shall produce such Instances, as will incontestably demonstrate the Truth of my Assertion.

Some Time ago, four or five of these elegant Youths were invited to dine at Lady *Betty*—'s. The first Dish that was served up happened to be a Leg of *Lamb and Spinage*; at the Sight of which *Fannius* instantly fainted away.

“ Oh Lard ! says *Timidulus*, fetch some Draps.—

“ Take away the Dish, cried *Molliculo*—Perhaps he

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“ has

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“ has some 'Tipathy to Lamb. No, no, replies
 “ *Tenellus*, he has evermore his Hysterics at this
 “ Time of the Year.—Let him alone, for He'vns
 “ Sake! don't croud about'm;—he'll come to him-
 “ self presently.—Fetch a little Pepper-mint-water,
 “ says *Cottilus*, it is——

By this Time, *Fannius* finding his Spirits return,
 gently lifted up his Head,—and after half a Dozen
 Sighs——“ Heigh! Hoh! Where am I?—Well—
 “ I protest—I am quite—ashamed to—to—But—
 “ do you know, whenever I see a Leg of *Lamb* and
 “ *Spinage*, it is so like—that it puts me in mind of—
 “ [*Here he burst out into a Flood of Tears*]—It puts
 “ me in mind of my dear,—dear Bitch *Chloe*—sun-
 “ ning herself upon a *Grass-Plot*! What a dull Cre-
 “ ter was I, replied the Lady, that I could not think
 “ of this! But upon my Veracity! I never heard
 “ a Syllable that *Chloe* was——. It was sure the
 “ most engaging Company! And had the softest
 “ Coat! Well! It was an infinitely pretty Creter!

“ Oh dear Me'me! replied *Fannius*—Not a Word
 “ more, I entreat you.—Your Favor is an Antidote
 “ against all Misfortunes.” Upon this he dried up
 his Tears; the Company sat down again, and all
 was well. I have given this Narrative not only as a
 beautiful Specimen of their Language, but as an ex-
 emplary Instance of great Humanity of Temper.

Nor are they less excellent in what is commonly
 called the *Epistolary Style*, but more properly *Missive*
Conversation: The Reader will be fully convinced
 of

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of this, if he gives his Attention to the following Specimens.

A C A R D.

“ Lord *Molliculo*’s Compliments to Sir *Roley Tellenus*—hopes did not ketch Cold last Night when he went from th’ *Oppera*—shall be proud of his Company at Cards nex *Wensday fennit*,—to meet Lady *Betty*, and begs will not fail.”

When the Sentiments are committed to *Paper*, the *Diſtion* riſes to an higher Pitch, preſerving at the ſame time, a great Degree of the *kindred Form*.

COPY of a LETTER from Sir *Thomasin Lepidulus*, to *Narciffus Shadow*, Eſq.

Mi Dere *Neffy*,

I Expected yu wud ha’ retorted upon that brootal *Monſtir*, who atak’d yu laſt Nite at Lady *Betty*’s.—Yu certinly had it in yure *Pour*;—but upon matuer D’*liberation*, I vew, I think yu was in the Right to turn it off, and treat the *Retch* wi’ good *Manners*. Yu fine *Geniuſſes* who *clypſes* every body, certainly for that *Reſon* owes every body inf’nite *Civility*. *Pour Puſs* is better this Morning—Fever pretty much abated. Pray, mi Dere, how is yure Cold? I tho’t yu was vaſtly hoarſe laſt Nite. Better not ſtir abroad—*Weather*’s extremly piercing. I hate this deteſtable *Climate*, as much as—Yu will ſupply the reſt—

Adieu, dere *Neffy*,

Yours infinitely,

T. LEPIDULUS.

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Narcissus read this Letter to his Valet; and having talked the Subject over with him, not perhaps to borrow any of the Fellow's Sentiments, but to give Rise to some in himself, wrote the following Answer —

I Protest to you, my dear Leppy, I was several Times upon the Point of breaking out with the Sharpness of Rebuke. Was there ever such a nauseous Creter? To confess the Truth,—I shud certainly have been severe upon him, but that — it is much more becoming a Gentleman, not to say any thing subject to inconvenient Interpretations. The Fellow is — what you call sprightly — but has nat the least Tincture of Delicacy about him. Pray, have you seen the New Play? I she'n't be esy till I have yure Opinion.

My Suspensions are confirmed. Amoriculus (wud You believe it?) the abominable Man is, bona fide, become a Parent by his Criminal Gratifications.

Adieu Deery! Love me as I do You — and more — if You can.

Yours for ever,

P. S. Half Hour past 2.
Going to Dress.

N. SHADOW.

And what now have the Sons of *Momus* to object against the Style of a *Pretty Gentleman*? Here is every Requisite in Fine Writing: Here is Brevity, Softness, Propriety, and Ease. Happily freed from the Shackles of *connecting* and *restraining* Rules, the Diction roves and wanders, now here, now there; and, with a wondrous Facility, glides so imperceptibly from one Flower to another, that the most subtle Penetrator would be at a Loss to find, where *This* ends, and where *That* begins. Some Negligences there are indeed; but they are such as must be allowed the truest Ornaments of Speech.—Let any Man examine the Letters I have here faithfully transcribed, and tell me whether he does not admire the little Carelessnesses which are beautifully interspersed in these pretty Compositions. If these are *Faults*, it must be owned that they are truly charming: One cannot but delight in the lovely Errors, and say of this Style what *Quintilian* did of *Seneca's*,

Abundat Dulcibus Vitiis.

It is a common Observation, that nothing has spoiled more Authors than the affected Imitation of another Man's Diction. Every one has some natural Bent, something *peculiar* in his Genius, which if he does not follow, he will never be able to speak or write with any Success. The *Pretty Gentleman* carefully avoids this Error, and follows his natural Genius. He neither writes like *Addison*, nor talks like C——: but nobly disdains all servile Imitation. His Language is Original: It is his Own: and I defy

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the snarling Critic to produce any thing like it. I speak only of the *Style* ; for I will not deny, that sometimes he will condescend to *steal* an *Hint* from another, as may be seen in the Specimens I have given. But how does he *steal* it ? No otherwise than like those, who (as *Garth* says of *Dryden*) steal *Beggars Children*, only to cloath them the better.

Another Object of this Mimic's Raillery is, that sweet Placability of Temper, which obliges a refined Gentleman to put up even repeated Injuries and Affronts, rather than avenge them by the usual Method of demanding Satisfaction.

I am not apprehensive that this Part of his Character is less defensible than the rest. I could produce some tolerable Arguments against Duelling, drawn from certain Principles, which were once looked upon to be the Rules of Human Conduct. I could easily prove, that the single Combat is derived from *Gothic* Manners, and is absolutely inconsistent with the Character of a Gentleman. But such Reasonings as these are neither so well adapted to the Times, nor so pertinent to the Cause I have undertaken. Waving then this kind of Defence, upon this single Argument I lay my whole Strefs — “The “*Pretty Gentleman* will not fight,—because—He is “not *able*.”

And can any Man produce a better Reason for not doing a Thing, than to make it manifest — that he cannot ?

Behold

Behold that tender Frame! Those trembling Knees! Those feeble Joints! Observe that fine Complexion! Examine that smooth, that Velvety Skin! View that *Pallor* which spreads itself over his Countenance! Hark, with what a feminine Softness his Accents steal their Way through his half-opened Lips! Feel that soft Palm! Those slender Fingers, accustomed only to handle Silks and Ribbons, the easy-piercing Needle, or soft-gliding Shuttle; but unpractised in the rough Exercises of Warlike Weapons! Mark all these, and a Thousand other gentle Imbecillities, and then tell me, impartial Reader, whether such a Being is formed for Battle?—You cannot think it: You will not say it. I will therefore venture to affirm, that He is so far from deserving Contempt and Ridicule, when he declines the Combat, that he merits our Esteem and Applause. He therefore who is so base as to affront, or send a Challenge to *such* a Person, is an arrant Coward. For would a Man of Honour draw his Sword upon a *Lady*? And to say the Truth, *The Pretty Gentleman* is certainly formed in a different Mould from that of Common Men, and tempered with a purer Flame. The whole System is of a finer Turn, and superior Accuracy of Fabric, insomuch that it looks as if Nature had been in doubt, to which Sex she should assign *Him*.

Now this Contexture of his Organs, and the Tone of his Spirits approaching so very near That of the *Fair*, has rendered Him liable to the same gentle

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Impressions, and Alarms of Fear. Does *Calia* set up a Scream at the Apprehension of the least Danger? *Delicatulus* is as easily intimidated, and screams with as pretty an Accent. Do the Weakness of Lady *Betty's* Nerves subject her to Fits and Swoonings? *Tenellus* likewise has his Hysterics, and dies away with as soft a Grace. It is to attain these and such like Accomplishments, that they make frequent Visits to the Ladies; though some slanderous Persons would make us believe, that they have another Motive, and intimate I know not what, *vitious* Designs, that are too indecent even to be mentioned. But I can assure the World, there is not the least Foundation for the base Suggestion. This Attendance, I know, takes its Rise from Causes, with which the Appetite for *That* Sex has no Manner of Connexion. So pure are their Morals! So inviolable their Modesty! Amazing Continence! And yet, our Wonder is lessened, when we consider what Methods they pursue to fence against the Allurements of Female Charms. They are certainly the most sober and temperate Beings that ever existed. It is an inviolable Maxim with them, to refrain from every Indulgence, which is apt to irritate the Blood, and excite the Pruriency of Desire.

Old *English* Roast-Beef is, indeed, properly adapted to Old *English* Manners; since, as all Physicians observe, the Quality of our Food communicates itself to the Mind. Therefore at the Table of a *Pretty Gentleman*, you never see the Flesh of a full-grown Animal. Chickens of a Week old, Veal
Sweet-

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Sweet-breads, or a Leg of Lamb, and now and then Pigs-petitoes, are their highest Indulgence. But the usual Food is Cheese-cakes, White-pot, Tanzeys, and Flommery. And can it be thought that this abstemious Restriction is a proper Subject of Raillery, when a certain celebrated Writer, amidst the Praises he bestows on his noble Patron, mentions *this* as his finishing Excellence; "That he lived upon Panada and Water-gruel [c]." I mention this, because it is the Observation of one who never shewed any Favour to Modern Elegance.

As to Wine, it is absolutely their Aversion. And indeed, so Delicate is their Frame, that even the Moderate Indulgences of the *Fair* would ill-agree with these more tender Males. "The *First* Glass, *said a Pretty French Author*, I may drink for myself; a *Second* for my Friend; but if a *Third*, it is for my Enemy." Our Youths seldom go so far as a *Second*; and whenever That happens, 'tis sure to be followed with bitter Reflexions. "What do you think? (*said Umbratilis to Lord Molly.*) I was the most abominable Rake last Night! Do you know? I drank *Two* Glasses of Claret after my Flommery.

"Oh fie! you naughty Child! what a *Paw* Trick was that! as I hope for Mercy, you deserve to be soundly Wh—t, so you do."

Two Glasses only! No more! And yet merited such a rigorous Animadversion. But, perhaps, even

[c] *Middleton's Life of Cicero.* Dedication.

that

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that small Quantity might be too much for the Infantine Constitution ; to which Nature points out a more suitable Liquor, of a Soft and Delicious Kind, emulged from the salutiferous Cow, or the thin Juices of the *Gentle Afs* ; the Temperament of whose Fluids is productive of a correspondent Temperament in the Person, who accustoms himself to these assimilating Draughts.

I have already detained the Reader so long, that I shall not trespass upon his Patience, by giving a Detail of the numerous Artifices, which are exhibited in the important Hours that are employed in decorating their Persons. Were you to behold *Narcissus* at his Toilet, how would you be charmed with the Order and Disposition ! Did you view this lovely Youth whilst he takes his exterior Form into a most exact Adjustment, you must stand amazed at all the Pretty Wonders of his Art. What Pains ! What Care ! What Study ! What Address ! To arch that Eye-brow ! To soften that Hand, and to Curl those lovely Locks ! Whilst all the Graces attend as invisible Handmaids, to finish the Work of Elegance. And when the busy Scene is over, and he is decorated in every minute Circumstance with the most Perfect Concinnity ; behold, with what a soft Air and sweet Complacency he presents himself to View, and like *Horace's Barine* coming from her Toilet,

enitescit
Pulchrior multò, Juvenumque prodit
Publica cura.

Thus

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Thus have I presented to the Reader's View, an Enumeration of the several Qualities which constitute
A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

From whence it is easy to collect the true Notion of *Genuine Elegance*; which, without any Apprehension of being disproved, I do not hesitate to define thus —

“Elegance is the Absence or Debilitation of *Masculine* Strength and Vigor,—Or rather, The Happy Metamorphosis,—Or, The Gentleman turned Lady; that is, Female Softness adopted into the Breast of a *Male*, discovering itself by outward Signs and Tokens in Feminine Expressions, Accent, Voice, Air, Gesture, and Looks. Or, as the *French* more clearly define it, *A je ne sçai quoi*.”

And now I appeal to the Judgment of the Impartial, whether This be a Character, which deserves that Contempt and Ridicule some rude and undisciplined Spirits have endeavoured to throw upon it? It is impossible that any *serious* Person can entertain such a Thought.

I call therefore upon the Wisdom of the Nation: I call upon the L—ds, K—ts, and B—s, now assembled in P—t, to interpose in this important Cause, this truly *National* Concern.

The Question is, Whether we shall become more than *Men*, that is, *Pretty Gentlemen*; or worse than
Brutes,

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Brutes, *i. e.* Masculine, Robust Creatures with unsoftened Manners. The latter will infallibly be the Case, if an effectual Stop be not put to that licentious Raillery, which would laugh out of Countenance the generous Endeavours of a Race of virtuous Youths, to polish our Asperity, mollify us into gentle Obsequiousness, and give us a true Relish of all the dulcet Elegancies of Life? I will speak without Reserve: Should not the Theatres be *absolutely demolished*? We have already in vain tried the lenient Measures of Restriction. Why then should we not now have Recourse to the last Remedy, and cut down the Tree, which, after all our Pruning and Culture, still continues to produce *poisonous Fruit*?

The indulgent Reader, I dare say, will approve the Method I prescribe. But perhaps so many Difficulties may arise to his Imagination, that he will conclude it impracticable.

Difficulties there are, no doubt; but *One* there is, which, if *He* can surmount, I myself will undertake to remove all the rest.

Here lies the grand Impediment! How can we expect the Favour of the *Learned*, or the Protection of the *State*, to cherish and support *This Refinement*, when its most inveterate Enemy is the *very Man*, who has always been the *Standard of Taste* with the former; and is now raised to a Post, which gives him such an unhappy Influence in the latter? Unhappy indeed for the Sons of Elegance! For what can the most Sanguine expect from one, who has made it the

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Business of his Life, to bring into Repute the false Refinements of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*? Will a Person of his *Masculine* Talents become the Patron of soft and dulcified Elegance? Will *He* give up that *Attic Wit*, which has gained him such high Applause, and made him the Delight of a mis-judging World, to cultivate Qualities, in which he is not formed to excel?

What then remains, but that the *Sons of Elegance* wait with Patience (for they are too *gentle* to use any *violent* Methods) till the kind Fates shall remove this implacable Adversary out of the World. And then, my foreboding Heart assures me, true Politeness will thrive and prosper, and spread her sweet mollifying Influences over the Land, till nothing shall be heard of or seen, but Softness and Complaisance, Prettiness and Elegance, Infantine Prattle, Lullaby Conversation, and gentle Love; and every well educated *Male* amongst us shall become

Mollis & parum Vir;
that is,

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

THE

THE
POLITE PHILOSOPHER:

O R,

AN ESSAY on that ART which makes a Man
happy in himself, and agreeable to others.

*He who intends t' advise the young and gay,
Must quit the common Road—the formal Way,
Which hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wise,
By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.*

*Let Parsons tell what dreadful Ills will fall
On such as listen when their Passions call:
We from such Things our Pupils to affright,
Say not they're Sins, but that they're unpolite.
To shew their Courage, Beaus wou'd often dare,
By blackest Crimes, to brave old Lucifer:
But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Wou'd trespass on good Manners for the Devil;
Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,
Be damn'd hereafter, to be laugh'd at here?*

First Printed in the Year 1734.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER was printed originally at *Edinburgh*, and Part of the Edition sent up to *London*. The Novelty of the Title, and, to say Truth, of the Performance itself, (for it is written in a Manner never before made use of in our Language) recommended it to some, and prejudiced it in the Opinion of others; but Time, which is the Touchstone of such Productions, did Justice to this Work, and at last procured it an Esteem, not only here, but abroad. This, together with my great Esteem for its ingenious AUTHOR, who is now in *Italy*, and who is allowed, by all who know him, to be truly a POLITE PHILOSOPHER, occasioned my sending this Second Edition into the World.

The Intent of the Author (for I very well knew his Intent) was, to make Men ashamed
 Vol. I. Q of

of their Vices, by shewing them how ridiculous they were made by them, and how impossible it was for a bad Man to be polite. It may be, graver Books have been written on this Subject, but few more to the Point; its Author being equally skilled in Books and in Men, in the dead Languages and the living: I presume therefore, that his Observations will be generally found true, and his Maxims just.

At first sight, it may seem that this Book is calculated only for a few; but I beg leave to observe, that in Truth there are but few to whom it may not be useful. As every Man in his Station ought to be honest, so every Man in his Behaviour may be polite; nay, he ought to be so, because he will be sure to find his Account in it; since it is a Quality easier discerned, and of consequence sooner rewarded, than the former. We must know and converse with a Man to be convinced of his Probity; whereas we perceive, at first sight, whether he has good Manners; by this we are prejudiced in his Favour: And who then would not strive to learn an Art at once so easy, and so extensive in its Use?

But

But, if it be beneficial to all, it is peculiarly necessary to *Youth*. It is at once a Remedy for Bashfulness, and a Preservative against the contrary Vice. A polite Person stands in the Middle between a sheepish Modesty, and a distasteful Boldness. It is the Habit which adds the last Polish to Education, brightens the Man of Letters, and spreads a Gloss over that Sort of Learning, which would otherwise appear pedantic. The polite Man may not only understand *Latin* and *Greek*, but may also introduce them into Discourse, provided it be before proper Company, and on a proper Occasion. The unpolished Scholar lugs them in whenever they occur; quotes *Ovid* to his Mistress, and repeats a Passage from *Polyænus* to a Captain of the Guards. To our Youth therefore I beg leave to recommend this concise Manual, which will cost them but little Time to read, and no great Pains to practise.

To the AUTHOR
OF THE
POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

——— *Velat materna tempora myrto.* VIRG.

WHEN Vice the Shelter of a Mask disdain'd,
When Folly triumph'd, and a *Nero* reign'd,
Petronius rose, satyric, yet polite,
And shew'd the glaring Monster full in Sight;
To public Mirth expos'd th' Imperial Beast,
And made his wanton Court the common Jest.

In your correcter Page his Wit we see,
And all the *Roman* Lives restor'd in thee:
So is the Piece proportion'd to our Times;
For ev'ry Age diversifies its Crimes;
And Vice, with *Proteus* Art, in one conceals
What in the next more boldly it reveals;
In different Shapes drives on the lashing Trade,
And makes the World one changing Masquerade.

The griping Wretch, whose Av'rice robs the Town,
To gain his Point, a holy Look puts on;
To Earth directs his Hands, to Heav'n his Eyes,
And, with a shew of Grace, defrauds and lyes.

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Th' ambitious Courtier, but for diff'rent Ends,
 With seeming Zeal the Public Good defends.
 Th' Enthusiast thinks to him the Standard giv'n
 Of Truth divine, the Master key of Heav'n.
 The Pettifogger see'd, supports the Cause,
 How'er unjust, and wrests the injur'd Laws.
 To Courage, Bullies; Fops to Wit pretend;
 And all can prostitute the Name of *Friend*.
 Yet tho' Men want but Eyes to see the Cheat,
 They choose to wink, and help their own Deceit.
 The Herd of Fools resign themselves a Prey,
 Which every Knave pursues his private Way.

The Question, *Forrester*, is something hard;
 How shall the wise the motly Scene regard?
 While Men ourselves, can we unmov'd stand by?
 Pain'd while we smile? or guiltless shall we cry?
 Humanity to Grief wou'd give the Rule;
 But stronger Reason sides with Ridicule.

O! that thy Work, instructive, but refin'd,
 The pleasing Image of your easy Mind;
 (Which, like the Statues wrought by *Phidian* Art,
 Is one fair whole, complete in every Part,)
 May cure the lighter Follies of the Age,
 Cool Bigot Zeal, and soften Party Rage;
 Expose Ill-nature, Pedantry o'ercome,
 Strike Affectation dead, and Scandal dumb;
 Restore free Converse to its native Light,
 And teach Mankind with Ease to grow polite.

Then

Then round thy Brow the Myrtle Garland twine,
 The grateful Recompence of Toils like thine :
 Secure in all you write or do, to please ;
 Join Wit with Sense, with Understanding, Ease.
 Already here your just Applauses rise,
 And the *Belles* read you with transported Eyes.
 Some in the sweetest Notes repeat thy Lays ;
 Others harmonious, speak the Author's Praise :
 All to approve, with equal Zeal conspire ;
 What more can Fortune give ?—or you desire ?

As *Paris*, lost in passionate Surprise,
 To Love's resistless Queen assign'd the Prize :
 So while you Beauty treat with such Regard,
 The lovely Theme shall be your best Reward ;
Venus shall from the Shepherd's Debt be free ;
 And, by the fav'rite Fair, repay the Debt to thee.

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POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

METHOD requires, that, in my Entrance on this Work, I should explain the Nature of that Science to which I have given the Name of POLITE PHILOSOPHY : And though I am not very apt to write methodically, yet I think it becomes me, on this Occasion, to shew that my Title is somewhat *à propos*.

Folks who are skilled in *Greek*, tell us, that *Philosophy* means no more than the *Love of Wisdom*; and, by the Adjunction of *polite*, would be understood to mean that Sort of Wisdom, which teaches Men to be at Peace in themselves, and neither by their Words or Behaviour to disturb the Peace of others.

Academical Critics may, perhaps, expect that I should at least quote some *Greek Sage* or other, as the Patron of that kind of Knowledge, which I am about to restore; and as I pique myself on obliging every Man in his Way, I shall put them in mind of one ARISTIPPUS, who was Professor of *Polite Philosophy* at *Syracuse*, in the Days of the famous King *Dionysius*, in whose Favour he stood higher than even
Plato

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Plato himself. Should they go farther, and demand an Account of his Tenets ; I must turn them over to *Horace*, who has comprised them all in one Line.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

“ Secure his Soul preserv’d a constant Frame,
“ Through ev’ry varying Scene of Life the same.”

In the Court of the King of *Sicily*, this wise Man enjoyed all the Delights that would have satisfied a sensual Mind ; but it was the Use of these which shewed him a true *Philosopher*. He was temperate in them, while he possessed them ; and easy without them, when they were no longer in his Power. In a Word, he had the Integrity of *Diogenes*, without his Churlishness ; and as his Wisdom was useful to himself, so it rendered him agreeable to the rest of the World.

Aristippus had many Pupils ; but, for the regular Succession in his School, it has either not been recorded by the *Greek* Writers, or, at least, by any of them that came to my hand. Among the *Romans*, indeed, this Kind of Knowledge was in the highest Esteem ; and that at the Time when the Reputation of the Commonwealth was at its greatest Height. *Scipio* was less distinguished by the Laurels he acquired from foreign Conquests, than by the Myrtle Garland he wore as a Professor in this Art. The familiar Letters of *Cicero* are so many short Lectures in our Science, and the Life of *Pomponius Atticus* a Praxis only on *Polite Philosophy*.

I would

I would not be suspected to mention these great Names with an Intent to display my Learning ; far be it from me to write a Satyr on the Age : All I aim at is, to convince the *beaux esprits* of our Times, that what I teach, they may receive without Disparagement, since they tread thereby in the same Road with the greatest Heroes of Antiquity ; and, in this Way, at least emulate the Characters of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*. Or, if those old-fashioned Commanders excite not their Ambition, I will venture to assure them, that, in this Track only, they will be able to approach the immortal Prince *Eugene* ; who, glorious from his Courage, and amiable from his Clemency, is yet less distinguished by his *Rank*, than by his *Politeness*.

After naming Prince *Eugene*, it would debase my Subject to add another Example. I shall proceed therefore to take Notice of such Qualities of the Mind as are requisite for my Pupils to have, previous to the Receipt of these Instructions.

But as Vanity is one of the greatest Impediments in the Road of a *Polite Philosopher* ; and as he who takes upon him to be a Preceptor, ought, at least, not to give an ill Example to his Scholars ; it will not be improper for me to declare, that, in composing this Piece, I had in my Eye that Precept of *Seneca*, *Hæc aliis dic, ut dum dicis, audias ; ipse scribe, ut dum scripseris, legas*. Which, for the Sake of the Ladies, I shall translate into *English* ;
and

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and into Verse, that I may gratify my own Propensity to rhyming:

*Speaking to Others, what you dictate bear;
And learn yourself, while teaching you appear.*

Thus you see me stript of the ill-obeyed Authority of a Pedagogue; and are, for the future, to consider me only as a School-fellow playing the Master, that we may the better conquer the Difficulties of our Task.

To proceed then in the Character, which, for my own Sake, as well as yours, I have put on, let me remind you, in the first Place,

That *Reason*, however antique you may think it, is a thing absolutely necessary in the Composition of him who endeavours at acquiring a *philosophical Politeness*; and let us receive it as a Maxim, That, without *Reason*, there is no being a *fine Gentleman*.

However, to soften, at the same Time that we yield to this Constraint, I tell my blooming Audience with Pleasure, that *Reason*, like a Fop's Under-waistcoat, may be wore out of sight; and, provided it be but worn at all, I shall not quarrel with them, though Vivacity, like a laced Shirt, be put over it to conceal it; for, to pursue the Comparison, our Minds suffer no less from Indiscretion, than our Bodies from the Injuries of Weather.

Next

Next to this, another out-of-the-way Qualification must be acquired; and that is, *Calmness*. Let not the Smarts of the University, the Sparks of the Side-boxes, or the genteel Flutterers of the Drawing-room, imagine, that I will deprive them of those elevated Enjoyments, drinking Tea with a Toast, gallanting a Fan, or roving, like a Butterfly, through a Parterre of Beauties. No; I am far from being the Author of such severe Institutions; but am, on the contrary, willing to indulge them in their Pleasures, as long as they preserve their *Senses*. By which I would be understood to mean, while they act in Character, and suffer not a fond Inclination, an aspiring Vanity, or a giddy Freedom, to transport them into the doing any thing, which may forfeit present Advantages, or entail upon them future Pain.

I shall have frequent Occasion in the following Pages, to shew from Examples, of what mighty Use *Reason*, and an *undisturbed Temper*, are to Men of great Commerce in the World; and therefore shall insist no farther on them here.

The last Disposition of the Soul, which I shall mention, as necessary to him who would become a Proficient in this Science, is *Good-nature*; a Quality, which, as Mr. *Dryden* said in a Dedication to one of the best-natured Men of his Time, deserves the highest Esteem, though, from an unaccountable Depravity both of Taste and Morals, it meets with the least. For, can there be any thing more amiable in

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human

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human Nature, than to think, to speak, and to do whatever Good lies in our Power unto all? No Man who looks upon the Sun, and who feels that Chearfulness which his Beams inspire, but would rather wish himself like so glorious a Being, than to resemble the Tiger, however formidable for its Fierceness, or the Serpent, hated for his hissing, and dreaded for his Sting. *Good-nature* may, indeed, be made almost as diffusive as Day-light; but short are the Ravages of the Tiger, innocent the Bite of a Serpent, to the Vengeance of a cankered Heart, or the Malice of an envenomed Tongue. To this let me add another Argument in Favour of this Benevolence of Soul; and farther Persuasions will, I flatter myself, be unnecessary. *Good-nature* adorns every Perfection a Man is Master of, and throws a Veil over every Blemish, which would otherwise appear. In a Word, like a skilful Painter, it places his Virtues in the fairest Light, and casts all his Foibles into Shade.

Thus, in a few Words, *Sense*, *Moderation*, and *Sweetness*, are essential to a *Polite Philosopher*. And if you think you cannot acquire these, even lay my Book aside. But before you do that, indulge me yet a Moment longer. Nature denies the first to few; the second is in every Man's Power; and no Man need be without the last, who either values general Esteem, or is not indifferent to public Hate. For, to say Truth, what is necessary to make an honest Man, properly applied, would make a polite one: And as almost every one would take it amiss, if we should deny him the first Appellation; so you may

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perceive from thence how few there are, who, but from their own Indiscretion, may deserve the second. It is want of Attention, not Capacity, which leaves us so many Brutes; and, I flatter myself, there will be fewer of this Species, if any of them can be prevailed on to read this. A Description of their Faults is, to such, the fittest Lecture; for few Monsters there are who can view themselves in a Glass.

*Our Follies, when display'd, ourselves affright;
Few are so bad, to bear the odious Sight.
Mankind, in Herds, thro' Force of Custom, stray,
Mistlead each other into Error's Way;
Pursue the Road, forgetful of the End,
Sin by Mistake, and, without Thought, offend.*

My Readers, who have, perhaps, been, many of them, accustomed to think *Politeness* rather an ornamental Accomplishment, than a Thing necessary to be acquired in order to an easy and happy Life, may, from thence, pay less Attention than my Instructions require, unless I can convince them they are in the wrong. In order to which, I must put them in mind, that the Tranquillity, and even Felicity of our Days, depends as strongly on small things, as on great; of which Men may be easily convinced, if they but reflect how great Uneasiness they have experienced from cross Accidents, although they related but to Trifles; and at the same time remember, that Disquiet is, of all others, the greatest Evil, let it arise from what it will.

Now, in the Concerns of Life, as in those of Fortune, Numbers are brought into what are called bad Circumstances

Circumstances from small Neglect, rather than from any great Errors in material Affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of Shillings and Pence, forgetting that they are the constituent Parts of Pounds; until the Deficiency in the greater Article shew them their Mistake, and convince them, by fatal Experience, of a Truth, which they might have learned from a little Attention, *viz.* that great Sums are made up of small.

Exactly parallel to this, is that wrong Notion, which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their Neighbours, than what results from a Principle of Honesty; which commands us to pay our Debts, and forbids us to do Injuries: Whereas a thousand little Civilities, Complacencies, and Endeavours to give others Pleasure, are requisite to keep up the Relish of Life, and procure us that Affection and Esteem, which every Man, who has a Sense of it, must desire. And in the right timing, and discreet Management of these Punctilios, consists the Essence of what we call *Politeness*.

*How many know the general Rules of Art,
Which, unto Tablets, human Form impart?
How many can depict the rising Brow,
The Nose, the Mouth, and ev'ry Feature shew?
Can in their Colours imitate the Skin,
And, by the Force of Fire, can fix them in?
Yet, when 'tis done, unpleasing to the Sight;
Tho' like the Picture, strikes not with Delight:
'Tis Zink alone gives the enamel'd Face
A polish'd Sweetness, and a glossy Grace.*

Examples

Examples have, generally speaking, greater Force than Precepts; I will therefore delineate the Characters of *Honorius* and *Garcia*, two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, whose Humours I have perfectly considered, and shall represent them without the least Exaggeration.

Honorius is a Person equally distinguished by his Birth and Fortune. He has naturally good Sense; and that too hath been improved by a regular Education. His wit is lively, and his Morals without a Stain.—Is not this an amiable Character? Yet *Honorius* is not beloved. He has, some way or other, contracted a Notion, that it is beneath a Man of honour to fall below the Height of Truth in any Degree, or on any Occasion whatsoever. From this Principle, he speaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the Company who are by. Some Weeks ago, he read a Lecture on female Hypocrisy before a married Couple, though the Lady was much suspected on that head. Two Hours after, he fell into a warm Declamation against Simony and Priestcraft, before two Dignitaries of the Church: And, from a continued Course of this Sort of Behaviour, hath rendered himself dreaded as a Monitor, instead of being esteemed as a Friend.

Garcia, on the contrary, came into the World under the greatest Disadvantages. His Birth was mean, and his Fortune not to be mentioned; yet, though he is scarce forty, he has acquired a handsome

Estate in the Country, and lives on it with more Reputation than most of his Neighbours. While a Servitor at the University, he, by his Affiduities, recommended himself to a Noble Lord, and thereby procured a Place of Fifty Pounds a Year in a public Office. His Behaviour there made him as many Friends as there were Persons belonging to that Board. His Readiness in doing Favours gained him the Hearts of his inferiors; his Deference for those in the highest Characters in the Office, procured him their Good-will; and the Complacency he expressed towards his Equals, and those immediately above him, made them espouse his Interest with almost as much Warmth as they did their own. By this Management, in ten Year's Time, he rose to the Possession of an Office, which brought him in a thousand Pounds a Year salary, and near double as much in Perquisites. Affluence hath made no Alteration in his Manners. The same Easiness of Disposition attends him in that Fortune to which it has raised him; and he is at this Day the Delight of all who know him, from an Art he has of persuading them, that their Pleasures and their Interests are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his Power, would refuse what *Honorius* possesses? and who would not wish that Possession accompanied with *Garcia's* Disposition?

I flatter myself, that, by this Time, most of my Readers have acquired a tolerable Idea of *Politeness*, and a just Notion of its Use, in our Passage through Life. I must, however, caution them of one thing, that,

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that, under Pretence of *Politeness*, they fall neither into a Contempt or Carelessness of *Science*.

A Man may have much Learning without being a Pedant; nay, it is necessary that he should have a considerable Stock of *Knowledge* before he can be *polite*. The Gloss is never given till the Work is finished; without it the best-wrought Piece looks clumsy; but Varnish over a rough Board, is a preposterous Daub. In a Word, that Rule of *Horace*, *Miscere utile dulci*, so often quoted, can never be better applied than in the present Case, where neither of the Qualities can subsist without the other.

*With Dress, for once, the Rule of Life we'll place;
Cloth is plain Sense, and polish'd Breeding, Lace.
Men may in both mistake the true Design:
Fools oft are tawdry, when they would be fine.
An equal Mixture, both of Use and Show,
From giddy Fops, points out th' accomplish'd Beau.*

Having now gone through the *præcognita* of *Polite Philosophy*, it is requisite we should descend with greater Particularity into its several Branches.

For though Exactness would not be of a Piece, either with the Nature or Intent of this Work; yet some Order is absolutely necessary, because nothing is more unpolite than to be obscure. Some Philosophers have, indeed, prided themselves in a mysterious way of speaking; wrapping their Maxims in so tough a Coat, that the Kernel, when found, seldom attoned for the Pains of the finder.

The *Polite Sage* thinks in quite a different Way. Perspicuity is the Garment in which his Conceptions appear; and his Sentiments, if they are of any Use, carry this additional Advantage with them, that scarce any Labour is required in attaining them. Graver Discourses, like galenical Medicines, are often formidable in their Figure, and nauseous in their Taste. Lectures from a Doctor in our Science, like a chymical Extraction, convey Knowledge, as it were, by Drops; and restore Sense, as the other does Health, without the *Apparatus* of Physic.

*Harsh to the Heart, and grating to the Ear,
Who can Reproof, without Reluctance, bear?
Why against Priests the gen'ral Hate so strong,
But that they shew us all we do is wrong?
Wit well apply'd, does weightier Wisdom right,
And gives us Knowledge, while it gives Delight.
Thus on the Stage, we, with Applause, behold,
What would have pain'd us from the Pulpit told.*

It is now Time to apply what we have already advanced to those Points in which they may be the most useful to us; and therefore we will begin, by considering what Advantage the Practice of them will procure, in respect to those three Things, which are esteemed of the greatest Consequence in the general Opinion of the World. This leads me, in the first Place, to explain the Sentiments and Conduct of a *Polite Philosopher* in regard to Religion. I am not ignorant, that there are a Multitude of those who pass both on the World, and on themselves, for very
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polite Persons, who look on this as a Topic below their Notice. *Religion* (say they with a sneer) is the Companion of melancholy Minds; but, for the gayer Part of the World, it is Ill-manners to mention it amongst them. Be it so. But give me leave to add, that there is no ranker Species of Ill-breeding, than speaking of it sarcastically, or with Contempt.

“*Religion*, strictly speaking, means that Worship which Men, from a Sense of Duty, pay to that Being, unto whom they owe their own Existence, with all those Blessings and Benefits, which attend it.”

Let a Man but reflect on this Definition, and it will be impossible for him not to perceive, that treating this in a ludicrous Way, must not only be unpolite, but shocking. Who, that has a regard for a Man, would not start at the Thoughts of saying a base thing of his Father before him? and yet what a Distance is there between the Notion of a *Father* and a *Creator*! Since therefore no farther Arguments are necessary to prove the Inconsistence between *Raillery* and *Religion*, what can be more cogent to a *polite Man*, than thus shewing, that such Discourses of his would be *mal à propos*?

Thus much for those who might be guilty of *Unpoliteness* with respect to *Religion* in general, a Fault unaccountably common in an Age, which pretends to be so *polite*.

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As to particular Religions, or rather Tenets in Religion, Men are generally warm in them, from one of these two Reasons, *viz.* Tendernefs of Conscience, or a high Sense of their own Judgments. Men of plain Parts, and honest Dispositions, look on Salvation as too serious a Thing to be jested with: A *polite Man* therefore will be cautious of offending upon that head, because he knows it will give the Person to whom he speaks Pain; a Thing ever opposite to the Character of a *Polished Philosopher*. The latter Reason, which I have assigned for Men's Zeal in religious Matters, may seem to have less Weight than the first; but he who considers it attentively, will be of another Opinion. Men of speculative Religion, who are so from the Conviction rather of their Heads than their Hearts, are not a bit less vehement than the real Devotees. He who says a slight or a severe Thing of their Faith, seems to them to have thereby undervalued their Understandings, and will consequently incur their Aversion; which no Man, of common Sense, would hazard for a lively Expression; much less a Person of good Breeding, who should make it his chief Aim to be well with all. As a Mark of my own *Politeness*, I will here take leave of this Subject; since, by dropping it, I shall oblige the gay Part of my Readers, as, I flatter myself, I have already done the graver Part, from my Manner of treating it.

*Like some grave Matron of a noble Line,
With awful Beauty does Religion shine.*

*Just Sense should teach us to revere the Dame,
 Nor, by imprudent Jests, to spot her Fame.
 In common Life you'll own this Reas'ning right,
 That none but Fools in gross Abuse delight :
 Then use it here — nor think our Caution vain ;
 To be polite, Men need not be profane.*

Next to their Concerns in the other World, Men are usually most taken up with the Concerns of the *Public* here. The Love of our Country is among those Virtues to which every Man thinks he should pretend ; and the Way in which this is generally shewn, is by falling into what we call *Parties* ; where, if a large Share of good Sense allay not that Heat, which is naturally contracted from such Engagements, a Man soon falls into all the Violences of *Faction*, and looks upon every one as his Enemy, who does not express himself about the Public Good in the same Terms he does. This is a harsh Picture, but it is a just one, of the far greater Part of those who are warm in political Disputes. A *polite Man* will therefore speak as seldom as he can on Topics, where, in a mixed Company, it is almost impossible to say any thing that will please all.

To say Truth, *Patriotism*, properly so called, is perhaps as scarce in this Age as in any that has gone before us. Men appear to love themselves so well, that it seems not altogether credible they should, at every Turn, prefer their Country's Interest to their own. The Thing looks noble indeed ; and therefore, like a becoming Habit, every body would put

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it on. But this is Hypocrisy, you'll say, and therefore should be detected! Here the *Polite Philosopher* finds new Inducements to Caution: Sore Places are always tender; and People at a Masquerade are in Pain, if you do any thing which may discover their Faces.

Our Philosophy is not intended to make a Man that our Monitor who points out Folks Faults, but to make them in love with their Virtues; that is, to make himself and them easy while he is with them; and to do, or say nothing, which, on Reflexion, may make them less his Friends at their next Meeting.

Let us explain this a little farther. The Rules we offer, are intended rather to guide Men in Company than when alone. What we advance tends not so directly to amend People's Hearts, as to regulate their Conduct; a Matter which we have already demonstrated to be of no small Importance. Yet I beg you'll observe, that though Morality be not immediately our Subject, we are far, however, from requiring any thing in our Pupils contrary thereto.

A *polite Man* may yet be religious, and, if his Reason be convinced, attached to any Interest which, in his Opinion, suits best with that of the Public; provided he conform thus far to our System, that on no Occasion he trouble others with the Articles of his religious Creed, or political Engagements; or, by any Stroke of Wit or Raillery, hazard for a

Laugh

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Laugh that Disposition of Mind, which is absolutely necessary to make Men easy when together.

Were I indeed to indulge my own Sentiments, I should speak yet with greater Freedom on this Subject. Since there is so vast a Disproportion, when we come to compare those who have really either a Concern in the Government, or the Service of their Country more particularly at Heart, and the Men who pretend to either, merely from a Desire of appearing of some Consequence themselves; we ought certainly to avoid making one of this Number, and aim rather at being quiet within ourselves, and agreeable to those among whom we live, let their political Notions be what they will; inasmuch as this is a direct Road to Happiness, which all Men profess they would reach, if they could. *Pomponius Atticus*, whose Character appears so amiable, from the concurring Testimony of all who mention him, owed the greatest Part of that Esteem in which he lived, and of that Reputation by which he still survives, unto his steady Adherence to this Rule. His Benevolence made him love Mankind in general, and his good Sense hindered him from being tainted with those Party Prejudices which had bewitched his Friends. He took not up Arms for *Cæsar*; nor did he abandon *Italy*, when *Pompey* withdrew with his Forces, and had, in outward Form, the Sanction of the Commonwealth. He saw too plainly the Ambition of both; yet he preserved his Complacence for his Friends in each Party, without siding with either. Success never made them more welcome to *Pomponius*,
nor

nor could any Defeat lessen them in his Esteem. When victorious he visited them, without sharing in their Power; and when vanquished he received them, without considering any thing but their Distress. In a few Words, he entertained no Hopes from the good Fortune of his Friends, nor suffered the Reverse of it to chill his Breast with Fear. His Equanimity produced a just Effect, and his universal Kindness made him universally beloved.

I fancy this Picture of a Disposition, perfectly free from political Sourness, will have an agreeable Effect on many of my Readers; and prevent their falling into a common Mistake, that the Circumstances of public Affairs, and the Characters of public Persons, are the properest Topics for general Conversation: Whereas they never consider, that it is hard to find a Company, wherein somebody or other hath not either Liking or Dislike, or has received Injuries or Obligations from those who are likeliest to be mentioned upon such Occasions; and who, consequently, will be apt to put a serious Construction on a slight Expression, and remember afterwards in earnest, what the Speaker meant so much a Jest, as never to have thought of it more. These, perhaps, may pass with some for trivial Remarks; but with those who regard their own Ease, and have at all observed what conduces to make Men disagreeable to one another, I flatter myself they will have more Weight.

Behaviour is like Architecture; the Symmetry of the whole pleases us so much, that we examine not
into

into its Parts; which, if we did, we should find much Nicety required in forming such a Structure; though, to Persons of no Taste, the Rules of either Art would seem to have little Connexion with their Effects.

*That true Politeness we can only call,
Which looks like Jones's Fabric at Whitehall [a];
Where just Proportion we with Pleasure see;
Though built by Rule, yet from all Stiffness free;
Though grand, yet plain; magnificent, not fine;
The Ornaments adorning the Design.
It fills our Minds with rational Delight,
And pleases on Reflexion, as at Sight.*

After these Admonitions as to Religion and Politics, it is very fit we observe another Topic of modern Discourse, of which it is hard to say, whether it be more common, or more contrary to true *Politeness*. What I mean, is, the reflecting on Men's Professions, and playing on those general Aspersions, which have been fixed on them by a Sort of Ill-nature hereditary to the World. And with this, as the third Point, which I promised to consider, shall be shut up the more serious Part of this Essay.

In order to have a proper Idea of this Point, we must, first of all, consider, that the chief Cause both of Love and Hatred, is Custom. When Men, from a long Habit, have acquired a Facility of thinking clearly, and speaking well in any Science, they naturally think that better than any other; and this

[a] Banqueting-house.

Liking,

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Liking, in a short Time, grows up to a warmer Affection; which renders them impatient whenever their darling Science is decried in their Hearing. A *polite Man* will have a care of ridiculing Physic before one of the Faculty, talking disrespectfully of Lawyers while Gentlemen of the Long-robe are by, or speaking contemptibly of the Clergy when with any of that Order.

Some Critics may possibly object, That these are Solecisms of too gross a Nature for Men of tolerable Sense or Education to be guilty of. But I appeal to those who are most conversant in the World, whether this Fault, glaring as it is, be not committed every Day.

The strictest Intimacy can never warrant Freedoms of this Sort; and it is, indeed, preposterous to think it should; unless we can suppose Injuries are less Evils when they are done us by Friends, than when they come from other hands.

*Excess of Wit may oftentimes beguile:
 Jest is not always pardon'd—by a Smile.
 Men may disguise their Malice at the Heart,
 And seem at Ease—tho' pain'd with inward Smart.
 Mistaken, we—think all such Wounds, of course,
 Reflexion cures—Alas! it makes them worse.
 Like Scratches they, with double Anguish, seize,
 Rankle in Time, and fester by Degrees.*

Let us now proceed to speak of Raillery in general. Invektive is a Weapon worn as commonly as a Sword; and, like that, is often in the Hands of those who
 know

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know not how to use it. Men of true Courage fight but seldom, and never draw but in their own Defence. Bullies are continually squabbling; and, from the Ferocity of their Behaviour, become the Terror of some Companies, and the Jest of more. This is just the case with such as have a Liveliness of Thought, directed by a Propensity to Ill-nature: Indulging themselves at the Expence of others, they, by Degrees, incur the Dislike of all. Meek Tempers abhor; Men of cool Dispositions despise; and those addicted to Choler chastise them. Thus a Licentiousness of Tongue, like a Spirit of Rapine, sets one Man against all; and the Defence of Reputation, as well as Property, puts the human Species on regarding a malevolent Babler with a worse Eye than a common Thief; because Fame is a Kind of Goods, which, when once taken away, can hardly be restored. Such is the Effigy of this human Serpent. And who, when he has considered it, would be thought to have fat for the Piece?

It is a thousand to one my Book feels the Resentment of *Draco*, from his seeing his own Likeness in this Glass.

A good Family, but no Fortune, threw *Draco* into the Army when he was very young. Dancing, Fencing, and a smattering of *French*, are all the Education either his Friends bestowed, or his Capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now two Years in Town, and from swearing, drinking, and debauching Country Wenches, (the general Rout

of a military Rake) the Air of *St. James's* has given his Vices a new Turn. By Dint of an embroidered Coat, he thrusts himself into the Beau Coffee-houses, where a dauntless Effrontery, and a natural Volubility of Tongue, conspire to make him pass for a Fellow of Wit and Spirit.

A bastard Ambition makes him envy every great Character; and as he has just Sense enough to know that his Qualifications will never recommend him to the Esteem of Men of Sense, or the Favour of Women of Virtue, he has thence contracted an Antipathy to both; and by giving a boundless Loose to universal Malice, makes continual War against Honour and Reputation, where ever he finds them.

Hecatilla is a female Firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully vindictive than *Draco* himself. Birth, Wit, and Fortune, combine to render her conspicuous; while a splenetic Envy fours her, otherwise amiable, Qualities; and makes her dreaded as a Poison doubly dangerous, grateful to the Taste, yet mortal in Effect. All who see *Hecatilla* at a Visit, where the Brilliancy of her Wit heightens the Lustre of her Charms, are imperceptibly deluded into a Concurrence with her in Opinion, and suspect not Dissimulation under the Air of Frankness, nor a studied Design of doing Mischief in a seemingly casual Stroke of Wit. The most sacred Character, the most exalted Station, the fairest Reputation, defend not against the infectious Blast of sprightly *Railery*: borne on the Wings of *Wit*, and supported by
a Blaze

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a Blaze of *Beauty*, the fiery Vapour withers the sweetest Blossoms, and communicates to all who hear her, an involuntary Dislike to those at whose Merit she points her Satyr.

*At Ev'ning thus the unsuspecting Swain,
Returning homewards o'er a marshy Plain,
Pleas'd, at a Distance sees the lambent Light,
And, hasty, follows the mischievous Spirit;
Thro' Brakes and Puddles, over Hedge and Style,
Rambles, misguided, many a weary Mile.
Confus'd, and wond'ring at the Space he's gone,
Doubts, then believes, and hurries faster on:
The Cheat detected, when the Vapour's spent,
Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly can repent.*

Next to these Cautions with respect to Raillery, which, if we examine strictly, we shall find no better than a well-bred Phrase for speaking ill of Folks; it may not be amiss to warn our Readers of a certain Vehemence in Discourse exceedingly shocking to others, at the same Time that it not a little exhausts themselves..

If we trace this Error to its Source, we shall find that the Spring of it is an Impatience at finding others differ from us in Opinion: And can there be any thing more unreasonable, than to blame that Disposition in them, which we cherish in ourselves?

If Submission be a Thing so disagreeable to us, why should we expect it from them? Truth only can justify Tenaciousness in Opinion. Let us calmly lay down what convinces us, and, if it is reasonable, it

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it will hardly fail of persuading those to whom we speak. Heat begets Heat; and the Clashing of Opinions seldom fails to strike out the Fire of Dissension.

As this is a Foible more especially incident to the Fair Sex, I think it will be highly necessary to offer another, and perhaps a more cogent Argument to their Consideration. Passion is a prodigious Enemy to Beauty: It ruffles the sweetest Features, discolours the finest Complexion, and, in a Word, gives the Air of a Fury to the Face of an Angel. Far be it from me to lay Restraints upon the Ladies; but, in dissuading them from this Method of enforcing their Sentiments, I put them upon an easier Way of effecting what they desire: For what can be denied to Beauty, when speaking with an Air of Satisfaction? Complacence does all that Vehemence would extort, as Anger can alone abate the Influence of their Charms.

*Serene and mild we view the Ev'ning Air,
The pleasing Picture of the smiling Fair;
A thousand Charms our sev'ral Senses meet,
Cooling the Breeze, with fragrant Odours sweet.
But, sudden, if the sable Clouds deform
The azure Sky, and threat the coming Storm,
Hasty we flee—ere yet the Thunders roar,
And dread what we so much admir'd before.*

To Vehemence in Discourse, let me join Redundancy in it also; a Fault flowing rather from Carelessness than Design; and which is more dangerous, from its being more neglected. Passion, as I have hinted, excites Opposition; and that very Opposition,

to a Man of tolerable Sense, will be the strongest Reproof for his Inadvertency : Whereas a Person of a loquacious Disposition, may often escape open Censure from the Respect due to his Quality ; or from an Apprehension in those with whom he converses, that a Check would but increase the Evil ; and, like curbing a hard-mouthed Horse, serve only to make him run the faster : From whence the Person in fault is often rivetted in his Error, by mistaking a silent Contempt for profound Attention.

Perhaps this short Description may set many of my Readers right ; which, whatever they may think of it, I assure them is of no small Importance. Conversation is a Sort of Bank, in which all who compose it have their respective Shares. The Man therefore who attempts to ingross it, trespasses upon the Rights of his Companions ; and, whether they think fit to tell him so or no, will, of Consequence, be regarded as no fair Dealer. Notwithstanding I consider Conversation in this Light, I think it necessary to observe, that it differs from other Copartnerships in one very material Point ; which is this, that it is worse taken if a Man pays in more than his Proportion, than if he had not contributed his full Quota, provided he be not too far deficient : For the Prevention of which, let us have *Horace's* Caution continually in our Eye,

*The indiscreet with blind Aversion run
Into one Fault, when they another shun.*

It is the peculiar Privilege of the Fair, that, speaking or silent, they never offend. Who can be weary

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of hearing the softest Harmony? or who, without Pleasure, can behold Beauty, when his Attention is not diverted from her Charms, by listening to her Words? I would have stopt here, but that my Deference for the Ladies obliges me to take Notice, that some of their own Sex, when past the Noon of Life, or in their Wane of Power from some other Reason, are apt to place an Inclination of obliging their Hearers amongst those Topics of Detraction, by which they would reduce the Lustre of those Stars that now gild the Hemisphere where they once shone.

From this Cause only, I would advise the reigning Toasts, by an Equality of Behaviour, to avoid the Censure of these ill-natured Tatlers.

*Such hapless Fate attends the young and fair,
Expos'd to open Force, and secret Snare :
Pursu'd by Men, warm with destructive Fire,
Against their Peace while female Frauds conspire.
Escap'd from those, in vain they hope for Rest.
What Fame's secure from an invidious Jest ?
By Flight the Deer, no more of Dogs afraid,
Falls by a Shot from some dark Covert made :
So envious Tongues their foul Intentions hide ;
Wound, though unseen, and kill ere they're descry'd.*

Of all the Follies which men are apt to fall into, to the Disturbance of others, and lessening of themselves there is none more intolerable than continual *Egotisms*, and a perpetual Inclination to Self-pane-gyric. The mention of this Weakness is sufficient to expose it ; since I think no Man was ever possessed of so warm an Affection for his own Person, as
deliberately

deliberately to assert, that it, and its Concerns, are proper Topics to entertain Company. Yet there are many, who, through want of Attention, fall into this Vein, as soon as the Conversation begins to acquire Life: They lay hold of every Opportunity of introducing themselves, of describing themselves, and, if People are so dull as not to take the Hint, of commending themselves: Nay, what is more surprising than all this, they are amazed at the Coldness of their Auditors; forgetting, that the same Passion inspires almost every body; and that there is scarce a Man in the Room who has not a better Opinion of himself, than of any body else.

Disquisitions of this Sort into Human Nature belong properly unto Sages in *Polite Philosophy*: For the first Principle of true Politeness, is, not to offend against such Dispositions of the Mind as are almost inseparable from our Species. To find out, and methodize these, requires no small Labour and Application. The Fruits of my Researches on this Subject I communicate freely to the Public; but must, at the same Time, exhort my Readers to spare, now and then, a few Minutes to such Reflexions; which will at least be attended with this good Consequence, that it will open a Scene, which hath Novelty, that powerful Charm, to recommend it.

But I must beware of growing serious again; I am afraid my Gravity may have disoblinded some of the *Beau monde* already.

*He who intends t^e advise the young and gay,
Must quit the common Road—the formal Way,
Which hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wise,
By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.
Let Parsons tell what dreadful Ills will fall
On such as listen when their Passions call:
We from such Things our Pupils to affright,
Say not they're Sins, but that they're unpolite.
To shew their Courage, Beaus would often dare,
By blackest Crimes, to brave old Lucifer:
But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Would trespass on good Manners for the Devil;
Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,
Be dam'd hereafter, to be laugh'd at here?*

It cannot be expected from me, that I should particularly criticise on all those Foibles through which Men are offensive to others in their Behaviour: Perhaps too, a Detail of this Kind, however exact, might be thought tedious; it may be construed into a Breach of those Rules, for a strict Observance of which I contend. In order therefore to diversify a Subject, which can no other Way be treated agreeably, permit me to throw together a Sett of Characters I once had the Opportunity of seeing, which will afford a just Picture of these *Marplots* in Conversation, and which my Readers, if they please, may call the Assembly of Impertinents.

There was a Coffee-house in that End of the Town where I lodged some Time ago, at which several Gentlemen used to meet of an Evening, who, from a happy Correspondence in their Humours and
Capacities,

Capacities, entertained one another agreeably from the Close of the Afternoon, till it was Time to go to Bed.

About six Months this Society subsisted with great Regularity, though without any Restraint. Every Gentleman who frequented the House, and had conversed with the Erectors of this occasional Club, were invited to pass an Evening, when they thought fit, in a Room one Pair of Stairs set apart for that Purpose.

The Report of this Meeting drew, one Night when I had the Honour of being there, three Gentlemen of Distinction, who were so well known to most of the Members, that Admittance could not be refused them. One of them, whom I choose to call *Major Ramble*, turned of threescore, and who had had an excellent Education, seized the Discourse about an Hour before Supper, and gave us a very copious Account of the Remarks he had made in three Year's Travels through *Italy*. He began with a geographical Description of the Dominions of his *Sardinian* Majesty as Duke of *Savoy*; and, after a Digression on the Fortifications of *Turin*, in speaking of which he shewed himself a perfect Engineer, he proceeded to the secret History of the Intrigues of that Court, from the Proposal of the Match with *Portugal*, to the Abdication of King *Victor Amadeus*. After this, he run over the general History of *Milan*, *Parma*, and *Modena*; dwelt Half an Hour on the Adventures of the last Duke of *Mantua*; gave us a

hasty Sketch of the Court of *Rome* ; transferred himself from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*, repeated the Infurrection of *Massaniello*, and, at a Quarter before Ten, finished his Observations with the Recital of what happened at the Reduction of that Kingdom to the Obedience of the present Emperor. What contributed to make this Conduct of his the more out of the way, was, that every Gentleman in the Room had been in *Italy* as well as he ; and one of them, who was a Merchant, was the very Person at whose House the Major resided when at *Naples*. Possibly he might imagine the Knowledge they had in those Things might give them a greater Relish for his Animadversions ; or, to speak more candidly, the Desire of displaying his own Parts buried every other Circumstance in Oblivion.

Just as the Major had done speaking, a Gentleman called for a Glass of Water ; and happened to say, after drinking it, that he found his Constitution much mended since he had left off Malt Liqueur. Doctor *Hestick*, another of the Strangers, immediately laid hold of this Opportunity, and gave us a large Account of the Virtues of Water ; confirming whatever he advanced from the Works of the most eminent Physicians. From the main Subject, he made an easy Transition to medicinal Baths and Springs. Nor were his Searches bounded by our own Country ; he condescended to acquaint us with the Properties of the Springs of *Bourbon*, particularized the genuine Smell of *Spaw* Water, applauded the wonderful Effects of the *Piermont* Mineral ; and,

like

like a true Patriot, wound up his Disquisitions with preferring *Astrop* Wells (within three Miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turned of Eleven; when the Major and Doctor took their leave, and went away together in a Hackney-coach.

The Company seemed inclinable to extend their usual Time of sitting, in order to divert themselves after the Night's Fatigue. When Mr. *Papilio*, the third New-comer, after two or three severe Reflexions on the Oddity of some People's Humours, who were for imposing their own idle Conceits as Things worthy the Attention of a whole Company; though, at the same Time, their Subjects are trivial, and their Manner of treating them insipid: For my Part, continued he, Gentlemen, most People do me the Honour to say, that few Persons understand Medals better than I do. To put the musty Stories of these queer old Men out of our Heads, I'll give you the History of a valuable Medallion, which was sent me about three Weeks ago from *Venice*. Without staying for any farther Mark of Approbation than Silence, he entered immediately on a long Dissertation; in which he had scarce proceeded ten Minutes, before his Auditors, losing all Patience, followed the Example of an old *Turky* Merchant, who, taking up his Hat and Gloves, went directly down Stairs, without saying a Word.

Animadversions on what I have related, would but trespass on the Patience of my Readers; wherefore, in the Place of them, let me offer a few Re-

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marks in Verse, where my Genius may be more at Liberty, and Vivacity atone for want of Method.

*Who would not chuse to shun the gen'ral Scorn,
And fly Contempt? — a Thing so hardly borne.
This to avoid — let not your Tales be long;
The endless Speaker's ever in the wrong,
And all abhor Intemperance of Tongue.
Though, with a Fluency of easy Sounds,
Your copious Speech with every Grace abounds;
Though Wit adorn, and Judgment give it Weight;
Discretion must your Vanity abate,
Ere your tir'd Hearers put Impatience on,
And wonder when the Larum will be down.
Nor think by Art Attention can be wrought;
A Flux of Words will ever be a Fault.
Things without Limit we, by Nature, blame;
And soon are cloy'd with Pleasure, if the same.*

Hitherto we have dwelt only on the Blemishes of Conversation, in order to prevent our Readers committing such Offences as absolutely destroy all Pretences to *Politeness*. But as a Man cannot be said to discharge the Duty he owes to Society, who contents himself with barely doing nothing amiss; so Lectures on *Polite Philosophy*, after removing these Obstacles, may reasonably be expected to point out the Method whereby true *Politeness* may be obtained. But, alas! that is not to be done by Words; Rocks and Tempests are easily painted, but the Rays of *Phæbus* defy the Pencil.

Methinks I see my Auditors in Surprise. What, say they, have we attended so long in vain? Have

we

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we listened to no Purpose? Must we content ourselves with knowing how necessary a Thing *Politeness* is, without being told how to acquire it? Why really, Gentlemen, it is just so. I have done all for you that is in my Power; I have shewn you what you are not to be; in a Word, I have explained *Politeness* negatively: If you would know it positively, you must seek it from Company and Observation. However, to shew my own Good-breeding, I will be your Humble Servant as far as I can; that is, I'll open the Door, and introduce you, leaving you then at the single Point, where I can be of no farther Use, *id est*, Application.

The World is a great School, wherein Men are first to learn, and then to practise. As Fundamentals in all Sciences ought to be well understood, so a Man cannot be too attentive at his first becoming acquainted with the Public: For Experience is a necessary Qualification in every distinguished Character, and is as much required in a fine Gentleman, as in a Statesman. Yet it is to be remarked, that Experience is much sooner acquired by some, than by others: For it does not consist so much in a copious Remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular Retention of what may be useful; as a Man is properly styled learned from his making a just Use of reading, and not from his having perused a Multitude of Books.

As soon as we have gained Knowledge, we shall find the best Way to improve it will be Exercise; in which

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which two Things are carefully to be avoided, Positiveness and Affectation. If, to our Care in shunning them, we add a Desire of obliging those with whom we converse, there is little Danger, but that we become all we wish; and *Politeness*, by an imperceptible Gradation, will enter into our minutest Actions, and give a Polish to every thing we do.

*Near to the far-extended Coasts of Spain,
Some Islands triumph o'er the raging Main,
Where dwelt of old — as tuneful Poets say,
Slingers, who bore from all the Prize away.
While Infants yet — their feeble Nerves they try'd;
Nor needful Food, till won by Art, supply'd.
Fix'd was the Mark — the Youngster, oft in vain,
Whirl'd the misguided Stone with fruitless Pain:
Till, by long Practice, to Perfection brought,
With easy Sleight their former Task they wrought.
Swift from their Arm th' unerring Pebble flew,
And, high in Air, the flutt'ring Victim flew.
So in each Art Men rise but by Degrees,
And Months of Labour lead to Years of Ease.*

The Duke *de Rochefaucat*, who was esteemed the most brilliant Wit in *France*, speaking of *Politeness*, says, That a Citizen will hardly acquire it at Court, and yet may easily attain it in the Camp. I shall not enter into the Reason of this, but offer my Readers a shorter, pleasanter, and more effectual Method of arriving at the Summit of genteel Behaviour; that is, by conversing with the Ladies.

Those who aim at Panegyric, are wont to assemble a Throng of glittering Ideas, and then, with great
Exactness,

Exactness, clothe them with all the Elegance of Language, in order to their making the most magnificent Figure when they come abroad in the World. So copious a Subject as the Praises of the Fair, may, in the Opinion of my Readers, lay me under great Difficulties in this Respect. Every Man of good Understanding, and fine Sense, is in Pain for one who has undertaken so hard a Task : Hard indeed to me who, from many Year's Study of the Sex, have discovered so many Perfections in them, as scarce as many more Years would afford me Time to express. However, not to disappoint my Readers, or myself, by foregoing that Pleasure I feel in doing Justice to the most amiable Part of the Creation, I will indulge the natural Propensity I have to their Service, and paint, though it be but in Miniature, the Excellencies they possess, and the Accomplishments which, by Reflexion, they bestow.

*As when some Poet, happy in his Choice
Of an important Subject—tunes his Voice
To sweeter Sounds, and more exalted Strains,
Which, from a strong Reflexion, he attains;
As Homer, while his Heroes he records,
Transfuses all their Fire into his Words:
So we, intent the charming Sex to please,
Act with new Life, and an unwonted Ease;
Beyond the Limits of our Genius soar,
And feel an Ardour quite unknown before.*

Those who, from wrong Ideas of Things, have forced themselves into a Dislike of the Sex, will be apt to cry out, Where would this Fellow run? Has he so long studied Women, and does he not know what
Numbers

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Numbers of affected Prudes, gay Coquettes, and giddy Impertinents there are amongst them?—
 Alas! Gentlemen, what Mistakes are these? How will you be surpris'd, if I prove to you, that you are in the same Sentiments with me; and that you could not have so warm Resentments at these Pecadilloes, if you did not think the Ladies more than mortal?

Are the Faults you would pass by in a Friend, and smile at in an Enemy, Crimes of so deep a Dye in them, as not to be forgiven? And can this flow from any other Principle, than a Persuasion, that they are more perfect in their Nature than we, and their Guilt the greater therefore, in departing, even in the smallest Degree, from that Perfection? Or, can there be a greater Honour to the Sex, than this Dignity, which even their Enemies allow them? To say Truth, Virtue and Women owe less to their Friends, than to their Foes; since the vicious, in both Cases, charge their own Want of Taste on the Weakness of Human Nature; pursue grosser Pleasures because they are at hand; and neglect the more refined, as Things of which their Capacities afford them no Idea.

*Born with a servile Gust to sensual Joy,
 Souls of low Taste the sacred Flame destroy;
 By which, allied to the ethereal Fire,
 Celestial Views the Hero's Thoughts inspire;
 Teach him in a sublimer Path to move,
 And urge him on to Glory and to Love:
 Passions which only give a Right to Fame;
 To present Bliss, and to a deathless Name.
 While those mean Wretches, with just Shame o'erspread,
 Live on unknown—and are, unheard of, dead.*

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden*, who knew Human Nature, perhaps, as well as any Man who ever studied it, has given us a just Picture of the Force of female Charms, in the Story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. *Boccace*, from whom he took it, had adorned it with all the tinsel Finery an *Italian* Composition is capable of. The *English* Poet, like most *English* Travellers, gave *Sterling* Silver in Exchange for that superficial Gilding; and bestowed a Moral where he found a Tale. He paints, in *Cymon*, a Soul buried in a Confusion of Ideas, informed with so little Fire, as scarce to struggle under the Load, or afford any Glimmerings of Sense. In this Condition he represents him struck with the Rays of *Iphigenia's* Beauty: Kindled by them, his Mind exerts its Powers, his intellectual Faculties seem to awake; and that uncouth Ferocity of Manners, by which he had hitherto been distinguished, gave way to an obliging Behaviour, the natural Effect of Love!

The Moral of this Fable is a Truth which can never be inculcated too much. It is to the Fair Sex we owe the most shining Qualities of which ours is Master: As the Ancients insinuated, with their usual Address, by painting both the Virtues and Graces as Females. Men of true Taste feel a natural Complaisance for Women when they converse with them, and fall, without knowing it, upon every Art of pleasing; which is the Disposition at once the most grateful to others, and the most satisfactory to ourselves. An intimate acquaintance with the other Sex

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fixes

fixes this Complacence into a Habit, and that Habit is the very Effence of *Politeness*.

Nay, I presume to say, *Politeness* can be no other way attained. Books may furnish us with right Ideas, Experience may improve our Judgments; but it is the Acquaintance of the Ladies only, which can bestow that Easiness of Address, whereby the *fine Gentleman* is distinguished from the *Scholar*, and the *Man of Business*.

That my Readers may be perfectly satisfied in a Point, which I think of so great Importance, let us examine this a little more strictly.

There is a certain constitutional Pride in Men, which hinders their yielding, in point of Knowledge, Honour, or Virtue, to one another. This immediately forsakes us at the Sight of Woman. And the being accustomed to submit to the Ladies, gives a new turn to our Ideas, and opens a Path to Reason, which she had not trod before. Things appear in another Light; and that Degree of Complacency seems now a Virtue, which heretofore we regarded as a Meanness.

I have dwelt the longer on the Charms of the Sex, arising from the Perfection visible in their exterior Composition; because there is the strongest Analogy between them, and the Excellencies which, from a nicer Enquiry, we discover in the Minds of the Fair. As they are distinguished from the robust Make of

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Man by that Delicacy, expressed by Nature, in their Form ; so the Severity of masculine Sense is softened by a Sweetness peculiar to the female Soul. A native Capacity of pleasing attends them through every Circumstance of Life ; and what we improperly call the Weakness of the Sex, gives them a Superiority unattainable by Force.

The Fable of the North-wind and the Sun contending to make the Man throw off his Cloak, is not an improper Picture of the specific Difference between the Powers of either Sex. The blustering Fierceness of the former, instead of producing the Effect at which it aimed, made the Fellow but wrap himself up the closer ; yet no sooner did the Sunbeams play, than that which before protected became now an Incumbrance.

Just so, that Pride which makes us tenacious in Disputes between Man and Man, when applied to the Ladies, inspires us with an Eagerness not to contend, but to obey.

To speak sincerely and philosophically, Women seem designed by Providence to spread the same Splendour and Chearfulness through the intellectual Œconomy, that the celestial Bodies diffuse over the material Part of the Creation. Without them, we might indeed contend, destroy, and triumph over one another. Fraud and Force would divide the World between them ; and we should pass our Lives, like Slaves, in continual Toil, without the Prospect of Pleasure or Relaxation.

It

It is the Conversation of Women that gives a proper Bias to our Inclinations, and, by abating the Ferocity of our Passions, engages us to that Gentleness of Deportment, which we style *Humanity*. The Tenderness we have for them, softens the Ruggedness of our own Nature; and the Virtues we put on to make the better Figure in their Eyes, keep us in Humour with ourselves.

I speak it without Affectation or Vanity, that no Man has applied more assiduously than myself to the Study of the Fair Sex; and I aver it with the greatest Simplicity of Heart, that I have not only found the most engaging and most amiable, but also the most generous and most heroic Qualities amongst the Ladies; and that I have discovered more of Candour, Disinterestedness, and Fervour in their Friendships, than in those of our own Sex, though I have been very careful, and particularly happy in the Choice of my Acquaintance.

My Readers will, I dare say, observe, and indeed I desire they should, a more than ordinary Zeal for inculcating a high Esteem of, and a sincere Attachment to, the Fair. What I propose from it is, to rectify certain Notions, which are not only destructive of all *Politeness*, but, at the same Time, detrimental to Society, and incompatible with the Dignity of Human Nature. These have, of late Years, spread much amongst those who assume to themselves the Title of *sine Gentlemen*; and, in Consequence thereof,

thereof, talk with great Freedom of those from whom they are in no Danger of being called to an Account. There is so much of Baseness, Cowardice, and Contempt of Truth in this Way of treating those who are alone capable of making us truly and rationally happy, that, to consider the Crime, must be sufficient to make a reasonable Man abhor it. Levity is the best Excuse for a transient Slip of this Kind ; but to persist in it is evidently descending from our own Species, and, as far as we are able, putting on the Brute.

*Fram'd to give Joy, the lovely Sex are seen ;
 Beautious their Form, and heav'nly in their Mien.
 Silent, they charm the pleas'd Beholder's Sight ;
 And, speaking, strike us with a new Delight :
 Words, when pronounc'd by them, bear each a Dart ;
 Invade our Ears, and wound us to the Heart.
 To no ill Ends the glorious Passion sways ;
 By Love and Honour bound, the Youth obeys :
 Till, by his Service won, the grateful Fair
 Consents, in Time, to ease the Lover's Care,
 Seals all his Hopes ; and, in the bridal Kiss,
 Gives him a Title to untainted Bliss.*

I choose to put an End to my Lecture on *Politeness* here, because, having spoke of the Ladies, I would not descend again to any other Subject. In the Current of my Discourse, I have taken Pains to shew the Use and Amiability of that Art which this Treatise was written to recommend ; and have drawn, in as strong Colours as I was able, those Solicisms in Behaviour, which Men, either through Giddiness, or a wrong Turn of Thought, are most likely to commit.

Perhaps the grave may think I have made *Politeness* too important a Thing, from the Manner in which I have treated it; yet, if they will but reflect, that a Statesman, in the most august Assembly, a Lawyer of the deepest Talents, and a Divine of the greatest Parts, must, notwithstanding, have a large Share of *Politeness*, in order to engage the Attention, and bias the Inclinations of his Hearers, before he can persuade them; they'll be of another Opinion; and confess, that some Care is due to acquiring that Quality which must set off all the rest.

The gayer Part of my Readers may probably find Fault with those Restraints which may result from the Rules I have here laid down; but I would have these Gentlemen remember, that I point out a Way whereby, without the Trouble of Study, they may be enabled to make no despicable Figure in the World; which, on mature Deliberation, I flatter myself they will think no ill Exchange. The Ladies will, I hope, repay my Labours, by not being displeased with this Offer of my Service. And thus, having done all in my Power towards making Folks agreeable to one another, I please me with the Hopes of having procured a favourable Reception for myself.

*When gay Petronius, to correct the Age,
Gave Way, of old, to his satyric Rage;
This motley Form he for his Writings chose,
And chequer'd lighter Verse with graver Prose.
When, with just Malice, he design'd to show
How far unbounded Vice, at last, would go;*

*In Prose we read the execrable Tale,
And see the Face of Sin without a Veil.
But when his Soul, by some soft Theme inspir'd,
The Aid of tuneful Poetry requir'd;
His Numbers with peculiar Sweetness ran,
And, in his easy Verse, we see the Man:
Learn'd, without Pride; of Taste correct, yet free,
Alike from Niceness, and from Pedantry;
Careless of Wealth, yet liking decent Show:
In fine, by Birth a Wit, by Trade a Beau.
Freely be censur'd a licentious Age:
And him I copy, though with chaster Page;
Expose the Evils in which Brutes delight,
And shew how easy 'tis to be polite;
Exhort our erring Youth—to mend in Time,
And Lectures give—for Mem'ry's Sake, in Rhyme;
Teaching this ART—to pass thro' Life at Ease,
Pleas'd in ourselves, while all around we please.*

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1

THE
PLAN of an ESSAY
UPON
DELICACY.
WITH A
SPECIMEN of the WORK.
In TWO DIALOGUES.

By NATHANAEL LANCASTER, LL. D.

Aggrediar, non tam perficiundi spe, quam experiundi voluntate.

CICERO.

First Printed in the Year 1748.

THE

PLAN of an ESSAY

UPON

DELICACY

WITH

REMARKS ON THE

PROBABILITY

OF THE

PROBABILITY

OF THE

TO
The Right Honourable
The EARL of
CHOLMONDELEY.

My LORD,

THE Men of LETTERS seem to have well consulted their own Reputation and Interest, when they threw off the illiberal Reserve, which had long kept them at a Distance from the conversible Part of Mankind, and secluded them from the high Advantages of that excellent School, which we call the *Polite World*. For it is a free and open Commerce with People of Distinction and cultivated Abilities, which gives the true Embellishment to Sense, and renders the Attainments of

the Scholar conducive to the Purposes of Elegance and Delight.

That Freedom of Debate, and Diversity of Topics, which adorn the Conversations of Men of Rank and polite Literature, will give his Mind a generous Enlargement, and open to him delightful Scenes of Knowledge, at once awakening the Imagination and informing the Understanding. From their Disquisitions he will learn what is beautiful in the Productions of Art; from their Demeanor, what is comely in Manners. For where the Advantages of Birth and Station are united with liberal Accomplishments, there is the Seat of Elegance, and the Standard of Politeness.

Though the Quickness of familiar Discourse admit not of an Attention to that Accuracy, which is required in Writing; yet there is in these exalted Intercourses, a certain superior Spirit and genuine Eloquence; which is, perhaps, a better Help to the Improvement of Style, and a more enlivening

enlivening Model for Imitation, than the cold Efforts of the Closet were ever able to produce. Those happy Turns, and emphatical sprightly Phrases, which are struck out by the Heat of animated Conversation, and that genteel graceful Dignity of Expression, which is peculiar to those who move in the higher Spheres of Life, will catch the Ear of him who is familiarly accustomed to them, and steal, in some Degree, into his own Diction. For as our Senses naturally retain the Print of the Images, which are commonly presented to them; so our Language almost unavoidably takes a Tincture from those, with whom we usually converse. These Effects are so constant, that we seldom fail to discover by a Man's Writings, with what kind of Society he has generally mixed.

I must add; that in these high Scenes of Observation, there are frequently such lucky Hints thrown out, as prove a fruitful Source of Thoughts and Imagination, which would never have occurred to him
in

in the studious Hour, or in the Company of meaner Spirits.

These, My LORD, are some of the Advantages, which Men of elevated Character and refined Genius, communicate to him who is honoured with their Intimacy, and whose Mind is susceptible of the Impressions. They raise him, as it were, above himself, giving him to enjoy some Share of their Spirit, and darting a Light into his Breast, from that Fire which enflames their own——

Quasi lumen de lumine suo accendunt.

If, under the Incitement of these animating Influences, he should try to display the Beauties of *Delicacy*; the Greatness of the Encouragement may, in some measure, justify the Boldness of the Attempt; though it will be far from excusing the unsuccessful Execution. And should he happen not to fail; he can claim no other Merit, but that of a faithful *Relator*; since his Pretensions go no farther, than to give them back the Images of their own Minds.

With

DEDICATION. 283

With this View the following ESSAY was undertaken; which is here, with a warm Sense of Gratitude, addressed to Your LORDSHIP; whose Indulgence lifted me up to that Experience of Life, and Observation on *Taste* and *Manners*, which gave Birth to this Design, supplied me with Materials, and was the only Foundation, on which I could build any Hopes of Success.

I am, My LORD, with the utmost Deference and Respect,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient

and most obliged

Humble Servant,

NATHANAEL LANCASTER.

With this View the following Essay

is presented to the Public

in the form of a

Tract

and

is

published

at the

press

of

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year

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

AMIDST the Variety of Compositions, with which the Learned of this Nation have enriched the *Republic of Letters*, we still want a *Treatise* upon that *Quality*, which gives the finishing Touches to the Culture of the *Understanding*, and diffuses the finest Delights through the Commerce of HUMAN LIFE.

Though in the celebrated Performances of our most elegant Writers, we meet with many masterly Strokes, and beautiful Observations upon it; yet lying widely scattered in various intermitted Speculations, they have not that Efficacy, which results from a regular Plan and connected System.

But if all that occurs were brought into one entire View, and ranged in the best Order; many Things would still be wanting to complete the Work, and give us that Fulness of Satisfaction, which we should have received,
had

had they entered professedly upon the Subject. Therefore, as it is impossible not to admire what they have done; it is natural to wish they had done more, and anticipated the Necessity of any farther Enquiries.

This Omission, it has been said, was owing to an Opinion, for some Time too successfully propagated --- That *He* only, who had attained the high Accomplishment, was equal to the Task; and that to undertake the Subject, carried with it an Air of arrogating the Character. This was an Obstruction not to be surmounted by the cautious Candidate for literary Fame; since the very Attempt to obtain, must unavoidably frustrate his Hopes of public Approbation.

If the Author of the following ESSAY had been persuaded, either that this Opinion had any Foundation in Truth, or was still generally received; the same restraining Considerations would have kept him in the same Bounds. But since he finds it has now no longer the Countenance of Numbers, and is satisfied it never had the Authority of Reason, he hopes he may endeavour to explain the Nature, and illustrate the Beauties of DELI-

CACY, without the Imputation of assuming to himself the Glory of the Attainment.

A Man may certainly be qualified to describe a Character in his Closet, though he cannot act up to it in Life; As we often find Men well versed in the Theory of an Art, and able to point out its several Excellencies, who want either Faculties or Attention to reach the Practice. The Talents are founded upon different Principles; and the one may subsist without the other, in the highest Perfection.

If this be not allowed; the Poet as well as the Historian, must be possessed of every great Quality, which he paints with Accuracy, or traces with Discernment. And when we find him successful in describing the Exploits of an Hero, we must conclude, that he is himself no less expert in the military Art, and endued with equal Magnanimity. But it cannot be denied that there has been many a Writer capable of drawing up an Army, and fighting a Battle in all the Propriety and Vigour of Language, who had confessedly as little Address to conduct the one, as Courage to attempt the other in the Field of Action.---

—*linguâ*

— *linguâ melior, sed frigida bello*
Dextera —

And why should the Possession of the Quality be thought more requisite in the Display of DELICACY? This is so far from appearing evident, that it seems rather to be, in some Respects, a kind of disqualifying Circumstance. It is not improbable, that the fine Sensations in the Soul of him, who has attained to this high Refinement, might prevent him from doing full Justice to his own Accomplishments; for DELICACY is always found to withdraw itself from every thing that has the least Appearance of Vanity. But if this Obstruction could be got over; yet when it is known to be his own Picture, which he exhibits to View, it may be looked upon as the Representation of Features and Lineaments heightened by Self-regard and the Biass of a partial Judgment.

But though the Attainment of the Quality is not requisite in the Writer; yet it is essentially necessary that he should be intimately acquainted with those, in whom it is found to exist.

This

This is the Source from whence he must draw not only the Materials for his Work, but the Ability of carrying it into Execution. For it is only by frequent Intercourses with Men of Rank, and polite Acquirements, that he can wear himself into that Cast of Sentiment and Expression, which the Dignity of his Subject indispensably demands.

It has been the Author's Fortune, to be admitted into those high Scenes of Improvement, and to have long been honoured with the Acquaintance of Persons, not less distinguished by the Refinement of their Abilities, than the Eminence of their Station.

On this Foundation he builds his Hopes. On the Encouragement of such Advantages he rests his Apology for the Undertaking; neither vainly assuring himself, that he has been able to make a right Use of the Opportunities, nor meanly courting the Reader's Favour, by professing a very low Opinion of his Performance. He chooses rather freely to confess, he has here exerted his best Endeavours, and entirely submits himself to the Decision of the Public.

If he should be judged unequal to the Task; yet (he is inclined to think) the *Design* may not be altogether useless. Though the Plant did not thrive where it first sprung; yet being removed to a better Soil, it may gain new Vigour, and advance to Maturity.

But whatever be the Event; it will be attended with this agreeable Reflexion; that he has not spent his Hours in trifling Amusements, but in Disquisitions of a serious Nature and real Concernment to Mankind. Certainly we were intended for some farther Satisfaction, than the Attainment of such Things only, as are barely necessary to the Support of our Being. We have Faculties adapted to the Enjoyment of *refined Delights*: Those Delights must therefore be relative to Human Life; which would prove a very insipid Possession, without this heightening Relish of Existence. The animal Functions might, indeed, be carried on; but scarce with any Joy beyond what the Brutes themselves experience. The elegant Pleasures of Imagination, the enlivening Satisfaction of liberal Knowledge, and all the sweet Effects of the amiable Passions would be entirely set aside, and the rational Part of the
Creation

Creation abandoned to the low Employment of gratifying the coarsest Appetites in the coarsest Manner. Slender and fordid would be the Intercourses of the Friend and Companion; if Friend and Companion could then be found: Social Pleasure would degenerate into *Savage Merriment*; and decent Familiarity into detestable Freedoms; were they not under the Controul and Guidance of this restraining Quality.

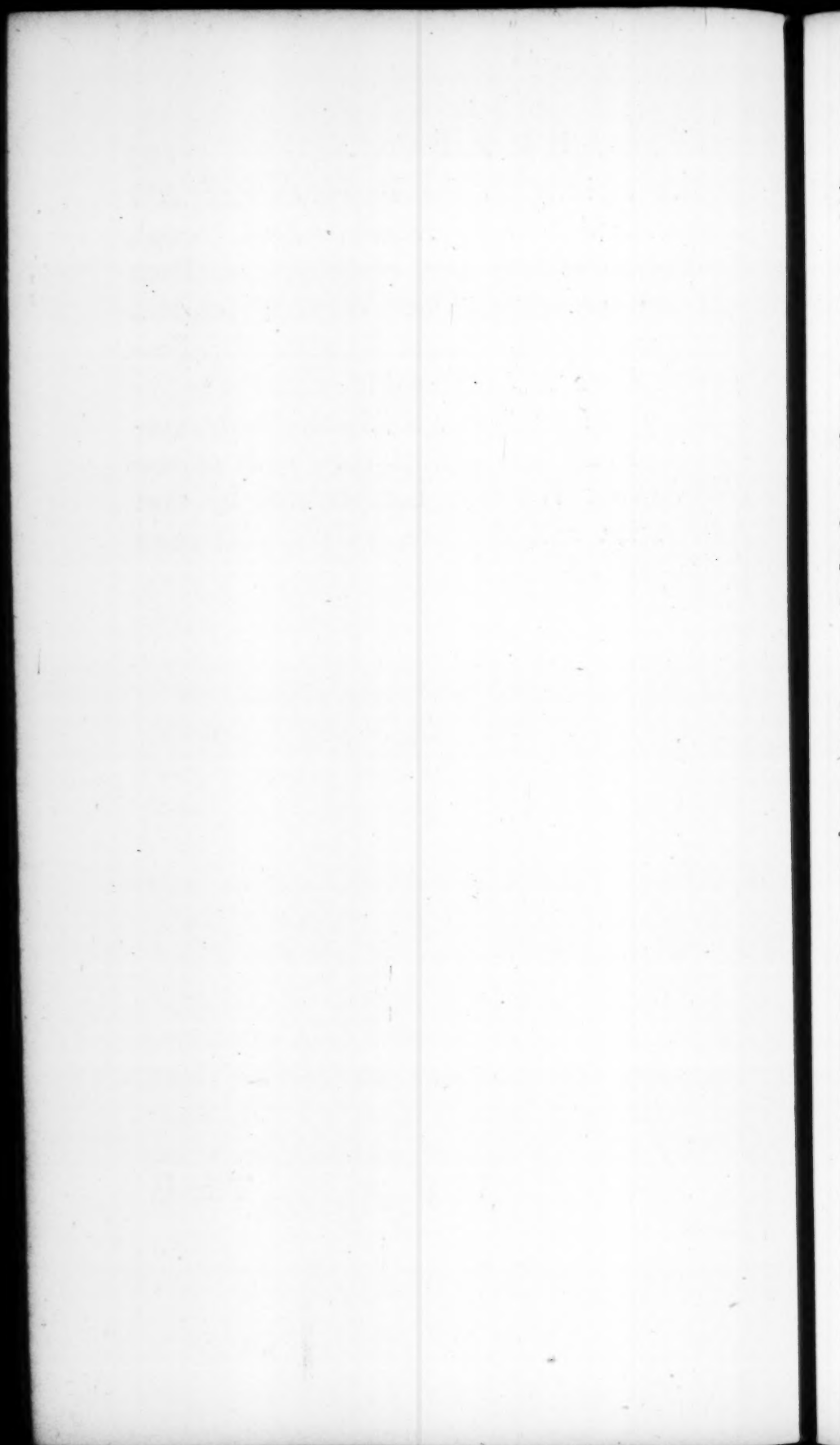
But the Pleasure arising from the Cultivation of this Accomplishment, is not the only Circumstance, which recommends it to our Regard: For whilst it improves our Joys, it refines our *Morals*, by cherishing those fine Emotions in the Soul, which create an Abhorrence of every thing that is base and irregular, and prepare the Way for the easier Impressions of Virtue and Honour. The Taste of Beauty in the lower kind, leads naturally to the higher: And the Love of Harmony in exterior Things, is a good Step towards the Relish of what is graceful and amiable in the inward Principles of the Heart.

Whoever, therefore, undertakes the Cause of DELICACY, is engaged, at the same Time,

in the Support of *Virtue*, and consults the Happiness of every individual Member of Society. For the Manners of the *Great* are so constantly copied by their Inferiors, that when a right Sense of Order and Decency prevails among the former, it will not be altogether wanting in the latter. The Spirit of Refinement stops not where it was first raised, but is caught from Breast to Breast: And though it operate with the greatest Efficacy where it finds the best Materials; yet, in some Degree, it is communicated to the whole Body of the People.

It is the Design of the Author to set these Points in a clear Light; and to demonstrate, that Elegance of Taste, and Refinement of Manners, are the proper Objects of a rational Pursuit, illustrious Ornaments to Human Nature, and leading Characters to a virtuous and moral Conduct. And if his Endeavours should fall far beneath the Dignity of the Subject; he hopes, however, they may be considered as a Testimony of his warm Regard, and of the Deference and Honour he thinks due to those elevated Characters, under whose Influence we behold Arts and Ingenuity encouraged, Life understood, and
Britain

Britain aspiring to the Reputation of *Attic Elegance* and *Roman Urbanity*. And though her Advances may not, perhaps, keep Pace with the Eagerness of our Wishes; yet this should rather animate than discourage her Progress: Since it is observable, that the extraordinary Affiduity and Skill necessarily employed to raise and perfect the Polish of the *Nobler Gems*, is amply compensated by that Admiration and Pleasure, which result from the Superior Lustre.



T H E

PLAN of the whole WORK.

TH E General Design of this Undertaking is, to explain the Nature, trace out the Standard, and recommend the Cultivation of that Quality, which, in our Language, is marked out by the Denomination of DELICACY.

The Work is carried on by way of Dialogue, and opens with the Characters of two Gentlemen, who keep up the full Enjoyment of those Satisfactions, which arise from the Harmony of Friendship; though, in some Respects, the Turn of their Minds is extremely different.

The one is a warm Admirer of Elegance in Arts and Manners, and is pertually contending for the Necessity of cultivating a refined Taste. The other thinks, that good Sense and Virtue are sufficient Recommendations, and stand in need of no adventitious Ornaments.

The Conversation begins with a Dispute concerning the Origin of Society, which, the Author apprehends,

apprehends, will not be esteemed an improper Introduction to a Work of this kind; since all the Embellishments of Life are undeniably derived from our Associations.

In the Second Dialogue, the Meaning of the Word DELICACY is explained, agreeably to what seems the genuine Acceptation of it amongst our most approved Writers — The Nature of the Quality, the Criterion by which it is ascertained, the Objections made to the Cultivation of refined Taste and Passion, and the Use and Pleasure arising from it, are distinctly examined.

The next treats of the Rise of elegant Arts and Manners, enquires from what Source, it is most probable, they derived their Original; and though the former may have first risen in a Free State, whether the Monarchical Form be not a more proper Nursery for the latter. This Enquiry is followed by a Comparison between the Ancients and Moderns with respect to the Delicacy of Good-breeding.

The Fourth examines what it is, which constitutes Delicacy in Writing. And enquires into the Characters of several Greek and Roman Authors, so far as relates to the Subject of this Essay;

in

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in which Respect, Virgil is allowed to have greatly surpassed Homer. This opens the Way to some Observations upon the Court of Augustus, and the Advances, which were made in Elegance and Politeness under the Influence of that accomplished Prince.

The Fifth is a Dissertation upon the Rise and Progress of Refinement in the Language, Compositions, and Manners of the English Nation.

The Sixth considers those Qualities, which constitute Delicacy in a Public Speaker; and to what Degree it seems to have risen in this Country----whether the Flowers of ancient Rhetoric and Elocution, are preferable to plain good Sense and Argument; beyond which Point, the English Eloquence is said scarce to aspire. This Conversation is closed with some Reflexions upon the Power of fine Language; which is compared to that of Music, and shewn to be, in some Respects, similar, in the Effects it produces.

The Seventh treats of that Faculty in the Art of Painting, which is called Grace, and points out those Masters, who have been most distinguished by this Quality.

The

The Four succeeding Dialogues exhibit the Character of an accomplished Gentleman, and display his Conduct in the various Scenes of Life and Conversation; shewing, at the same Time, that the truest and highest Refinement consists in the Purity of Morals; and that Virtue is the most illustrious Ornament of Human Nature.

In Contrast to this Representation of Elegance and Sanctity of Manners, is exhibited the View of an impure and uncultivated Demeanor; that the Beauty of the one, and the Deformity of the other may appear in a stronger Point of Light, by the Neighbourhood of its contrary Character.

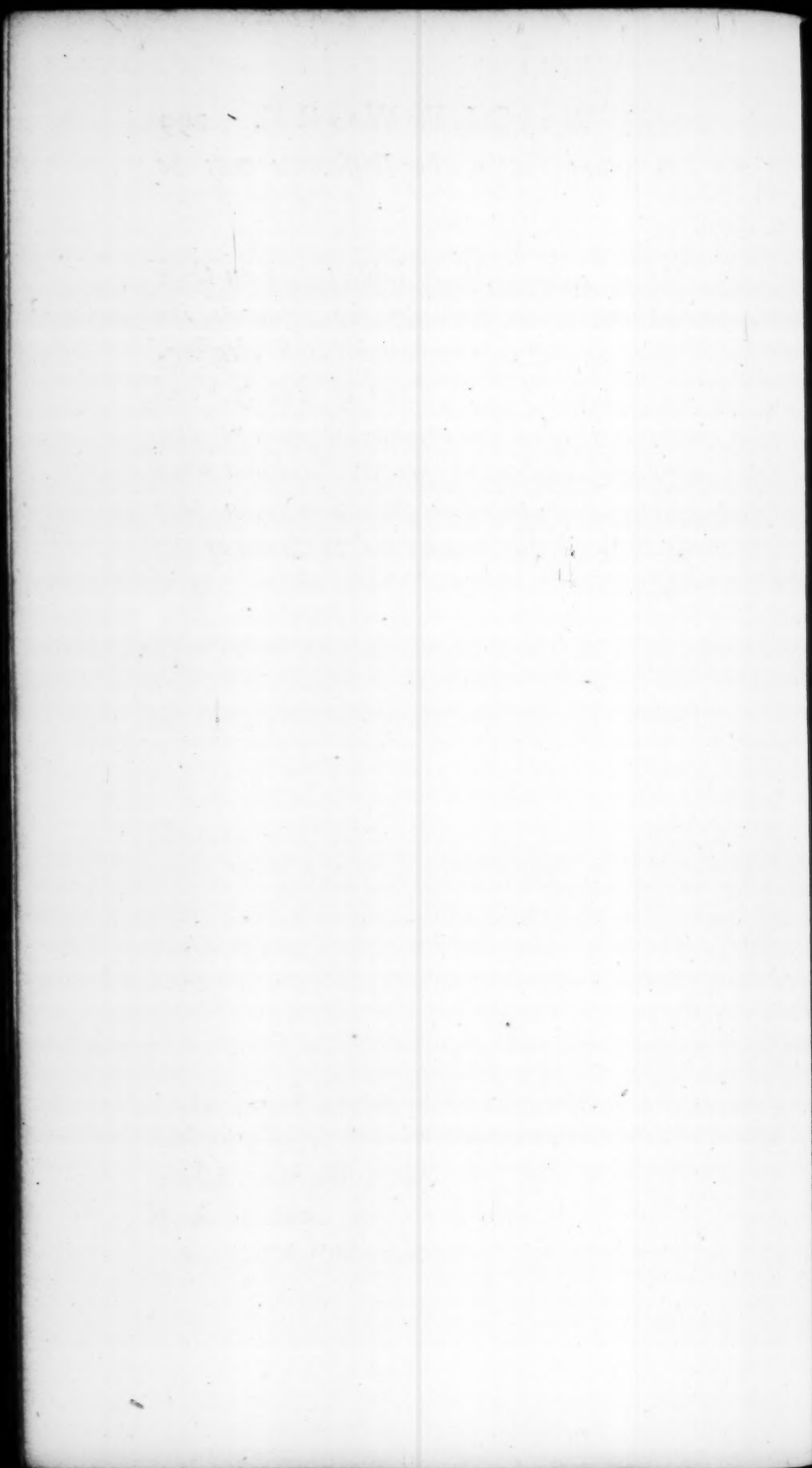
The Next Dialogue touches upon the peculiar Charms of Female Elegance, and shews with what a superior Lustre DELICACY manifests itself in that Sex, which is tempered with a purer Flame, and formed with a quicker Sensibility, and higher Relish of every Ornament and Grace.

The Last Conversation recommends the farther Cultivation of this Accomplishment, and enquires whether the Advances, we have made in it, are equal to those of a neighbouring Nation; and,
if

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if not, to what Causes the Difference may be ascribed.

The Essay ends with a Dissertation on those Deities, which were said, by the Ancients, to be the Source of all that is amiable and pleasing, to dispense Justness of Taste, Love of Beauty, and that Happiness of Manner, which adorns and enlivens Merit, and is a proper Attendant upon Sense and Learning: For which Reason they usually represented the Graces in the Train of the God of Wisdom.



A N

E S S A Y

U P O N

D E L I C A C Y.

D I A L O G U E I.

PHILOCLES is one of those few, who can be chearful and employed, without having Recourse to the Business or Diversions of the World. He has a warm Imagination tempered with an excellent Understanding, both which he has improved by a judicious Mixture of Reading and Conversation.

Though his Inclination has led him into Retirement ; his Talents qualify him for making a Figure in the active Scenes of Life. Yet, at the same Time, it must be confessed, there is a certain natural Delicacy in the Frame of his Mind, which would have rendered

rendered him less serviceable in Business, than others of inferior Abilities without the same Refinement of Temper. He is arrived to that Period of Life, when the Powers of the Mind are in their truest Vigour : And having conversed at large long enough to give him a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, he has narrowed his Friendships, as well as Acquaintance, desiring but few of either.

The Spot he has chosen for his Retirement is within a convenient Distance of the Town, yet not so near as to want any Advantages of the Country. He is a professed Admirer of what he calls *Refined Simplicity*, and discovers that Chastity of Taste, not only in his Judgment of the fine Arts, but in his House, his Furniture, his Equipage ; and in short, throughout the whole Conduct and Economy of his Life.

At a small Distance from his House stands a Wood ; which has so many natural Beauties attending it, that with a very inconsiderable Expence, and by judiciously humouring the Genius of the Place, he has made it one of the most delightful Scenes imaginable. In the Center he has erected a little Temple, the Materials of which are cheap and common ; yet they are chosen with such Judgment, and thrown together with such Art, that perhaps the most costly Ornaments could not have produced any thing more pleasing to a just Eye. It is covered with Thatch, and paved with Pebbles ; and the Pillars are nothing more than the Trunks of some old Oaks, which grew upon
the

the Spot. But the Plan is so happily designed, and so neatly executed; and the several Parts are so harmoniously proportioned to each other, as well as to the whole, that it forms one of the most agreeable Structures I ever beheld.

To this favourite Scene *Philocles* retires, whenever he would enjoy himself or his Friend without Interruption. And here it was that *Sophronius* found him in his Evening Meditations, having been informed at his House, that he was taking a Walk in the Wood.

Sophronius and *Philocles* have long lived together in the strictest Intimacy, and most unreserved Communication of Sentiments. *Sophronius* has a just, rather than a lively Imagination. His Sense is strong, but improved more by the Force of his own Reflexions, than by Books; for he has thought much more than he has read. Not that he is unacquainted with the capital Authors, both Ancient and Modern; but it is his Maxim, that "Books have made more Fools than ever Nature designed." Truth is the single Aim of his Enquiries; and to strew her Paths with Flowers, is, he thinks, to retard rather than to forward the Progress towards her. The Mind is amusing herself with little artificial Beauties in the Way, whilst she should be pushing forward to the End of her Journey. In short, as he is naturally of a phlegmatic Constitution, he declares against Enthusiasm of every Sort, esteeming her as the worst Enemy that Truth has to fear. He frequently rallies *Philocles* upon this Article; whom he thinks, upon many

many Occasions, especially where the fine Arts are concerned, a downright Visionary.

After the general Compliments had passed between these two Friends—How, said *Sophronius* smiling, shall I answer it to the Dryad of these Groves, for thus breaking in upon the Contemplations of her Votary; when, perhaps, she is even now expecting you under some venerable Oak, or favourite Elm?

However romantic you may affect to think me in my Amours, replied *Philocles*, you do not, in good Earnest, I hope, believe me so ill a Judge of real Happiness, as to imagine me capable of thinking I could exchange the Pleasures of Friendship for any more valuable Enjoyment. No, *Sophronius*! as great an Admirer as I am of these Beauties of Nature, she is no where so charming to me, as in her moral Operations, and that Harmony she produces from social Concord.

Were I to have traced the Genealogy of Friendship, returned *Sophronius*, I should hardly have expected to find Nature her Parent. It seems to me much more reasonable to suppose this Union derived from Necessity and Convenience, or some other Principle arising from our Wants and Imperfections, than any implanted Bias in our Frame, previous to those uneasy Feelings. The State of Nature could not have admitted of this refined Commerce; since every Individual, at that Period, must have had a separate and opposite Interest.

It

It is for that Reason, among others, answered *Philocles*, why I think it improbable, that such a State should ever have existed. There is in our Frame so strong a Bias, such an irresistible Tendency to unite in the social Circle, that we must either suppose Mankind formed originally with Affections very different from what appear in them at present, or give up the Notion of this barbarous State, as an absurd and groundless Supposition.

It is not to be wondered, said *Sophronius*, that the first View of this rude State should startle a Mind, which has been accustomed to a regular Community, and has formed its Ideas of Truth from familiar Appearances of improved Nature. But it is very easy to mistake Habits for Affections, and ascribe to the direct Impulse of Nature, what is, in reality, owing to the Maturity of Time, and the Discipline of many Generations. Societies have been long established: Use has taught us the Advantages, that are derived from them; and therefore we fancy that Men fall naturally and unavoidably into Associations; when the Truth is, they are only inclined to be sociable from Practice, rather than from any immediate Incitement of Nature, or the Love of their Species. Look back upon the Accounts which Poets, Philosophers, and Historians give of Mankind in the Infancy of the World; and you will have a View very inconsistent with a Principle of friendly Union and social Coalition. They describe them not only without Arts and Sciences, but without Habitations,

Laws, or even Language itself, and feeding upon the raw Herbage, like their fellow Brutes, the Tenants of the same Shade and Pasture. I remember a Passage in *Cicero*, where he speaks to this Purpose of the first Race of Mortals [a]. And *Horace* [b], as well as *Lucretius* [c], you know, talk of them exactly in the same Manner.

In short, all the Records of Antiquity affirm, that in the first Ages, the Conceptions of Mankind, their Manners and Dispositions were rude, barbarous, and brutal; that their Attainments went no higher than satisfying, at any rate, the coarse Demands of their unrestrained Appetites: And thus being under no Controul in the Gratification of their selfish Passions, they ran into the most violent Excesses, and were perpetually invading and seizing each other's Property. This is the despicable Figure Mankind make in the several ancient Pictures of their original State.

I acknowledge, said *Philocles*, that this was the Doctrine of the *Epicureans*; but the Principles of a particular Sect cannot be looked upon as the Standard

[a] Nam fuit quoddam tempus, cum in agris homines, bestiarum more vagabantur: nec quidquam ratione animi, sed pleraque viribus corporis administrabant. Non jus æquabile, quicquid utilitatis haberet, acceperat, &c. *CICERO* de Invent. lib. i.

[b] Cum præreperunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, &c. *HOR.* Sat. lib. i.

[c] —Nemora atque cavas montes sylvasque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant squallida membra. *LUCRET.*

of Antiquity. It is usual with the learned, when they are endeavouring to establish some favourite Hypothesis, to pick out a Passage from a Greek or Roman Author, that happens to coincide with the Notion to be advanced, and then argue from it, as a received Principle among the Ancients. Superficial Reasoners and minute Philosophers may be thus deceived; but *Sophronius*, I am sure, is not so easily imposed upon. And if he had been in the Humour, he could have drawn up a long List of classical Names, to throw into the Scale against those he just now mentioned. What think you of the *Golden Age*, when——

Nay, interposed *Sophronius*, if you are for soaring to the airy Regions of Romance, I will not endeavour to attend your Flight. I can follow you well enough, whilst you keep within the humble Paths of sober Reasoning; but the Towerings of an heated Imagination are much too elevated for my Reach.

—Have Patience, good *Sophronius*! I was only going to mention what some of the Ancients have thought concerning the State of Man, when he was yet new to Being, and fresh from the Hands of his Creator. The Description *Ovid* gives of his Situation, in that first Period of his Existence, seems (some poetical Embellishments excepted) such as, were we to reason *à priori*, we should conclude he was placed in. The first Characteristic he gives of it is Innocence—

[d] *First rose a golden Age! the human Mind
To Faith's fair Rules spontaneous then inclin'd,
"Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear :
"Man's Words were simple, and his Soul sincere.*

Seneca likewise gives an Account of the State of Nature, as it stood in *Saturn's* Reign, exactly conformable to this Notion of social Virtue being then exercised in all its Purity and Peace [e] —

Nor does it seem in the least improbable, that such a Happiness might once have been the Lot of Mortals; though their present degenerate State is so different from it, as to need the strongest Restraints,

[d] *Aurea prima fata est ætas, que vindice nullo,
Sponte suâ sine lege fidem rectumque colebat :
Pœna metusque aberant, &c.*

[e] " *Tunc illa virgo, numinis magni dea,
" Justitia cœlo missa, cum sanctâ Fide,
" Terras regebat mitis. Humanum genus
" Non bella norant ——— &c."*

Then Justice, Virgin pure, of Sovereign Power,
With sacred Faith, attendant Handmaid, sent
To this our Globe, Dominion held o'er Men,
And rul'd with absolute, but gentle Sway.
Unheard was Discord's Voice, and Din of War,
The Clash of Arms, and Trumpet's direful Sound.
Nor Walls, nor Bulwarks, Cities yet had rais'd :
Pervious and safe each unfenc'd Entrance lay.
Peculiar Rights were then unknown to Men ;
One common Stock supply'd the friendly Race.
The teeming Earth pour'd out her fruitful Stores
Spontaneous to her Sons — kind Parent she,
And tender Guardian ! pious Children they !

SENECA. Trag. Octav. Act. ii.

to keep up any tolerable Degree of Order in the World. The Lust of Avarice and Ambition now indeed divide Mankind, and destroy their mutual Harmony. But before Covetousness crept into the World; before Men had any Temptation to invade the Rights of Equality; when Titles, Distinctions, and Pre-eminences were yet unknown; why might not a Number of People have lived together in Amity, enjoying every thing in common, and content with the natural Products of the Earth in some happy Climate?

Because it is inconsistent with the Nature of human Creatures, answered *Sophronius*, that any Number of them should live together in Concord, without the Curb of Government. Had we come into the World with such Dispositions, as our first Parents are said to have possessed before their Fall; then indeed those tranquil Joys, which have (it should seem) flourished only in Song, might have existed in reality. But as to their unhappy Offspring, born, as they are, with depraved Appetites, and inordinate Self-Passions, it is absolutely impossible, that either Order, Peace, or Justice could ever have prevailed amongst them, without the Aid of some restraining Force. Let a Man fairly examine Human Nature, the Tendency and Effects of our Passions; and he must allow this to be the Case.

It is in vain to produce any Authority against the Nature of Things; and least of all, that of the Poets. They, you know, are not generally the strictest Reasoners;

soners; their Aim being rather to please than inform. And though there is a Thing, which we call Truth in their Art; yet not being tied down to severe historical Matter of Fact, they are at Liberty to create Scenes, which exist only in Imagination. But if Names are of any Force, I could produce [*f*] *Iso-*
crates, [*g*] *Diodorus*, and Numbers of the most celebrated Ancients, who represent the Infancy of the World as rude and barbarous, as *Hobbs*, or any of the Moderns suppose it to have been. *Seneca*, I will not deny, seems to favour your Opinion: And in one of his Epistles, the Philosopher is not less warm than the Poet, in the Description of a *Golden Age* [*b*]. But after he had indulged his lively Genius in the Sallies of Imagination, Reason re-assumes her Seat, and he freely owns, that Philosophy was unknown to the World in that early Period; that it was indeed an Age of Innocence, but not of Wisdom; and that the moral Character was not then thoroughly understood. For Virtue, says he, is not the Gift of Nature, but the Product of Art. The Seeds of it are indeed sown in our Hearts; but if

[*f*] *Iso*crates, Orat. iii. ad Nicoclem.

[*g*] *Diodorus Siculus*, lib. i.

[*b*] *Quamvis egregia illis vita fuerit, & carens fraude, non fuere sapientes—Non erant ingenia omnibus consummata—Non enim dat natura virtutem; ars est, bonum fieri—Ignorantiâ rerum innocentes erant. Multum autem interest, utrum peccare aliquis nolit, an nesciat. Deerat illis justitia, deerat prudentia, deerat temperantia & fortitudo. Omnibus his virtutibus habebat similia quædam rudis vita: virtus non contingit animo, nisi instituto & edocto, & ad summum assiduâ cogitatione perducto. Ad hoc quidem, sed sine hoc nascimur: & in optimis quoque antequam erudias, virtutis materia, non virtus est.*

SEN. Epist. 90.

they

they are not cultivated with the utmost Diligence and Care, they will for ever remain in a dormant and inactive State.

Does not this Concession entirely demolish the fine Fabric he had just before erected? For surely Mankind must have been absolutely incapable of living together in social Harmony, whilst the Mind had not yet received that Cultivation, which is requisite to unfold those latent Principles of Virtue; without which, it is impossible that Numbers can live together with any Sort of Comfort, or maintain any tolerable Degree of Peace and Order. *Cicero* seems clearly to be of this Opinion; for he derives all social Concord from the Discipline of Philosophy, when he breaks out into a celebrated Rhapsody upon the pleasing Reflexion [i].

If the Truth of Opinions, returned *Philocles*, were to be determined by Antiquity; those, who maintain the Sentiments I am contending for, might at least go as high for their Authority, as their Opposers. The Lines I repeated from *Ovid* seem to be copied from *Hesiod*; who, as some affirm, was contemporary with *Homer*. Though indeed, to trace this Notion of the Golden Age up to it's true Source, we must look for it in the Mosaical Account of the first

[i] O vitæ philosophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! Tu urbes peperisti; tu dissipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocaſti: tu eos inter se primo domiciliis, deinde conjugiiſ, tum literarum et vocum communione junxiſti: tu inventrix legum, tu magiſtra morum, & diſciplinæ fuiſti!

CICERO Tusc. Diſp. Ald. Venet. p. 242.

State of the World, from whence it seems to be derived. But however, it is certain that the State of Nature, as described by *Hobbs*, and his followers, could not have subsisted long enough to be called a State, admitting it ever subsisted at all. As it was nothing but a Scene of War, conquest must either have soon introduced Subjection; or the Sons of Men must have been totally extinct. This [*k*] *Lucretius* himself admits, and owns that Mankind must necessarily have perished under the Inconveniences of such a Situation. Now from hence, it should seem, a strong Reason might be drawn, to prove that this State of Nature is, at least, as visionary as the Golden Age. For tell me, *Sophronius*, can it be supposed with any Justice to the Wisdom of the supreme Being, that he placed Mankind originally in a Situation, that must necessarily have defeated the Ends of their Creation, and utterly extirpated the whole Species from off the Face of the Earth?

To argue, replied *Sophronius*, against the Reality of a Fact, from its Consequences, is hardly a safe Method of investigating speculative Truths; I mean, where the Evidence is strong on the Side of the Fact; and the Consequences are, at best, but hypothetical. This at least you must allow, that the Doctrine I contend for, has many great and illustrious Names on its Side.

[*k*] Genus humanum jam tum foret omne peremptum :
Nec potuisset adhuc perducere sæcla propago.

Lucret. lib. v. lin. 1025.

Not so many, returned *Philocles*, as might be produced on the contrary [l]. The noble Moralist has opposed it with that Sense and Spirit, which so eminently distinguish his excellent Writings [m]. Mr. *Locke* indeed speaks of a State of Nature, in Contradistinction to civil Societies; and seems to think it might have existed [n]. But then he represents it, not as a State of Licence and Disorder, but as subject to the Laws of Reason; which, if I do not mistake, is the very thing which *Ovid* intended in his Description of the Golden Age: For, no doubt, when the Poet says, Men observed the Rules of Right and Justice without Laws; he must mean, without those of civil Compact.

That Mankind are naturally of an uniting social Temper, is maintained by *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, and many other great and learned Men.

Now if their natural Sociability be once admitted; the State of Nature, as described by *Hobbs*, and

[l] Nihil est tam illustre, quàm conjunctio inter homines hominum—et ipsa caritas generis humani, quæ nata à fatu, quo à procreatoribus nati deliguntur, & tota domus conjugio & stirps conjungitur, serpsit sensim foràs cognationibus primum, tum affinitatibus, deinde amicitis, post vicinitatibus, tum civibus, &c.

Cicer. de Fin. lib. v. edit. Ald. p. 119.

—Omnes inter se naturali quadam benevolentia continentur.

Ibid. De Legibus, lib. i. p. 179.

Constituendi verò juris ab illa summa lege capiamus exordium; quæ seculis omnibus antè nata est, quàm scripta lex ulla, aut quàm omnino civitas est constituta.

Ibidem, Leg. i. in initio.

[m] Lord *Shaftesbury*.

[n] Treatise on Government.

adopted by my Friend, must necessarily fall to Pieces; for most certainly they are not compatible. Think not then, *Sophronius*, (to use the Words of our ethic Poet)

*Think not, in Nature's State, Men blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of God [o].*

If Mankind, said *Sophronius*, had been originally formed with such an Affection for each other, as to be led from thence into Associations; this endearing Principle must have prevented those bloody Violences and fatal Quarrels, by which such Numbers of the Species are constantly diminished. But War seems to be one of those stated Methods, that Providence takes to remove the Generations of Men from off the Face of the Earth; that there may be room for others to take their Turn upon this Stage of Existence. And indeed, were the destructive Contentions, that arise from Ambition and public Resentment, entirely to cease; our Species alone would soon overstock the Globe. If therefore it had been the Creator's Pleasure to have formed us with a strong implanted Sense of mutual Love; we may presume, the Plan of Providence would have been very different from that, which seems now to be established.

But suppose Men were originally framed with this amicable Disposition, this Fondness for social Intercourse; yet, whatever was the Cause, it is evident, they had so far departed from their primæval Virtue,

[o] *Pope's Essay on Man,*

that

that the Histories of every Country represent a Period, when its Inhabitants were as savage and unsocial as the State of Nature is described. If you question the Credit of these Records ; you need go no farther for full Conviction, than our Northern Islands ; in many of which the Natives are as little acquainted with Order, Discipline, and Justice, or any of the Virtues of Humanity, as the very Brute Creation. This agrees exactly with the Descriptions given us of other uncivilized People still subsisting in the World. How then do these Virtues operate necessarily upon Mankind ?

I must confess, replied *Philocles*, that I have frequently met with such Descriptions ; but the Testimony of the Authors never appeared to me so clear, as to leave no room to call in question their Veracity. From the best Information I have been able to obtain, I am led to believe there is no People upon Earth so savage, as not to have formed some kind of Society, some Sort of Laws, however imperfect, to restrain Violences, and punish Transgressions. It is absolutely impossible that Men could otherwise have subsisted, since the Time they fell from their primitive Innocence.

But let me ask *Sophronius*—Is not well-being agreeable to our Nature ?—“ It must be allowed.” Tell me then, can that be obtained without Society ?—“ Undoubtedly not.” Society therefore must be natural to us. And if it be ; is there nothing within us, no impulsive Principle to excite and lead us to associate ?

affociate? What think you of Pity and Compassion? the general Dislike of Solitude, and love of Company? Some Traces of them, at least, are found in Men of all Ages and Climates. What think you of the Powers and Capacities of Speech? Why were they given us, if not to be exercis'd? And how can they be exercis'd without Society? It is evident too, that Nature has implanted in us the Principle of Justice: But for what Purpose, if not for the Use of Society?

It is plain therefore, in every View, that we are formed with a Love for our Species; and consequently, with social Passions. To consider Mankind in any other Light, is, to degrade them even below the Beasts. What a despicable Opinion must that Man entertain of the Order of Beings, to which he belongs, what Regard for Virtue!—

Pardon me, good *Philocles*, if I cannot forbear interrupting you. Men of an elevated Spirit are constantly exalting their Species to the Skies, and branding all those, who talk more temperately on the Subject, as Enemies to Virtue. But you greatly mistake me, if you imagine I have taken this Side of the Question with any Intention to weaken the Cause of Morality. It is your Way to paint Mankind, as your generous Warmth inclines you to wish they had been formed; whilst Men of cooler Temper are content to view Things as they really are, rather than as a false, though pleasing Light may represent them. They find nothing to support those high Notions you entertain of the intrinsic Dignity of the Species,—no Principles

Principles in Mankind, which lead directly and necessarily to combining Fellowships. Man, say they, was created frail and weak, subject to Wants, which in a single Capacity he could not supply, and obnoxious to Dangers, against which his own unassisted Arm was not a sufficient Defence. An Union of the *Many* was therefore formed, as a Remedy for the Imbecillity of separate Individuals. Hence Justice arose; and the Rule of Right was ascertained and enforced, as a necessary Means to maintain the Plan of social Order. You assert, that the Law of Equity is an original implanted Principle in the human Breast. But if I were inclined to dispute this Point with you; I might ask, what Occasion would there have been for such a Law, if Man had been framed with so ardent an Affection towards his Species, as you contend for? Where Love reigns in full Power, Property cannot be a Subject of Contention. So far is she from doing Violence and Wrong, that she is ever tender of the Welfare and Interest of the Object beloved, and even lavish in her Munificence.

I do not contend, said *Philocles*, that the social and kind Affections are so strong as to subdue all the rest; but only that there are such Passions in Mankind, in Conjunction with others. The Love of our Species cannot therefore be said to supersede the Love of Equity: On the contrary, they are entirely compatible with each other. Nor does it seem in the least to follow, that, if the Case be as I have stated it, universal Peace and Justice must for ever prevail. For Man being liable to great Errors, not only from
the

the Mis-rule of his Passions, but the Imperfection of his Reason, many Occasions of moral Evil must necessarily arise, notwithstanding the social Affections are allowed to exist in all the Strength, which I contend for.

But had mutual Affection, returned *Sophronius*, been only a leading Passion in us; or had it been equally ballanced with Self-regard, all legal Restraints had been entirely unnecessary. Man would have been in no Danger from the secret Attempts of Fraud, or the bold Attacks of bare-faced Oppression: His whole Life would have been one continued Scene of Security and Happiness. But the Legislators found his real State to be quite another Thing. If they did perceive that Nature had clearly dictated the Law of Equity; yet Experience taught them, “ That the
“ Administration of that Law was so incompetently
“ and irregularly executed, as to inflame rather than
“ heal the Evils of the undisciplined State, whilst
“ there was no common Arbiter to adjust and enforce
“ its Operations [p].

These are the Reasons, which induce me to believe, that Dangers and Necessities gave Birth to the Plan of Government. And when Society was established upon a proper Basis, and equitable Laws had given Security to Mankind, the Community had full Experience of its happy Effects. But as Particulars still felt many Wants, for which the public Combinations afforded no Relief; it was natural for them to

[p] W——’s D. Legat.

look

look out for a Supply to this Deficiency. The most obvious seems to be private Fellowships; which by an Union of Hearts, and amicable Intercourses, might procure Enjoyments, which do not result from general Associations.

This I take to be the true Source of Friendship: Nor does it appear to me any Derogation to the Loveliness of the Affection. For, what but the Imbecillity of our Frame gives Rise to that Passion, which is looked upon as the most amiable belonging to our Nature? Had the Firmness of our Minds been greater, our Compassion had certainly been less. For it is ever found, that as the softest Metals are most easily dissolved; so the tenderest Minds soonest melt into Pity. This, perhaps, is the Reason, why that Sex, whose Characteristic is, by no means, Strength, are most liable to the Impressions of this afflicting Passion.

Pity, returned *Philocles*, can hardly be said to flow from Weakness in the same Sense that you suppose social Affection to do: In the latter, Weakness is the Attribute of that Subject, from whence the Affection is supposed to proceed; Men united, because they found themselves too weak to subsist in a separate State:—But in the former, Weakness can only be the Attribute of that Subject, on which the Passion is supposed to operate. It is not the Weakness of the distressed Object, but of him who beholds it, which produces the sympathizing Sorrow. Imbecillity therefore cannot give Rise to social Inclinations,
in

in the same Way you imagine it does to Compassion. The only Inference, that can fairly be drawn from your Argument, seems to be, that the Tenderness of Sensations, or Weakness (if you will call it so) is the Means whereby the Passion operates upon any Subject: But it does not therefore follow, that it is the Fountain of the Passion; or that it is grounded on no other Principle in Nature. For why should *Sophronius* ascribe this Susceptibility of Compassion, to a Weakness of Mind? Is it not far more reasonable to derive it from the quick Feeling of the Sentiments of Humanity, and the sudden Exertion of generous Sympathy? Examine the Condition of your own Breast under a lively Sense of Pity; and tell me whether you do not always find, that it gives you an exalted Idea of the Generosity of your Temper, when it is touched in this kind and benevolent Way? And though it may, perhaps, draw Tears from your Eyes; yet they are the Tears of manly Affection, and not the Meltings of weak Effeminacy. For surely, *Sophronius*, there can be no Weakness in Compassion, purely and abstractedly considered; since the noblest Souls are open to the strongest Impressions of this Kind. *Homer*, who had a complete Insight into Human Nature, and so well understood what it was that gave the finishing Excellence to a Character, represents the Hero of his Poem, the great *Achilles* himself, melting into Pity at the Miseries of a venerable aged Monarch, on his Knees begging him to restore the Body of his Son *Hector*. Nay, he not only makes him relent, but even endeavour to assuage the Sorrows of the unhappy Prince,

with

with the most tender, as well as rational, Consolations [q]. Pity then, in the Estimation of this judicious Poet, who was always true to Nature, is perfectly compatible with an elevated and sublime Spirit. Nay, is it not an Attribute ascribed even to the Deity himself? How then can it be derived from so mean an Original? It is, indeed, a Softness, but not (as you call it) an Imbecillity of Heart. *Juvenal*, I remember, somewhere extols it as the best and most lovely Passion belonging to human Nature, and the distinguishing Characteristic of our Species [r].

[q] Αὐλὴν ἀπὸ θρόνου ὤρῳ, γεροντὶ δὲ χεῖρος ἀνίστη,
Οὐκείρων πολλὸν τε κάρη, πολλὸν τε γένειον
Καὶ μὴν φωνήσας ἐπεὶ πλεροῖσιν προσήυδα.

“ From the high Throne divine Achilles rose:
“ The rev’rend Monarch by the Hand he rais’d;
“ On his white Beard and Form majestic gaz’d,
“ Not unrelenting. Then serene began
“ With Words to sooth the miserable Man.

Iliad xxiv. Pope’s Transl.

There is not, as Mr. *Pope* observes, a more beautiful Passage than this, in the whole *Iliad*. *Homer*, to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere Soldier, here draws him as a Person of excellent Sense, and sound Reason. And it was a Piece of great Judgment thus to describe him: for the Reader would have retained but a very indifferent Opinion of him, if he had had no Qualification, but mere Strength. It also shews the Art of the Poet, thus to defer this Part of his Character to the Conclusion of the Poem: By these Means, he fixes an Idea of his Greatness upon our Minds, and makes his Hero go off the Stage with Applause.

POPE’S *Homer*, B. xxiv. p. 168. ed. 1736.

[r] “ ——— Mollissima corda

“ Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,

“ Quæ lachrymas dedit. Hæc nostri pars optima sensûs.

“ ——— Separat hoc nos

“ A grege mutorum.”

JUVEN. Satyr. xv.

VOL. I.

Y

You

You must be sensible, returned *Sophronius*, that whatever Notion the Poet might advance to flatter Mankind, or beautify his Composition; yet the Generality of the Ancients derived Pity from no higher a Source than that, which I have assigned. *Seneca* calls it the Fault of a poor pusillanimous Spirit; and affirms, that the basest Tempers are most susceptible of this Passion. The wise and good, says he, will not pity, but he will relieve; but he will run to the Aid of the distressed. So far is he from dropping a sympathizing Tear with the unhappy; that he is not moved even by his own Calamities, but, like a solid Rock, reverberates the Storm, and stands secure [s].

But how does it appear, said *Philocles*, that Pity has the same Idea in our Language, which *Misericordia* had in the Roman? Perhaps this might mean a senseless effeminate Consternation, that seizes weak Minds on the Prospect of any thing disastrous, and deprives them of the Capacity to relieve the Misery they behold.

“ Compassion proper to Mankind appears;

“ Which Nature witness’d when she gave us Tears.”

’Tis this, the noblest Passion of the Mind,

Exalts our Race above the brutal Kind.

[s] Clementiam, mansuetudinemque omnes boni præstabunt: misericordiam autem vitabunt: est enim vitium pusilli animi ad speciem malorum alienorum succidentis. Itaque pessimo cuique familiarissima est. Anus & mulierculæ sunt, quæ, &c.—— Ergo non miserebitur sapiens, sed succurret, sed proderit.—— Ne in suis quidem accidet calamitatibus, sed omnem fortunæ iram reverberabit, & ante se franget, &c.

SENeca de Clem. lib. II. edit. Dan. Elz. 1672.

There

There is a Passage in the Author I just now mentioned, returned *Sophronius*, which makes it evident, that he understood by *Misericordia*, the very same Thing, which we do by the Word *Pity*. [*t*] He tells us, “ that a wise Man will look upon a Beggar
 “ labouring under all the Distresses of Poverty and
 “ Infirmities of old Age, with a Countenance unal-
 “ tered, and his Heart unmoved at the Sight of the
 “ Calamity.” From hence it is plain, that, in the Judgment of this Philosopher, it was a Weakness, to be moved and disturbed with the Misery of another.

Cicero is also clearly of the same Opinion, as may be proved from several Passages in his philosophical Works [*u*]. And though, in some of those Places, he is giving us the Sentiments of the Stoics; yet he does not hesitate to approve of their Opinion [*x*]. Nay, the very Definition, which both he and *Seneca* give of Pity, is — “ A Disorder of the Mind arising
 “ from the View of another Person’s Misery [*y*].

[*t*] Vultum quidem non dejiciet, non animum, ob æruscantis alicujus aridam ac pannosam maciem, & innixam baculo senectutem. — Sed omnibus dignis proderit, & deorum more, calamitosos propitius respiciet. SENECA. Ibid.

[*u*] Videamus quanta sint, quæ à philosophiâ remedia animorum morbis adhibeantur — variae sunt curationes; alia invidenti, alia miserant. CICERO, Tusc. Disp. lib. IV. p. 231. edit. Ald. Man. & passim.

[*x*] Sententiis tamen utendum est eorum (viz. Stoicorum) qui maxime forti, &, ut ita dicam, virili utuntur ratione. Ibid.

[*y*] Misericordia est ægritudo animi ex alienis rebus adversis. Ibidem. And that by ægritudo he meant a Disorder or wrong State of Mind, is plain from another Passage, where he says — Ægritudo est animi, adversante ratione, contractio. Ibid. 218.

Little therefore, good *Philocles*, will a poetical Quotation avail, to ascertain the Sentiments of the Ancients; which surely are to be drawn from the sober Discourses of their Philosophers, rather than the Raptures and Visions of their Poets.

But you send me likewise to the human Breast for Conviction in this Point. Why there it is, that I find my Sentiments confirmed. When I behold human Calamities, I perceive all my Faculties overpowered at the afflicting Sight. The Vigour of my Mind fails; and I yield, as it were with Reluctance, to some superior Force. Men of a more refined Frame, who entertain exalted Notions of the Dignity of Man's Nature, may flatter themselves, that, in such a Situation, they feel a Consciousness of generous Excellence: But as to myself, I cannot triumph in imaginary Greatness of Soul, against the clear Conviction of my Senses. I freely confess, that it is nothing but the Weakness of my Mind, to which I can ascribe the sudden Effects, which an Object of Misery raises in my Breast.

But think not, therefore, that this is any Derogation to the Wisdom of the Creator. On the contrary, it seems a wise Design, to have formed us with this Imbecillity, that we might be roused by a quicker Impulse than that of Reason, and forced to give spee-

Misericordia est ægritudo ob alienarum miseriarum speciem, aut tristitia ex alienis malis contracta. Ægritudo autem in sapientem virum non cadit,

SENECA de Clementiâ, lib. II.
dy

dy Relief, that we might as speedily ease ourselves of the Anxiety raised in us at the Sight of Distress. Thus do our very Frailties and Imperfections lead us to Benevolence, and draw us into public and private Fellowships. Let not then *Philocles* imagine, that I am endeavouring to depreciate either the one or the other, when I say they are derived from Weakness and Necessity.

That the former could not arise from Affection to the Species, seems evident, from the small Degree of it, which was ever found in the World, and from the Animosities and Contentions, necessarily attending the Self appetites under no legal Restraints: And as to the latter, whilst Men had no Protection and Security from Laws, Self-preservation must have been the only Object of their Attention and Care. But how was it possible, in such a situation, for the undisciplined Mind to exert her Faculties, and plan a Scheme of private Association, before a public was established; from whence alone she could derive that Leisure and Safety, which were requisite to form the more distant Scheme?

I can by no Means allow, returned *Philocles*, that the Self-appetites were under no Restraint, even supposing a Time, when civil Compacts were not as yet established. If Self-affection pleads one Way, Benevolence (a Passion equally belonging to our Frame) pleads as strongly the other: and the latter can no more be suppressed than the former, without doing Violence to Nature.

But see the Force of Truth ! whilst you would represent your Species under disadvantageous Characters, you were insensibly led into an Argument, which demonstrates Benevolence to be the original Growth of Man's Heart, and what must consequently have drawn him into Society. Pity, you have allowed, is a natural Passion. And what is Pity, but Love softened by a Degree of Sorrow, the Meltings of a benevolent Heart ? This then was the generous Sympathy, which knit Mankind together, and blended them in one common Interest. From hence then it appears, that, if Nature did not directly dictate Associations to the human Kind, she yet gave them such preparative Faculties, as drew them, by Degrees, into national Brotherhoods. In this View, " she
 " seems to have treated us as a Painter does his Disciples, to whom he commits some rude Sketches
 " and Out-lines ; which they themselves are to colour and complete [z]."

The Passion of Pity is then a full Proof, that Men have naturally a Love for their Species, however it may be checked or stifled by some Counter-inclination ; which, it cannot be denied, is too often the Case. Sensible of this Truth, the Legislators took infinite Pains, and called forth all their Skill, to rouse

[z] Ut Phidias potest à primo instituere signum, idque perficere ; potest ab alio inchoatum accipere & absolvere : Huic est sapientia similis. Non enim ipsa genuit hominem, sed accepit à naturâ inchoatum : hanc ergò intuens, debet institutum illud, quasi signum, absolvere.

CICERO de Finibus, p. 99. Edit. Ald. Manuc.
 the

the dormant Passion. This seems to be the concealed Meaning of what the Poets tell us concerning *Orpheus* and his Lyre. &

Thus, in every View, it seems evident, that it was Affection for the Species, which drew Men into Society; and that, without it, they never did, and never can subsist. For could Nature intend to preserve and propagate the Species, and not maintain Fellowship and mutual Affection? Whence arises that strict Agreement between the Sexes, in the Care of their growing Offspring, but from Love? And can you stop here? How (as I remember Lord *Shaftsbury* closely puts the Question) “How should Man break off from this Society, if once begun? And that it began thus, and grew into an Household, is an incontestable Fact. And must not this Household have soon grown into a Tribe? that Tribe into a Nation?”

Here *Philocles* paused — when, looking stedfastly on his Friend — O *Sophronius*, said he, is it possible you can, in good Earnest, contend against the Reality of the kind and generous Affections? Is it possible you cannot discover a moral Attraction in our Natures, which unites Mankind to each other, previous to all Considerations of Interest or Convenience?

But I have long suspected, that we are drawn into Opinions from our constitutional Propensities, as the Stream follows the several Declivities of the Ground, through which it flows. Something, perhaps, of this

Kind may have given a Bias to my Friend's Sentiments, and turned them aside from that Scheme he is opposing. But I will not despair of reconciling you to more favorable Thoughts of the human Kind. No Method seems more probable to effect this, than a Contemplation of Nature in these her visible Operations. From her (it is confessed) the designing and imitative Arts derive all their Energy and Grace. And yet she herself, it seems, (helpless Parent!) is destitute of all those Charms and Delicacies, she confers on her acknowledged Offspring! But —

It is very possible, interrupted *Sophronius*, that the Opinions of Mankind may be influenced by their Tempers. The Fruit, no Doubt, will partake of the Nature of the Soil. But *Philocles* should remember, that the same Observation will serve to explain the Rise of his Sentiments, no less than mine. I am, however, very willing to confess, that I am always ashamed of being pleased, where I cannot assign the Cause; and am extremely apt to suspect my Judgment concerning any Object, that moves my Passion. For this Reason, I should hardly send my Disciple to the School of Arts (for there, *Philocles*, you seemed to be pointing) for his Instruction in the Truth of severe Philosophy. A good Picture, a well-executed Statue, or a fine Style, give me (so far as I am able to discover clearly their respective Beauties) some Degree of Pleasure. But when the professed Admirers, the Connoisseurs in these several Arts, talk of their nameless Graces, their certain inexplicable Delicacies, and I know not what other fine Terms,
of

of which they themselves do not pretend to explain the Meaning; there, I confess, I am left behind, and reserve my Rapture, till I receive my Conviction.

For tell me, *Philocles*, what is this *Delicacy*, either in the Arts or Conduct of Life, which you are constantly extolling in such high Strains, and with such an Air of Earnestness, as if you were persuaded that there is something in it real and substantial?

Philocles was going to reply; when a Servant informed them that Supper was upon the Table. However, in their Way to the House, he took Occasion, from the beautiful Scenes they passed, to throw out some general Reflexions in Support of his favourite Doctrine: for he was determined to omit no Opportunity of drawing his Friend into the Love and Study of Refinement; the Disregard to which Accomplishment, he looked upon as the chief Deficiency in the Character of *Sophronius*.

DIALOGUE II.

AS *Sophronius* is an early riser, he was amusing himself in the Library, before *Philocles* was yet stirring. But his Friend, perceiving it now Day, soon followed him thither, being unwilling to lose any Opportunity of enjoying a Conversation, in which he found himself often instructed, and always entertained.

How happy (said *Philocles* entering the Room) how happy would it be for the fashionable World, were they as well acquainted “with this sweet Hour of “Prime,” as you, *Sophronius*, are, who seldom suffer the Sun to rise upon you in Bed !

Rather, replied *Sophronius*, how much happier would it be for the World in general, would certain active Spirits be persuaded to slumber Life away ! since they wake but to pursue their Ambition, or vent their Impertinences, and rise only to embroil or mislead Mankind.

Undoubtedly, said *Philocles*, if many of those, whose Actions fill our Histories, or whose Speculations

tions swell our Libraries, had passed their whole Lives in profound Sleep; the World would have been obliged to them for their Repose, but can only now lament that they were ever awake.

I was reading the other Day (continued he) a Treatise upon Bees: The ingenious Author, speaking of the dormant State of Insects, mentions an Experiment he had made, of extending that Period of their Existence far beyond its usual Duration, even to some Years. If this Philosopher could so improve his Experiment, as to make it applicable to his own Species, might not the Discovery be turned to very singular Advantage?

For my own Part, returned *Sophronius*, were I Master of such a Secret, I would rather apply it to the mistaken Speculatist, than the falsely ambitious. The Sons of Turbulence can only affect their unfortunate Contemporaries; and the Mischief they do, generally ends with their Lives. But the Puzzlers and Perverters of Truth and Science are pernicious, perhaps, to several Generations, and disturb the Repose of the World, many Ages after they themselves are removed out of it. The first Essay, I would make of my soporific Art in the literary World, should be upon the Critics, a Tribe of Mortals, in the Republic of Letters, more subversive of its Peace and Interest, than——

Hold, good *Sophronius*! I doubt, your Censure is now growing too general. Some low and petulant
Spirits

Spirits, I confess, have brought a Reproach upon the Name of Critic; but the Art in itself certainly deserves Esteem. No Man can possess that Talent in its true Extent, or exercise it to full Advantage, without being Master of something much more valuable than *Aristotle* or *Longinus* can teach him. He must have a certain quick Feeling of *Delicacy* in Arts and Manners; which no Rules will ever be able to impart, where Nature has denied.

Hardly, *Philocles*, will you be able to bring me over to more favourable Sentiments of this Critic-science, by making *Delicacy* a necessary Ingredient. For by all that I could ever discover of the true Essence of that Quality, as it is applied either to the Operations of Art, or the Conduct of Manners, it owes its whole Existence entirely to Fancy; and when I hear a Man recommended as a Critic of great Delicacy, I immediately conclude him a Person of high Enthusiasm.

Do you really think then, *Sophronius*, that Delicacy, whether considered as a Faculty of the Mind, or as an Effect of Art, is nothing more than the Raptures of warm Imagination, entirely unsupported by any Principles of Reason?

I will not venture to pronounce, answered *Sophronius*, of the Clearness of other Men's Ideas; and, perhaps, the nice Refiners in Taste and Genius may have Conceptions, to which common Language cannot supply adequate Terms. But of this I am sure:
whenever

whenever they talk upon the Subject; either they resolve Delicacy into a certain *Je ne sçai quoi*, or else explain it in so vague and unprecise a Manner, as to leave the Matter absolutely undetermined, to a Mind that cannot embrace any Principle, but what it clearly apprehends.

However loosely, replied *Philocles*, this Term may have been used heretofore in our Language; or how much soever it is sometimes depreciated by a mistaken Application both in Writings and Conversation; yet with the most approved Authors amongst us, it seems now to have obtained a determinate Meaning, and is always mentioned by them as an high Quality, and the finishing Excellence of Composition and Manners.

As no Man, *Philocles*, is more clear in his Conceptions than yourself; possibly I may receive that Satisfaction from you, which I have in vain sought for elsewhere. Tell me then, I intreat you, wherein this Quality, according to your Notion, consists.

Delicacy, replied *Philocles*, is good Sense; but good Sense refined; which produces an inviolable Attachment to Decorum, and Sanctity as well as Elegance of Manners, with a clear Discernment and warm Sensibility of whatever is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the same Time, an Abhorrence of whatever is gross, rustic, or impure, of unnatural, effeminate, and over-wrought Ornaments of every Kind. It is, in short, the graceful and the beautiful added to the just and the good.

According

According to this Account, said *Sophronius*, Delicacy seems to be exactly the same Thing, that Urbanity was among the *Romans*.

When that illustrious People, answered *Philocles*, had spread their military Fame over the World, and subdued all the Nations around; they then turned their Attention to the Embellishments of Life. Their Success was equal to the Vigour of their Attempts; and they soon learned to polish their Language, refine their Pronunciation, cultivate Humanity, and adorn their Manners. A *Lælius* and a *Scipio* [a] arose, and transplanted liberal Wit from *Greece*; which afterwards grew and prospered with a Bloom and Vigour scarce inferior to what it drew from its native Soil.

Rome was now become the Seat of Elegance, as well as Empire: nor were her Eagles more dreaded, than her Refinement was admired. The Attainment of these Accomplishments, they stiled *Urbanity*; as they were the peculiar Characteristics of the distinguished Inhabitants of this imperial City.

This I take to be the genuine Acceptation of that Word amongst the ancient *Romans*. It seems to have

[a] Scipio tam elegans liberalium artium omnisque doctrinæ et auctor et admirator fuit, ut Polybium Panætiumque præcellentes ingenio viros domi militiæque secum habuerit. Neque quisquam hoc Scipione elegantius intervalla negotiorum otio disjunxit, semperque inter arma æ studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercuit.

V. PATERC, L. i. c. 13.

been

been confined to the Qualities I have mentioned; and never applied to the fine Arts, as *Delicacy* is with us, and therefore differs from it only as a Part from the whole.

To admit for the present, said *Sophronius*, that all those Ideas are justly comprehended under the Word *Delicacy*, which you have collected in your Description—Yet by what Criterion is this Property in any Subject to be tried? In that Operation of the Faculties, which we call *Reasoning*, the Mind examines the Objects, as they stand in Reality: and for our Direction, there is always a Standard in the Nature of Things. But is this the Case with regard to what Connoisseurs call *Amiable* or *Delicate*? Beauty and Pleasure are nothing but an Agreement between the Object and the Faculty. What then can determine a Man's Approbation or Dislike in these Points, but the peculiar Cast of his Mind?

Though it should not be possible, answered *Philocles*, precisely to fix the Criterion you are enquiring after; yet would it not necessarily follow, that there is absolutely no such Thing? Several Instances might be mentioned, wherein the Mind has, undoubtedly, a certain fixed Rule by which it judges; when, nevertheless, it is not able to explain positively, in what that Rule consists.

Will not a true Judge in Painting, who has been long conversant among the noble Remains of that charming Art, be able to distinguish a Copy from an Original?

Original? And would not you, *Sophronius*, venture to give your Testimony, in a Court of Justice, to your Friend's Hand-writing? And yet, were you, or the Connoisseur I just now mentioned, to be asked by what Criterion you were able to determine so assuredly in the respective Cases before you; neither of you, most certainly, would be capable of ascertaining, to the Satisfaction of the Enquirer, that Standard in your Mind, by which you formed your several Judgments.

But the Standard, by which we are to be guided in the Affair of *Delicacy*, is no doubtful or chimerical Notion: it has a real and sure Foundation.

Nature has implanted in us an internal Sense; which gives us a just Perception of the Relation between our Faculties of apprehending, and the Objects presented to them. We are framed in such a Manner, that some Actions, Ideas, or Forms, which occur to us, as necessarily excite Satisfaction and Delight, as others create Dislike and Aversion. When we look upon a beautiful Picture, the Mind immediately recurs to Nature; and finding a certain Agreement between its own Ideas of Beauty, and the Representation which stands before us, it instantly acknowledges the similar Graces, and recognizes the true and proper Standard.

The Criterion then of *Delicacy* in any Action or Composition, is the sure Feeling and Consciousness of its Conformity to a like natural Sensation within us, operating necessarily on the Mind, the very Instant

that the kindred Forms or Ideas are exhibited to us. This Sense and Taste of Beauty may, indeed, like all our other Faculties, be greatly improved by Discipline and Exercise; as on the contrary, for want of them, it may be much impaired. But still, it is evident, that this discerning Power is born with us, and is as certain a Principle, as any belonging to our Nature. For do we not see, that even Infants are delighted with the first View of a round Ball, and prefer it to a less regular Figure? The untaught Mind discovers a Sympathy between the Ideas and Objects, and easily distinguishes the fair and shapely, from the irregular and deformed.

Hardly, said *Sophronius*, can this internal Sense be looked upon as a sure Criterion; since Men's Notions are so widely different, that what raises the Idea of Beauty in one, may have a contrary Effect upon another.

This kind of Objection, returned *Philoclet*, may be urged with equal Force against the Evidence even of mathematical Demonstration. Though the Philosopher has evinced the Truth of a Proposition by the most infallible Deductions of Reasoning; yet there may be some particular Minds, which, either through a Weakness of their Faculties, or the Intervention of wrong Ideas, cannot feel the Force of his Conclusions. But this, you know, is no Argument against the Truth and Certainty of the Reasoning: The Demonstration is no less clear, though not apprehended by every Individual. It is the very same

in our present Enquiry. It cannot, with any Shew of Reason, be inferred, that there is no such Thing as Beauty, or no Criterion to ascertain it, because some particular Minds do not feel the one, or apprehend the other. If a Dispute arise, we appeal to Nature and the common Feelings of Mankind, and do not hesitate to affirm, that, what appears beautiful to one, will generally do so to another ; if his Faculties are right, and his Attention fair and impartial.

Who ever denied the Beauty of the *Venus de Medici* ? Or does any Man say, there is not a distinguished Delicacy in the Works of those inimitable Artists, *Raphael* and *Guido* ? Some Connoisseurs may, it is true, give the Preference to the former ; and some, perhaps, be more charmed with the latter ; or they may differ in the Degree of Merit to be ascribed to this or that Particular Performance ; but still they all agree that Grace and Elegance are the Characteristics of both these Masters. This is a Point, which never has been, and never will be contested. And whence can this universal Consent arise, but from something certain and uniform in Nature ? From whence, but that inward Sense common to Mankind, which operates with the same Efficacy upon the Generality of the Species ?

Nor is this true with respect to the imitative Arts only ; but it is equally applicable to every Object that presents itself to us.——

Look yonder ! (said he, pointing to a View of the *Thames*) what a beautiful Prospect lies before you !

Behold the gentle Glidings of that lovely River ! See how he winds his full Stream in pleasing Meanders, steering his majestic Course through verdant Meads, and distributing Wealth and Pleasure, as he flows along ! Observe the numerous Villas which adorn his Banks, and are adorned by him !——All, that have ever beheld this Scene of Delight, agree in admiring its Charms, and acknowledge that the delicate Ideas here raised in their Minds, are perfectly correspondent to their natural Sense of Loveliness and Grace.

Nature then is the Standard and Ascertainer of *Delicacy*. To her Tribunal the Defenders of Beauty make their Appeal; to her Sentence they finally submit their Cause.

The great Masters of Criticism have, indeed, upon very just Grounds, been esteemed by all improved Nations, as proper Regulators of Taste; and therefore a Deference is due to their known Rules and established Measures. But this Difference is not founded on the Authority of their Names, but on the Justness of their Observations and Reasonings. And on this Account they have ever been looked upon as infallible Guides, to prevent the Mind from deviating out of the plain Paths of Nature.

Granting, returned *Sophronius*, that you have pointed out a proper Standard for the Trial of Beauty in the imitative Arts; will the same Rule serve for the *Delicacy of Good-breeding*? This seems to depend entirely

entirely upon prevailing Customs, which are of so unsettled a Nature, that they are ever varying with the Complexion of Times and Climates. What is looked upon as polite in one Age or Country, is, you are sensible, esteemed the Reverse in another. How then can there be any settled Principle, to direct our Judgment concerning a Thing so vague and inconstant ?

That Part of good Manners, replied *Philocles*, to which you here allude, relates only, I suppose, to certain Forms and Ceremonies. And as far as these are absolutely indifferent in themselves, and have no other Value but what they derive from the fashionab'le World; to that Standard alone (wavering and uncertain as it is) we must be content to refer ourselves in this Case. But yet surely there are many exterior Observances and Forms of Behaviour, in which we may clearly discover a Comeliness or Inelegance, that arises manifestly from a Conformity or Unsuitableness to the Nature of Things, to common Sense, and an inbred Feeling of *Decorum*. If this were otherwise; on what Principle do we claim a Right to draw Comparisons between the Politeness of different Countries, and give the Usages and Customs of one, the Preference to those of another ?

But however this may be; yet the more essential Points of *Delicacy in Manners* are clearly ascertained by our internal Sense, and are therefore invariably the same in every Age and every Climate.

Suppose a Man, for Instance, to be solicited by his Friend to do him a good Office, or lend him As-

sistance in Distress. After great Importunity he yields to his Entreaties, but with such a sullen Air, and reluctant Countenance, as must offend even the Receiver.—Who would not feel the Odiousness of granting a Request with such Circumstances of Indecency? Suppose another Man conferring a Favour with such a pleasing Chearfulness and humane Address, as makes the Giver appear to be the Person obliged.—In this Case, it is impossible for any, but the most brutal and degenerate, not to be sensible of the Comeliness of such a Demeanor, and applaud this amiable Manner of heightening the Value of a generous Action.

In such Points of Behaviour then as these, which are the most material Parts of Good-breeding, we have the same Rule to form our Judgments, as in the imitative Arts. They depend not on the Caprice of Fashion, or the varying Complexion of Times and Climates; but are founded on that internal Sense of *Decorum*, that universal Humanity, common and natural to all Mankind; which is the Ground of our Love and Hatred, the Guide of our Approbation and Dislike.

If we proceed farther, and extend our Enquiries to Things of higher Importance, to the noblest and most essential Beauty, the Purity of a moral Conduct.

That Culture of the Mind, interrupted *Sopronius*, which leads a Man to see and feel the Comeliness of *Virtue*, has undoubtedly a sure Foundation, and an infallible Standard in Nature. And as this kind of
Refinement

Refinement is of the highest Concern to us, it must be allowed to have a just Claim to our best Attention and Regard. But here, *Philocles*, I must stop. Any thing, beyond this, seems to me a Misfortune rather than an Happiness.

It has been justly observed, that Men of a delicate Frame are too sensibly affected with the Accidents of Life. Upon any prosperous Event, their Spirits are apt to be elevated beyond all Bounds : And in Adversity, their Grief pierces so deep into the tender Frame, that it becomes insupportable. It is possible, perhaps, that in some Instances they may have more lively Enjoyments than Men of a coarser Mould ; but then they have also more pungent Sorrows. Occurrences which would have no Effect upon a stronger Mind, afflict them to the last Degree : the most trivial Disappointment, the Omission of a Ceremony, a careless Word or Gesture, nay even a Look will discompose their Temper, and cast an heavy Gloom on their Minds.

This Observation, returned *Philocles*, is founded on a mistaken Notion of the true Character of *Delicacy*. If fine Sensations are not supported with strong Sense, they dwindle into Effeminacy : nor had ever any Man an elegant Taste, who had not also a sound Understanding. There is, indeed, in a delicate Frame, a certain Degree of Softness ; but then it is only just as much as suffices to prevent the Inconveniences, that attend upon the rough and boisterous Passions. Something, it must be owned, there is in

it, not unlike a feminine Tenderness ; but no more than serves to render the Mind susceptible of the fine Impressions of Beauty, and give Amiability to that masculine Strength, on which a delicate Taste so much depends, that it cannot possibly subsist without it. To be able to form a right Judgment of Arts and Manners ; to see and feel their Symmetry and Proportion ; there are, you must be sensible, so many Views to be taken in, and such Variety of Circumstances to be compared ; that it is impossible any one can arrive at true Refinement, who has not strong natural Abilities. There may, it is true, be good Sense, where the Exquisiteness of Taste is wanting : but there can be no exquisite Taste without good Sense.

That Frame of Mind, therefore, which you represent as labouring under all the Inconveniences of nice and tender Sensations, I can by no Means allow to have any fair Pretensions to the Character of *Genuine Delicacy* ; which is never attended with those Consequences, that flow from an Imbecillity of Passions.

Were I to allow this, returned *Sophronius*, yet *Delicacy*, according to your own Idea of it, is certainly liable to many unhappy Consequences. Let me mention one ; which, I think, should very much abate a Man's Ardour of obtaining this Quality. As it has such an “ inviolable Attachment to every thing that “ is elegant and polite ; and such an Abhorrence of “ Inelegance and Coarseness [b] ; it must necessarily deprive a Man of that great Satisfaction in Life, the Frequency of social Enjoyment. Seldom will he be able to find Company adapted to his Taste ; his Ex-

[b] Vide p. 302. *supra*.

pectations

pectations run high ; and the Fund to supply them is extreme scanty. How few are there, who ever aim at such Refinement ! How much fewer, who attain it ! The Generality of Men must therefore be disagreeable and irksome to him : and he will very rarely meet with one, from whose Society he can receive any tolerable Degree of Entertainment.

What then has he gained by this fastidious Niceness ? He has refined himself into a Disinclination to be pleased with the Intercourses of almost all around him, and the ordinary Satisfactions of his Being. Forfaking therefore, his own Kind, he resolves, in a Fit of Spleen, to sequester himself from the World, as being too delicate to live amongst such uncultivated Mortals. But in vain does he seek Redress from Solitude : for, by this Estrangement from human Commerce, he contracts, by Degrees, such an inveterate Peevishness and Severity, as imbitters his whole Life and ends, perhaps, at last in a settled Misanthropy.

This, *Philocles*, may prove, and, I doubt not, has often proved, the Consequence of cultivating such a *Delicacy* of Sentiment.

And is this a desirable State ? Is it any Symptom of a sound Habit ? On the contrary ; are not these the sad Indications of a vitiated and diseased Constitution of Mind ?

How different is the State of that Man, who is not over-nice and curious in his Demands of social Intercourse ! As he has not raised his Ideas of human Nature to an immoderate Height, he is content to take Mankind as he finds them, with Allowances to their
their

their Foibles and Imperfections. And, as he has not refined his Sensations into an Inaptitude of being pleased, he can scarce converse with any of his Fellow-creatures, without some Degree of Entertainment.

That Refinement then, which robs a Man of these ordinary Satisfactions, is surely rather to be avoided than pursued: and a Temper even the most insensible to every Beauty and Grace, is far preferable to a Disposition so hard to be pleased, and which can be so seldom gratified.

If this *Delicacy* of Taste, replied *Philocles*, narrows the Circle of our Friendships, it certainly renders them more perfect. An Indifference to the Company and Conversation of the *many*, will add Strength and Duration to our particular Attachments. It is very true, a Man of an unrefined Frame, how strong soever his Sense may be, is not nice and exact in selecting his Acquaintance: almost any are sufficient to answer his Demands. Such a Man has not Sensations fine enough to make an Election; and has therefore no Friends, because he has no *Delicacy*. But is that a desirable State of Mind which excludes one of the greatest Ornaments and Joys of human Life? It must be owned, that he who has digested his Observations on Mankind, and formed his Mind to an Excellence and Elegance of Sentiment, cannot take any great Delight in mixt and undistinguished Company; and will therefore be inclined to limit his Friendships and Acquaintance. But his Affections, being thus circumscribed within narrow Bounds, will consequently rise to an higher Pitch, than if they were more diffused. This is so far from lessening, that it increases, the
Ardour

Ardour of our Enjoyments: and, if it diminish the Number, it heightens the Value of our Friendships.

I will not deny, that the Cultivation of refined Sentiment may give a Man a Disrelish to the general Turn of Conversation. Whenever therefore he cannot find such Society as is adapted to his Disposition, why should he be censured for stepping aside from the beaten Track of Life, to indulge in separate Thought, and the calm Delights of Self-enjoyment? This surely is a Measure rather to be applauded than condemned; and what every sensible Man would pursue in such a Case: for,

——— *Wisdom's self*
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where, with her best Nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings;
Which, in the various Bustle of Resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired [c].

Let him not remain too long sequestered, but return in proper Time to mix again with the World; and his Conduct can neither be deemed inconsistent with social Affection, nor have any ill Effect upon his Temper. If indeed he extend his Love of Retirement so far, as absolutely to exclude himself from Society, I cannot undertake his Vindication. He is gone beyond the Point of Perfection, and is therefore indelicate.

Sophronius attended very earnestly to these Observations of his Friend, and seemed, by his Countenance, to be almost convinced in this Point.

[c] *Milton's Comus.*

After

After a Pause——Suppose, said he, I should allow your Reasonings to be just, in this Particular; and that the *Delicacy* of Taste in the Choice of Friends may, perhaps, be an Happiness rather than a Misfortune; yet I am still doubtful, whether this Quality in general be a necessary Attainment. For after all that you have said, or can possibly urge farther on this Subject, I am persuaded, that good Sense, a right Mind, and generous Affection, have such a native Comeliness, that they stand in Need of no adventitious Ornaments, but, like Diamonds, appear to full Advantage, when plain set.

The Diamond, returned *Philocles*, was polished, before it was set. And whatever Value it might have in its rough State; it had certainly no Beauty, till it came from the Hands of the judicious Artist. Thus it is with Sense and Virtue: they are Jewels indeed, even when rough and unadorned; but surely their Merit is more attractive, and they command a much higher Estimation, when they are set off with suitable Embellishments.

Hence it was that *Socrates*, the wisest and best of all the *Græcian* Sages, tempered the Harshness of Precepts with an Air of Pleasantry; well knowing, that, to please, was the surest Way to persuade. He therefore stript Philosophy of her uncouth Attire, and gave her a more graceful Mein.

Our chief Business in Life is indeed to form just Sentiments, in order to produce a just Conduct. Yet something still is wanting; some additional Grace, to make Truth and Virtue operate with full Success, both with Respect to ourselves and our Fellow-creatures.

tures. They may, it is true, procure us the Esteem, but will not be able to gain us the Love of Mankind, without an *Happiness of Manner*.

It is with great Justice *Sophronius* sets so high a Value on the generous Affections: but valuable as they undoubtedly are, yet, if they be not accompanied with a certain Grace, they will neither have the Merit nor Efficacy of Benevolence attended by *Delicacy*.

It is your Humour to run down every thing, that tends to Refinement. Yet, from many Instances, you must allow me to say, that you are not, in Reality, so great an Enemy to it, as you affect to appear. No Man confers a Favour with a better Grace. Extend your Refinement farther, and you will find it no less useful in the momentous Affairs of Life. Truth and Virtue are, in these Cases, what Foundation and Strength are to an Edifice: they give Solidity and Support. But, if Symmetry, Proportion, and suitable Decorations, be not added, you cannot boast of a complete Structure.

In every View, *Sophronius*, it is evident, I think, that the Refinements and Elegancies of Life not only render Men more agreeable and amiable to one another, but are also conducive to the greatest and highest Purposes. For this Reason, perhaps, the Author of our Frame has made us susceptible of the Pleasures of Imagination; that we might be the more readily gained over to the Interests of Virtue; when we thus find, that the Way to her lies through the Paths of Pleasure.

This seems to be the excellent Design, and this is ever found to be the constant Effect of genuine *Delicacy*.

cacy. When it conspires with *Virtue*, its Influence is as surely felt, as its Loveliness is readily acknowledged: like mingled Streams, they become more forcible by being united.

Thus it is, that these mutual Friends confirm and strengthen each other's Interest. *Delicacy* allures Men to *Virtue*; and *Virtue* ascertains and supports *Delicacy*. The Connexion between them is strong; the Harmony perfect; and the Effects answerable.

But do we not see many, returned *Sophronius*, distinguished for the Elegance of their Taste, both in Arts and Manners, who, at the same Time, are insensible of moral Beauty, and utter Strangers to the Sensations of inward Harmony and Proportion?

It is no uncommon Thing, answered *Philocles*, for Men to live at Variance with themselves, and in Contradiction to their own Principles. This must be the Case of those, who cultivate the exterior Embellishments of Life, whilst their Minds lie waste and neglected; For what is that Principle, on which they ground their Entertainment and Pleasure of refined Taste, but a Sense of Symmetry, Order, and Proportion in Nature? They cannot then but be sensible, that there is such a Thing as Beauty in the Mind, as well as in the outward Forms, and the latter, however valuable in itself, yet, when compared with the former, is but of a subordinate and lower Degree. It is possible that the Elegance of their Fancy in the inferior Kind may have engrossed their Attention, and made them overlook the superior Worth of the other; especially where some unsubdued Passions concur to help on the Mistake; or the Force of inveterate Habit has

has taught them to stop at the low Attainment of subaltern Beauty. But when Fancy is satiated, and Reason has Leisure to operate, they must, in the philosophic Hour, perceive the Absurdity of admiring *Exterior* Symmetry, without recurring to the *Interior*, the more essential Beauty. Whilst therefore they act in Opposition to these Suggestions of the Mind, they must unavoidably be unhappy.

Your Observation, said *Sophronius*, brings to my Mind an Assertion, which I find maintained by many of the celebrated Ancients and Moderns; "that the high and genuine Taste (as they call it) of the polite Arts never resided in the Breast of an immoral Man." They imagined it impossible for one, who was impure in his Actions, to be refined in his Sensations: since, in their Estimation, the same Faculties and Dispositions, which would lead a Man to discern and relish the Charms of Arts, would necessarily incline him to taste and admire the Delights of a regular Conduct; betwixt which, they thought, there was an inseparable Connexion. But this is one of the fanciful Maxims of enthusiastic Genius; and Instances might be produced, which incontestably demonstrate the Falseness of the Assertion.

When you consider, replied *Philocles*, what a strong Disposition there is in Mankind, to vilify those, whose extraordinary Talents lift them up to the Notice and Admiration of the World, you will be very tender in giving a decisive Sentence in the Case. But if we take the Objection in its strongest Light, will a few Instances of Deviation overthrow a general Maxim?
Still

Still it may be true, that the Study of the fine Arts naturally leads to the Love of Virtue. When a Man has given himself up to these engaging Speculations; they take such full Possession of the Heart, that he is not at Leisure to lend an Ear to the Calls of Ambition, or the Demands of inordinate Self-passions. And as these grand Inciters of Vice are thus happily silenced, he is more likely to hearken to the Suggestions of Virtue, and incline more readily to every Duty of Benevolence and social Regard,

Upon the whole, from the best and coolest Judgment I have been able to make, I cannot but be of Opinion, it very rarely happens, that a Man of a true refined Taste in Arts and Literature, is not, at least, an honest Man. He may now and then, perhaps, be betrayed into some little Slips and Mistakes in his Conduct; but these Unwarinesses do not darken the whole Character, nor give any just Grounds to fix upon him the Imputation of Immorality. "Such small Stains and Blemishes (as the inimitable Mr. Addison observes) die away, and disappear, amidst the Brightness which surrounds him."

But the Bell has rung for Breakfast.—Come, good Sophronius, — the Ladies will grow impatient.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME



